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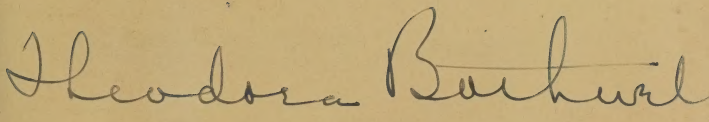

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Loe this is he whose infant Muse begann
To braue the World before yeares stul'd him Mân;
Though praise he sleight & scornes to make his Rymes
Begg fauors or opinion of the Tymes,
Yet few by good men haue bine more approu'd
None so vnseene, so generally lou'd.

S. T. I.

Non pictoris opus fuit hoc sed pectoris, Vnde
Diuinæ in Tabulam mentis imago fluit

I. M.

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HALLELUJAH,

OR BRITAIN'S SECOND REMEMBRANCER;

BRINGING TO REMEMBRANCE, (IN PRAISEFUL AND PENITENTIAL HYMNS, SPIRITUAL SONGS, AND MORAL ODES,) MEDITATIONS, ADVANCING THE GLORY OF GOD, IN THE PRACTICE OF PIETY AND VIRTUE.

COMPOSED IN A THREE-FOLD VOLUME, BY

GEORGE WITHER.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

EDWARD FARR.

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
SOHO SQUARE.
1857.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is remarkable, that but few works written by Early English Poets are known to modern readers. Some of them are indeed lost to posterity: as the *Canticum Canticorum* of Spenser; while others are locked up in public or rare private libraries, either in MSS. or in the old black letter type of the period when they were first printed. Very fortunate does the collector of black letter poetry consider himself if one of these treasures falls into his hands. It is stored up as an heir-loom to the family, and its existence is known only by extracts in choice selections.

Such has been the fate of the volume now laid before the reader: but few copies of which are believed to be in existence. "This book," says Mr. Willmott, in his 'Lives of the Sacred Poets,' now as scarce as the first Remembrancer is common, I have not seen, but copious extracts have been given from it by Wither himself, in his Fragmenta Prophetica; by Sir Egerton Brydges, in the Censura Literaria; and by Dalrymple in his selection from the Juvenilia."

And yet the Hallelujah, or Britain's Second Remembrancer is a work of rare and singular merit. Its design is graphically described by its author in his address "To the reader," as reprinted in this volume.

Never did author on sitting down to pen his thoughts for the use and benefit of his fellow man, have a more noble end in view than Wither expresses in his address. He laboured, he says, according to his talent, with Herbert, Quarles, Sandys and others to set aside profane and immodest songs by restoring the muse to its ancient honour, that of composing songs and hymns for the inculcation of virtue and piety. Wither was born in an age when sacred song was appreciated, though there were not then wanting poets of a different order.

The full tide of sacred song came in with the Reformation. When that happy era dawned upon England, the harp which had hung silently on the willows for many generations was taken down, and its tuneful chords struck with a skill hitherto unknown. Notwithstanding the frivolity of courts, the increasing study of pagan authors, and the fashion derived from foreign lands, the muse of England loved to linger around Zion's hill, and to wander on the banks of

> Siloa's brook, that flowed
> Fast by the oracle of God.

Nearly all the best poets of the latter half of the sixteenth century—for that was the period when the Reformation was fully established—and the whole of the seventeenth century were sacred poets. The language of Smart in reference to the Hebrew bard David may not be inaptly applied to them:

> They sang of God the mighty source
> Of all things, that stupendous force
> On which all strength depends,
> From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
> All period, power, and enterprise,
> Commences, reigns, and ends.

By the Reformation the moral atmosphere became cleared of the dark vapours with which it had so

long been mingled. It gave birth to a race of sacred poets. Sacred song was their delight, and willing ears drank in their holy music. Even Shakespeare and the contemporary dramatists of his age sometimes attuned their well-strung harps to the songs of Zion. To this state of things the early publication of our vernacular Scriptures greatly contributed. For a long period, indeed, the Bible supplied the chief intellectual as well as spiritual food of Englishmen. The sublime thoughts and majestic style of the Hebrew prophets and historians sank deeply into the public mind. The language of Scripture became, indeed, the basis of both poetry and prose, and there could not have been a better school for training the poetic energies of a nation.

It was not long, however, before a great change came over the feelings of the nation. It became the fashion among critics of sacred poetry, to regard it as *poetry* of an inferior order.* For some time after the period in which Wither lived some of his religious verses were reprinted, but they were apparently more in request for their devotional than their poetical qualities. It was not considered that poetry and devotion were compatible. The poet might sing of earth, and earthly things, and his muse would be listened to by an attentive audience, but when he ventured to touch on heaven and heavenly things his song was unheeded. Critics and readers alike seem to have come to the conclusion that the essential breath of heaven, which poesy is, might be better spent in whispering the carnal loves of the creature than the divine love of God their Creator and Redeemer.

* Wither and Quarles, for instance, were looked upon as Bavius and Mævius by every poet and poetaster who deemed himself a Horace.

Such feelings as these appear to have grown stronger and stronger in the public mind as years passed away. They were echoed and re-echoed from lip to lip, and even that stern moralist, Dr. Johnson, adopted the cuckoo note, and proclaimed to the world in his own peculiar high-sounding yet expressive language, that the noble employments of pious meditation—faith, thanksgiving, repentance, and supplication, could not find utterance in poetry—that contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, could not be poetical—in other words, that religion and poetry can never agree.

It might almost be imagined that when the stern moralist penned such sentiments as these, he had never read the works of the sacred poets of olden times. It is true that their pages may be of unequal merit; but that the fine gold of poetry abounds in them no enlightened critic can deny. Let us turn for a moment to the contents of this volume for illustration of our argument. The very preamble of the hymns is fraught with the elements of poetry, for it powerfully stirs up the best feelings of the reader's mind:—

Come, oh come! in pious lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Hither bring in one consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
Music add of every kind,
Sound the trump, the cornet wind;
Strike the viol, touch the lute,
Let no tongue nor string be mute:
Nor a creature dumb be found,
That hath either voice or sound.

Let those things which do not live
In still music praises give:
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth or in the deep:

Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main:
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunders ring:
Sun and moon exalted higher
And bright stars augment the choir.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take a place;
And amid the mortal throng
Be you masters of the song:
Angels and supernal powers
Be the noblest tenor yours,
Let in praise of God the sound
Run a never-ending round:
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting as is He.

From earth's vast and hollow womb
Music's deepest base may come;
Seas and floods from shore to shore
Shall their counter tenors roar:
To this concert when we sing
Whistling winds your descants bring,
That our song may over climb
All the bounds of place and time:
And ascend from sphere to sphere
To the great Almighty's ear.

So, from heaven on earth he shall
Let his gracious blessings fall;
And this huge wide orb we see,
Shall one choir, one temple be;
Where in such a praise full tone
We will sing what he hath done,
That the cursed fiends below,
Shall thereat impatient grow:
Then, oh come! in pious lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise.

That contemplative piety may find language in poetic strains is everywhere witnessed in the pages of the Hallelujah. See Hymn xv, page 17, as an instance. It is true that the native majesty and grace of sacred subjects cannot be heightened by any human art of embellishment, but that verse

may be associated with whatsoever things are just and pure and lovely in matters of religion must be admitted by every one possessing an enlightened understanding. What is Scripture "in the law of Moses, and the prophets, and in the Psalms," but poetry of the most exalted nature? Take for example some passages from the Prayer of Habakkuk:—

God came from Teman,
And the Holy One from mount Paran:
His glory covered the heavens,
And the earth was full of His praise,
And His brightness was as the light;
He had horns coming out of His hand,
And there was the hiding of His power.
Before Him went the pestilence,
And burning coals went forth at His feet.
He stood and measured the earth,
He beheld and drove asunder the nations;
And the everlasting mountains were scattered,
The perpetual hills did bow:
His ways are everlasting.

* * * * *

The mountains saw Thee and they trembled,
The overflowing of the water passed by;
The deep uttered his voice,
And lifted up his hands on high;
The sun and moon stood still in their habitation,
At the light of Thine arrows they went,
And at the shining of Thy glittering spear.

* * * * *

Although the fig tree shall not blossom,
Neither shall fruit be in the vine,
The labour of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no meat:
The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls;
Yet I will rejoice in the Lord,
I will joy in the God of my salvation.

HAB. iii.

Here is language simple and unadorned, yet every one must feel that it is poetry of the highest

order. And so in uninspired writings there are to be found numberless passages in which, though the language may be simple and plain to the understanding, the genius of true poetry abounds. These remarks apply emphatically to Wither's poetry. Take for example a stanza from Hymn xxvii, page 325 :—

> The voice which I did more esteem
> Than music in her sweetest key,
> Those eyes which unto me did seem
> More comfortable than the day :
> Those now by me as they have been,
> Shall never more be heard or seen ;
> But what I once enjoy'd in them
> Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

A marked characteristic of Wither's Hallelujah is the variety of subjects it embraces. Scarcely a circumstance in our every-day life can happen to us, but for which we may find an appropriate Hymn for our solace and comfort in its pages. There are Hymns for our going out and our coming in ; for our rising up and lying down ; for our joys and our sorrows, &c. &c. Some of these are very graceful and pleasing compositions. Such are the Hymns for an " Anniversary Funeral Day ;" " For Seasonable Weather ;" For " Anniversary Marriage Days ;" and " For one contentedly Married." How touching is this stanza from the " Anniversary Funeral Day :"—

> Lord ! I am drawing near
> To his estate whom I bemoan,
> Yea, nearer by a year
> Than when this duty last was done :
> And still I come
> The further from
> The state I did deplore,
> As nearer to
> That state I grow
> Which equals rich and poor.

In every part of the volume sentiments tender and touching and pleasing as these may be found. Its thoughts are not of the head only but of the heart. If poetry be the power of commanding the imagination, conveyed in measured language and expressive epithets, then George Wither was a poet in the highest sense of the term. Excepting in the works of Shakespeare there is scarcely to be found a greater variety of English measure, or more energy of thought, and more frequent development of the delicate filaments of the human heart, than in his writings.

No writer of poetry ever entertained a greater love of his art, or put a higher value upon the gift, than Wither. On this subject Charles Lamb happily remarks:—"The praises of poetry have often been sung in ancient and in modern times: strange powers have been ascribed to it of influence over animate and inanimate auditors; its force over fascinated crowds has been acknowledged: but before Wither no one ever celebrated its power *at home*, the wealth and the strength which this divine gift confers upon its possessor. Fame, and that too after death, was all which hitherto the poets had promised themselves from their art. It seems to have been left to Wither to discover, that poetry was a present possession as well as a rich reversion, and that the muse had promise of both lives—of this and of that which was to come."

Every attentive reader of Wither's poetry must acknowledge the justness of this delicate criticism. We see the poet's love for his art in every part of his writings. Thus speaking of his muse he says:—

> Her true beauty leaves behind
> Apprehensions in the mind,

Of more sweetness than all art
Or inventions can impart;
Thoughts too deep to be express'd,
And too strong to be suppress'd.

" Poets are prophets," he says in his introductory remarks in a " Hymn for Poets," page 384 of this volume; and he enlarges on this assertion in the Hymn thus :—

By art a poet is not made,
For though by art some better'd be,
Immediately his gift he had
From Thee, O God! from none but Thee:
And fitted in the womb he was,
To be by what Thou didst inspire
In extraordinary place
A chaplain of this lower choir;
Most poets future things declare,
And prophets true or false they are.
They who with meekness entertain,
And with an humble soul admit,
Those raptures which Thy grace doth deign,
Become for Thy true service fit.

The language used by Wither in all his various works—whether secular or sacred—is pure Saxon. Hence it has been asserted by some modern critics that his verse is rough. This is not strictly correct. While his language is simple, his lines run into each other with all the beauty of blank verse without losing the spirit of the lyric measure. This is pre-eminently the case in the Hallelujah, or Britain's Second Remembrancer, in which there are many stanzas unsurpassed in the whole range of English poetry. In reading his verse it must be remembered that he wrote at a period when there was a greater variety admitted in pronunciation than at the present day. Forgetfulness of this fact is often the cause of the depreciation of our early poetry. The modern ear cannot readily conform itself to the ancient practice, and hence

many lines in our older poets which have the ring of the true metal of poetry in them, are deemed prosaic. Obsolete words and not unfrequently vulgar ideas form a stumbling-block in the way of a modern reader's just appreciation and enjoyment of early English poetry. But the value of poetry must be tried by the same standard as the metallic ores: by the proportion of the finer metal to the dross. In the aggregate mass a grain of pure gold is of far higher value than a pound of lead. In Wither's poetry there is much fine gold. His productions, indeed, are a rich treasure-house of natural thought and sentiment, and whoever loves these must be pleased at being brought to an acquaintance with them. Even his prison notes, as Charles Lamb observes, are finer than the wood notes of most of his poetical brethren. There was in him a fancy that could gild any subject, or "make a sunshine," like Spenser's Una, "in the shadiest place." There was also a natural love of truth and simplicity, which has put life and an enduring freshness into all that he has written.

The Hallelujah, or Britain's Second Remembrancer, was first published in 1641. The work was written in the interval between the war which Charles I. waged against the Scotch Covenanters, and that of the Parliamentarians against the King. In these wars Wither was actively engaged. He served as Captain and Quarter Master General of a regiment against the Covenanters; and on the rupture between Charles and his English subjects, he sold his estate and raised a troop of horse for the Parliament, in whose army he held the rank of major.

This apparent fickleness of conduct in the poet has

given rise to much unpleasant controversy, and there is no doubt, but it was one chief cause of the defamation of his genius by contemporary and royalist writers. It is difficult to form a true estimate of Wither's political conduct. He had suffered from time to time great and grievous wrongs at the hands of royalty and those about the throne. But he had taken deep revenge on his enemies. In his satire he had flayed them alive, and had there hung them up as it were in ever-during chains to the gaze and scorn of posterity. It is true that there are few or no personalities in Wither's satire. Vice in high places, however, is so unsparingly "stript and whipt," that he who runs may read who were the poet's victims. Some better feeling than revenge, therefore, we would hope, was the inducement which led Wither to draw his sword against the King. History shows there was much that was rotten in the State, and it may be that Wither joined the Parliament, not to overthrow monarchy, but to place it on a surer foundation. We cannot for a moment suppose that he buckled on his armour from a love of strife. Still whatever was the cause of his joining the Republicans, it must ever be regretted that he felt called upon to quit the peaceful haunts of the Muses for the horrid din of the battle field. That war was not his delight seems to be evidenced by his verse; for who but a man of peace could write these stanzas, which we copy from his Hymn "For a Soldier:"—

Now in myself I notice take,
What life we soldiers lead,
My hair stands up, my heart doth ache,
My soul is full of dread;
And to declare
This horrid fear,

Throughout my bones I feel
A shiv'ring cold
On me lay hold,
And run from head to heel.

It is not loss of limbs or breath
Which hath me so dismay'd,
Nor mortal wounds nor groans of death
Have made me thus array'd:
When cannons roar
I start no more
Than mountains from their place,
Nor feel I fears,
Though swords and spears
Are darted at my face.

A soldier it would ill become
Such common things to fear,
The shouts of war, the thund'ring drum,
His courage up doth cheer:
Though dust and smoke
His passage choke,
He boldly marcheth on,
And thinketh scorn
His back to turn,
Till all be lost or won.

* * * * *

That whereupon the dread begins
Which thus appalleth me,
Is that huge troop of crying sins
Which rife in soldiers be:
The wicked mind,
Wherewith I find
Into the field they go,
More terror hath,
Than all the wrath
And engines of the foe.

The rapes, the spoils, and acts unjust
Which are in soldiers rife,
Their damned oaths, their brutish lust,
Their cursed course of life,
More dreadful are,
When death draws near,
Than death itself can be;
And he that knows
The fear of those,
The mouth of hell doth see.

The political feature of Wither's character, however, scarcely belongs to these pages.* It is evident that while he was engaged in writing the Hallelujah his mind was eminently meditative. His one aim seems to have been to frame thoughts which might be adopted by all classes of the community to their temporal and spiritual advantage. That he was a royalist at heart is evident from "A Coronation Hymn," page 129; and it is a fact worthy to be noted, that there are no republican sentiments expressed throughout the entire volume. If, as Charles Lamb remarks, Wither in his imprisonment enjoyed a perpetual source of inward sunshine—if in his afflictions he continually drank of a fountain within his breast, nourished by the waters of peace, much more must he have possessed these high enjoyments while he was employed in writing the Hallelujah. These remarks receive apt illustration from the last Hymn in the book entitled "The Author's Hymn for Himself:"—

> By Thy grace the passions, troubles,
> And what most my heart express'd,
> Have appear'd as airy bubbles,
> Dreams or suff'rings but in jest;
> And with profit *that* hath ended,
> Which my foes for harm intended.
>
> Those afflictions and those terrors
> Which did plagues at first appear,
> Did but show me what mine errors
> And mine imperfections were;
> But they wretched could not make me,
> Nor from Thy affection shake me.
>
> Therefore as Thy blessed Psalmist,
> When his warfare had an end,

* This remark applies equally to the Hymns and Songs of the Church: we intend examining into Wither's political character in some one of his secular works, and also narrating what further particulars we can gather of his life.

And his days were at the calmest,
Psalms and Hymns of praises penn'd;
So my rest by Thee enjoy'd,
To Thy praise I have employ'd.

Mention has been made of the great rarity of the Second Remembrancer. Mr. Gutch, who many years ago issued a selection from the work, in a recent letter to the editor states that his selection was derived from a copy lent him by the late Mr. Heber, which with a copy in the British Museum he believes are the only two known. It is from the copy mentioned by Mr. Gutch that we are enabled to present to the reader a reprint of the entire volume. At the sale of Mr. Heber's library the volume was purchased by the late Mr. T. Thorpe, he resold it to the Rev. Henry Wrightson, who has very generously placed it at the disposal of the publisher of the "Library of Old Authors," for the purpose of reprinting. This is an example which we trust will be followed by the possessors of other rare volumes of merit; and both editor and publisher of this reprint feel deeply the kindness of Mr. Wrightson, and which they doubt not will be likewise appreciated by the public.

A recent historian has designated George Wither by the title of a "Puritan poet." There is nothing in his early poetry which would fix such a character upon him; but perhaps his later verse, written after he had joined the Parliamentarians, may somewhat savour of Puritanism. He scarcely, however, deserves the name of a poet from his later writings, as most of them fall far below mediocrity. It is his early poetry alone that entitles him to the name of a poet, and then certainly he cannot be classed among the ranks of Puritanism. The writer who has thus characterised him says of his early poetry, that it especially abounds in

" the finest bursts of sunshine, and in the richest outpourings both of fancy and of heart," and such poetry as this could never emanate from a sectarian partizan. The truth is, by eventually joining the ranks of Puritanism Wither drew such a thick cloud over his poetry and his character that it is difficult for posterity to penetrate it in order to view him as a man, and his writings as poetry in the light they should be viewed.

Puritanism was not an atmosphere for poets to breathe in. The age of the Civil War and of the Commonwealth does not it is true present an absolute blank in the history of our highest literature; but with the exception of three names—Milton, Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne—there is scarcely besides a writer of celebrity in that stormy period. Sacred and secular poetry alike was nearly silent, hushed partly by the din of arms and of theological and political strife, but chiefly by the dark lowering frown of triumphant Puritanism. It was the boast of Puritanism that it had put down all the fine arts—poetry included—never again to lift their heads in England.

It seems probable that the rarity of Wither's early poetry is in a great measure owing to the circumstance of his having joined the Puritan faction. All history testifies that the Puritans themselves entertained neither love nor respect for the Muses: and it seems clear that Wither gave such deep offence to the Royalist section of the community, that his productions, however pure and meritorious, could not hope to find favour among them. His political conduct, indeed, erased from the public remembrance the sweetness of his early poetry, and the wit and festivity which accompanied the Restoration tended still more to depress his fair and legitimate fame. It became the

fashion to call him an old Puritan satirist, and the natural consequence was that those works from which he ought to have reaped a large harvest of fame were thrown aside, alike contemned and forgotten. This appears to have been particularly the case with the Hallelujah, or Britain's Second Remembrancer; a work which ought to have rescued his name from obloquy and disgrace by the mere force of its purity of sentiment. After the lapse of more than two centuries, however, it is here reproduced, and we augur for it and its author a fairer fame in this enlightened age than was found when the work was first published in the days of political strife and fanaticism. To Wither we would apply the language of one of his own beautiful and expressive emblems:—

Thus fares the man, whom virtue beacon-like
Hath fix'd upon the hills of eminence;
At him the tempests of mad envy strike
And rage against his piles of innocence.
But still the more they wrong him and the more
They seek to keep his worth from being known,
They daily make it greater than before,
And cause his fame the further to be blown.
When, therefore, no self-doting arrogance,
But virtues, cover'd with a modest veil,
Break through obscurity and thee advance
To place where envy shall thy worth assail,
Discourage not thyself, but stand the shocks
Of wrath and envy. Let them snarl and bite,
Pursue thee with detraction, slander, mocks,
And all the venom'd engines of despite:—
Thou art above their malice, and the blaze
Of thy celestial fire shall shine so clear
That their besotted souls thou shalt amaze,
And make thy splendours to their shame appear.

Iver,
March 20th, 1857.

HALELVIAH

OR,

BRITANS Second REMEMBRANCER, bringing to REMEMBRANCE (in praiſefull and Pœnitentiall *Hymns*, *Spirituall Songs* and *Morall-Odes*)

Meditations, advancing the glory of GOD, in the practiſe of Pietie and Vertue; and applyed to eaſie Tunes, to be Sung in Families, &c.

Compoſed in a three-fold Volume, by GEORGE WITHER.

The firſt, contains *Hymns Occaſionall.*
The ſecond, *Hymns Temporary.*
The third, *Hymns Perſonall.*

That all *Perſons*, according to their Degrees, and Qualities, may at all times, and upon all eminent *Occaſions*, be remembered to praiſe GOD; and to be mindfull of their Duties.

One woe is paſt, the *ſecond*, paſſing on;
Beware the *third*, if this, in vain be gone.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. L.* for *Andrew Hebb*, at the Bell, in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1641.

TO THE THRICE HONOURABLE,

THE HIGH COURTS OF PARLIAMENT,

1641.

NOW ASSEMBLED IN THE TRIPLE EMPIRE OF THE BRITISH ISLES:

GEO. WITHER HUMBLY TENDERS THIS HIS

HALLELUJAH, OR SECOND REMEMBRANCER.

FIFTEEN years now past, I was in some things of moment a Remembrancer to these Islands, which have in many particulars so punctually and so evidently succeeded, according to my predictions, that not a few have acknowledged, they were not published so long before they came to pass without the special providence and mercy of God to these kingdoms; and some who scornfully jeered and maliciously persecuted me for that book, almost to my utter undoing, have lived to see much of that fulfilled which they derided, and to feel that which they would not believe, to the verifying of a conditional imprecation, expressed at the latter end of my eighth canto, in these words:—

1626.

> And if by Thee I was appointed, Lord!
> Thy judgments and Thy mercies to record,
> As here I do, set Thou Thy mark on those
> Who shall despitefully the same oppose;
> And let it publicly be seen of all,
> Till of their malice they repent them shall.

of which I do not here make mention, that notice may be taken of it for mine own repute, because I know the vanity of such aims, and how easily they may be turned to my disgrace, neither is it mentioned to add to their dishonour or affliction, who are now found guilty as well of public as of private oppressions: for God so comfort me as I have compassionated them, as they are men; but I do rather thus offer those events to consideration; that my former, and these remembrances may be the more effectually observed to stir up thankfulness and heedfulness of God's dealing, both with myself and others.

For though it were but a bush which burned, God was the inflamer of that shrub; and, as it now seemeth, it was a beacon warrantably fired to give true alarums to prevent those dangers and innovations which then to me appeared near at hand: yea, though my first, and these my second remembrances, may have some passages and expressions in them, savouring so much of my natural infirmities as may make them distasteful to a proud knowledge, and perhaps exercise the humility of a sanctified wisdom; yet I am confident that God hath been pleased to accompany my imperfect musings with some notions pertinent to these times, and proceeding from himself, which I desire may be considered of as they shall deserve, and no otherwise.

I arrogate no more than Balaam's ass might have done: God opened mine eyes to see dangers which neither my most prudent masters, nor men as cunning as Balaam, seemed to behold. God opened my mouth also, and compelled me, beyond my natural abilities, to speak of that which I foresaw would come to pass; and men's eyes are now so cleared, excepting theirs who are wilfully blind,

that most of us behold the angel of the Lord, which stood in our way with a drawn sword; and we have lately obtained also, partly in hope, and partly in possession, such public and private deliverances, that both private oblations of thanksgiving, and general sacrifices of praise, are now and everlastingly due from these islands.

For the better performance of which duty, I do now execute the office of a remembrancer in another manner than heretofore; and have directed unto you the most honourable representative bodies of these kingdoms the sweet perfume of pious praises, compounded according to the art of the spiritual apothecary to further the performance of thankful devotions; hoping, that by your authorities they shall, if they so merit, be recommended unto them for whose use they are prepared. And there will be need both of God's extraordinary blessing, and of your grave assistance herein.

For so innumerable are the foolish and profane songs now delighted in, to the dishonour of our language and religion, that hallelujahs and pious meditations are almost out of use and fashion; yea, not in private only, but at our public feasts and civil meetings also, scurrilous and obscene songs are impudently sung without respecting the reverend presence of matrons, virgins, magistrates or divines. Nay, sometimes in their despite they are called for, sung and acted with such abominable gesticulations as are very offensive to all modest hearers and beholders; and fitting only to be exhibited at the diabolical solemnities of Bacchus, Venus, or Priapus.

For prevention whereof, I am an humble petitioner, that some order may be provided by the wisdom and piety of your assemblies; seeing upon

due examination of this abuse it may soon be discovered, that as well *Censores Canticorum* as *Librorum* will be necessary in these times; and I am confident your zeal and prudence will provide as you see cause, and accept these endeavours of your humble suppliant and servant, who submitting himself and his remembrances to your grave censures, submissively takes his leave, and beseecheth God's blessing upon your honourable designs and consultations.

TO THE READER.

I WAS wont to feign myself a shepherd, but now I have really a flock and many other such like rural negotiations to oversee; among which, I do now and then intermingle employments of this nature, that I might not muddle altogether in dirt and dung, but leave behind me some testimonials, that while I laboured for the maintenance of my body I was not without meditations pertinent to the well-being of my soul; though the affairs which necessity compels me to follow, are no little hinderances to the muses which I affect.

I have observed three sorts of poesy now in fashion; one consisteth merely of rhymes, clinches, anagrammatical fancies, or such like verbal or literal conceits as delight schoolboys and pedantical wits; having nothing in them either to better the understanding or stir up good affections.

These rattles of the brain are much admired by those who being men in years, continue children in understanding, and those chats of wit, may well be resembled to the fantastical suits made of taffeties and sarcenets, cut out in slashes, which are neither comely nor commodious for sober men to wear, nor very useful for anything, being out of fashion, but to be cast on the dunghill.

Another sort of poesy is the delivery of necessary truths and wholesome documents, couched in significant parables, and illustrated by such flowers

of rhetoric as are helpful to work upon the affections, and to insinuate into apprehensive readers, a liking of those truths and instructions which they express.

These inventions are most acceptable to those who have ascended the middle region of knowledge; for though the wisest men make use of them in their writings, yet they are not the wisest men for whose sake they are used. This poesy is frequently varied according to the several growths, ages, and alterations of that language, wherein it is worded; and that which this day is approved of as an elegancy may seem less facetious in another age; for which cause such compositions may be resembled to garments of whole silk adorned with gold lace; for while the stuff, shape, and trimming, are in fashion, they are a fit wearing for princes; and the materials being unmangled, may continue useful to some purposes for some other persons.

A third poesy there is which delivers commodious truths, and things really necessary, in as plain and in as universal terms as it can possibly devise; so contriving also what is intended, that the wisest, having no cause to contemn it, may be profitably remembered of what they know, and the ignorant become informed of what is convenient to be known.

This is not so plausible among the witty as acceptable to the wise; because it regardeth not so much to seem elegant as to be useful for all persons, in all times; which it endeavoureth by using a phrase and method, neither unpleasing to the time present, nor likely to grow altogether out of use in future ages; and if it make use of enigmatical expressions, it is to prevent the profanation of some truths, or the oppressing of their professors: the commendation of this poesy is not

improperly set forth by a mantle, or such-like upper garment, of the best English cloth; for that continueth indifferently serviceable for all seasons, and may be usefully and commendably worn by men of every degree.

To this plain and profitable poesy I have humbly aspired, and especially in this book, imitating therein, though coming infinitely behind them, no worse patterns than the most holy prophets; and by this means, I hope the memorial of God's mercies shall be the better preserved in our hearts, and things pertinent to our happiness be the more frequently presented to a due consideration.

Songs were adjudged, even by the wisdom of the Holy Ghost, the fittest means to convey to many persons, and through many generations, those caveats, counsels, and considerations which ought seriously to be minded, as appears by the song of Moses, and many other dispersed in both Testaments, as also by the Psalms of David: yea, our own experience assures us, that by song matters of moment may not only be committed to memory with more ease, but be more delightfully preserved unforgotten than by any other means.

Songs and Hymns are the most ancient writings of the world, and the most esteemed in pious ages: in them divine mysteries were first recorded, and doubtless to celebrate the honour of God and to stir up men's affections to the love and practice of holiness and virtue, was the prime subject and scope of ancient song and music; though at this time they are otherwise overmuch employed. But indeed the abuse of them is no new thing; for the devil perceiving how devotion and honest affections were by these means assisted and stirred up, he long since taught his prophets to magnify also their false gods in hymns dedicated to their

honour, and to provoke unclean desires by profane and immodest songs and ballads fitted to unclean passions; of which latter sort we have now such variety, that there is hardly room, sure I am, no encouragement for a devout muse.

Childhood and youth are almost generally so seduced and bewitched with vain, if not wicked, songs and poems, that holy and pious meditations are tedious and unwelcome to most men, all their life long: nay, poesy hath been so profaned by unhallowed suggestions, inspirations I will not call them, and by having been long time the bawd to lust, and abused to other improper ends; that some good men, though therein not very wise men, have affirmed poesy to be the language and invention of the devil.

To prevent these errors and offences, Mr. Sandys, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Quarles, and some others, have lately to their great commendations, seriously endeavoured by tuning their muses to divine strains, and by employing them in their proper work. For the like prevention I have also laboured according to my talent; and am desirous both to help restore the muses to their ancient honour, and to become a means by the pleasingness of song to season childhood and young persons with more virtue and piety: to that end I composed these hymns and songs; taking the advantage of times, persons, and occasions, in hope that by using various means, I shall at some time, upon some occasion, in some persons, prevent or dissolve the devil's enchantments by these lawful charms, which may be read or sung to that purpose as occasion is offered, and as my readers are affected.

In my personal Hymns, I arrogate not to instruct men of all qualities or degrees in each point of their duties, neither to dictate all meditations

pertinent to them in the exercise of their devotion; but I rather offer some principal duties and occasions of thankfulness to the remembrance of those who know them, and the knowledge of them to such as are altogether ignorant, in hope the one or the other, if not both, may be benefited thereby.

The like I profess in my Hymns, appropriated to times and occasions. And perhaps, they who need instruction shall find here and there dispersed, most of those duties which are pertinent to Christian men and women of every degree and condition; peradventure also the publishing of these helps and remembrances, may, by God's blessing, increase necessary knowledge in those who most want it, and that honesty and piety which is lately decayed.

As in the language, so in the sorts of verse, I have affected plainness, that I might the more profit them who need such helps: this I have done also, that they may be sung to the common tunes of the Psalms, and such other as are well known; to which I have directed my reader not to confine him to such tunes, but that he may have those until he be provided of such as may be more proper; which, perchance, may by some devout musician be hereafter prepared.

In all these compositions, I have made use of no man's method or meditations but mine own. Not that I despised good helps, but partly, because my fortunes and my employments compelled me to spin them out of my own bowels, as occasions were presented unto me; and chiefly, because I thought, by searching mine own heart, I should the better find out those musings and expressions which would flow with least harshness, and be most suitable to their capacities whom I desire to profit.

All these things considered, I hope I shall be judged excusable though I attained not to perfection in my pious endeavours; and I am hopeful also, considering how many Songs I have now prepared to advance a Christian rejoicing, that it will not be thought altogether my fault if there follow not a merry time.

Without more words, I commit these my humble devotions to their use who shall approve and accept of them; and the event of my studies and desires, to God's gracious providence, whom I beseech to sanctify them to his glory.

June 1, 1641.

HALLELUJAH, OR

BRITAIN'S SECOND REMEMBRANCER,

BRINGING TO REMEMBRANCE, IN PRAISEFUL AND PENITENTIAL HYMNS, SPIRITUAL SONGS, AND MORAL ODES, MEDITATIONS ADVANCING THE GLORY OF GOD, AND THE PRACTICE OF PIETY AND VIRTUE.

THE FIRST PART

CONSISTING OF HYMNS OCCASIONAL.

HYMN I.

A general Invitation to praise God.

THIS hymn stirreth up to the praise of God, by a poetical invitation of the creatures to the performance of that duty according to their several faculties and dignities. And it is a preamble to the following Hymns.

COME, oh come in pious lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Hither bring in one consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
Music add of ev'ry kind;
Sound the trump, the cornet wind;
Strike the viol, touch the lute;
Let no tongue nor string be mute;
Nor a creature dumb be found,
That hath either voice or sound.

2 Let those things which do not live,
In still music praises give:
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep,
On the earth, or in the deep:
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main:
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunders ring:
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And bright stars, augment this choir.

3 Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take a place;
And amid the mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Angels, and supernal powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours;
Let in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round;
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting as is He.

4 From earth's vast and hollow womb,
Music's deepest base may come;
Seas and floods, from shore to shore,
Shall their counter-tenors roar.
To this consort, when we sing,
Whistling winds your descants bring;
That our song may over climb
All the bounds of place and time,
And ascend from sphere to sphere,
To the great Almighty's ear.

5 So, from heaven, on earth he shall
Let his gracious blessings fall;
And this huge wide orb we see,
Shall one choir, one temple be;
Where, in such a praise, full tone
We will sing what he hath done,

That the cursed fiends below
Shall thereat impatient grow.
Then, oh come, in pious lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise.

HYMN II.

When we first awake.

IT is God's mercy that our sleep is not to death: and, therefore whensoever we awake, it becometh us to lift up our hearts to God in this, or in the like meditation.

Sing this as the 25th or 67th Psalms.

DEAR God! that watch dost keep
Round all that honour Thee,
Vouchsafing Thy beloved sleep
When rest shall needful be;
My soul returns Thee praise,
That thus refresh'd I am;
And that my tongue a voice can raise,
To praise Thee for the same.

2 As now my soul doth shake
Dull sleep out of her eyes;
So let Thy Spirit me awake,
That I from sin may rise.
The night is past away,
Which fill'd us full of fears;
And we enjoy the glorious day,
Wherein Thy grace appears.

3 Oh! let me, therefore, shun
All errors of the night;
Thy righteousness let me put on,
And walk as in the light:
And guard me from his pow'r,
Since I on Thee rely,

Who walks in darkness to devour
When our long sleep draws nigh.
4 Yea, when the trump shall sound
Our summons from the grave,
Let this my body from the ground
A blessed rising have.
That, whatsoe'er the dreams
Of my corruption be,
The vision of Thy glorious beams
May bring full joys to me.

HYMN III.

When Day-light appears.

WHEN we first behold the renewed light, our thoughts should be lifted up to the Father of Lights, by whose mercy we escape the perils of darkness: and it would become us, otherwhile to praise Him and instruct ourselves, in this, or the like meditation.

Sing this as the 51st Psalm, or the Lamentation, &c.

LOOK forth, mine eye; look up and view
How bright the day-light shines on me;
And as the morning doth renew,
Mark how renew'd God's mercies be.
Behold, the splendours of the day
Disperse the shadows of the night;
And they who late in darkness lay,
Have now the comforts of the light.
2 Nor twilight plagues, nor midnight fears,
Nor mortal, nor immortal foes,
Had power to take us in their snares;
But safe we slept, and safe arose.
And to those days which we have had,
He that is Lord of day and night,
Another day vouchsafes to add,
That our lost hours redeem we might.

3 It is too much to have made void
So many days already past:
Let this, therefore, be so employ'd,
As if we knew it were our last.
Most creatures now themselves advance,
Their morning sacrifice to bring;
The herds do skip, the flocks do dance,
The winds do pipe, the birds do sing.
4 Lord, why should these, who were decreed
To serve Thee in a lower place,
In thankful duties us exceed,
Who have obtain'd the highest grace?
We are obliged much more than those,
Our voice in thankful sounds to raise:
Therefore, O God! our lips unclose,
And teach our tongues to sing Thy praise.
5 Let heart, and hand, and voice accord,
This day to magnify Thy name:
And let us ev'ry day, O Lord!
Continue to perform the same.
So when that morning doth appear,
In which Thou shalt all flesh destroy;
We shall not be awaked with fear,
But rise and meet Thy Son with joy.

HYMN IV.

When we put on our Apparel.

THE putting on of our apparel may occasion many considerations, helpful to keep us mindful of our frailties, of our wants, and of some caveats* preventing errors and snares, whereinto we may else fall ere the day be past.

Sing this as the Magnificat, or Te Deum.

ORD! had not man sought out by sin,
What should have been unknown,
His nakedness unfelt had been,

* Or cautious.

And wiser he had grown.
But in the stead of what he thought
By lawless means to know,
The knowledge of that want was taught
Which brings the sense of woe.

2 Had he as forward strived to be
The fruit of life to taste,
As on the death-procuring tree
A lustful eye to cast;
The bliss which was for him prepared,
In soul, he had obtain'd;
And in his body also shared
The blessing pre-ordain'd.

3 But since the flesh did press to see
Her wants before the time,
Both soul and flesh afflicted be
For that presumptuous crime:
And cumber'd so, with pains and care,
To purchase clothes and food;
That little their endeavours are
To seek their chiefest good.

4 Lord! with a robe of innocence
Thy servant so array,
That it may take the painful sense
Of outward wants away:
Yea, let Thy justice clothe me so,
That I incur no blame;
Nor through my sin so naked grow
As to augment my shame:

5 And let the garments which I wear,
My tender flesh to hide,
Be neither made a lustful snare,
Nor ensigns of my pride.
But rather be a means to show
The folly of that deed
By which man fell, and fell so low,
As these poor toys to need.

HYMN V.

A Morning Hymn.

MANY dangers hang over us all the day. Therefore, before we adventure forth to follow our affairs we might be the more safe, if we were first charmed by such invocations as these.

Sing this as the Paternoster.

SINCE Thou hast added now, O God!
Unto my life another day,
And giv'st me leave to walk abroad,
And labour in my lawful way:
My walks and works with me begin;
Conduct me forth, and bring me in.

2 In ev'ry power my soul enjoys
Internal virtues to improve;
In ev'ry sense that she employs,
In her external works to move,
Bless her, O God! and keep me sound,
From outward harm and inward wound.

3 Let sin nor Satan's fraud prevail,
To make mine eye of reason blind,
Or faith, or hope, or love to fail,
Or any virtues of the mind;
But more and more let them increase,
And bring me to mine end in peace.

4 Lewd courses let my feet forbear,
Keep Thou my hands from doing wrong;
Let not ill counsels pierce mine ear,
Nor wicked words defile my tongue.
And keep the windows of each eye
That no strange lust climb in thereby.

5 But guard Thou safe my heart in chief,
That neither hate, revenge, nor fear;

Nor vain desire, vain joy, or grief,
Obtain command or dwelling there:
And, Lord! with ev'ry saving grace,
Still, true to Thee, maintain that place.

6 From open wrongs, from secret hates,
Preserve me, likewise, Lord! this day;
From slanderous tongues, from wicked mates,
From ev'ry danger in my way:
My goods to me, secure thou too,
And prosper all the works I do.

7 So till the evening of this morn,
My time shall then so well be spent,
That when the twilight shall return,
I may enjoy it with content;
And to Thy praise and honour say,
That this hath proved a happy day.

HYMN VI.

A Hymn whilst we are washing.

THOUGH water be a common blessing, yet we receive many great benefits thereby, and cannot live conveniently without it. If, therefore, we sometimes remember to be thankful in the use of it, and to sanctify it with such-like meditations as these, it will become holy water unto us.

Sing this as the 1st, 2nd, or 30th Psalms.

AS we by water wash away
Uncleanness from our flesh,
And sometimes often in a day,
Ourselves are fain to wash:
So ev'ry day, thoughts, words, or deeds,
The soul do sully so,
That often every day she needs
Unto her cleanser go.

2 Our sins purgation doth require,
Sometime a flood of tears;
Sometime the painful purging fire
Of torments, griefs, or fears:
And all this cleansing will be lost,
When we our best shall do,
Unless we by the Holy Ghost,
May be baptized too.

3 Lord, by Thy sanctifying Spirit,
And through my faith in Thee
Made acceptable by Thy merit,
Purge, wash and cleanse Thou me.
And as this water purifies
My body's outward blots,
So cleanse Thou, by Thy blood likewise,
My soul's internal spots.

4 And since this useful element
Thou freely dost afford,
In using it let me present
Due thanks to Thee, O Lord!
And then accept that sacrifice,
Though cheap and mean it be,
And do not those requests despise,
Which I prefer to Thee.

HYMN VII.

When we enjoy the benefit of the Fire.

FIRE is a creature both beneficial and harmful, according to our heedfulness, and God's blessing. Therefore, this Hymn serves both to remember us to be thankful for the good received; and to beseech God's protection from the dangers of it.

Sing this as the 2nd, 6th, or 7th Psalms.

BUT that no wonders things appear
Which ev'ry day we see,
This fire, whose warmth our flesh doth cheer,

A wondrous thing would be :
For while by fuel it is fed,
Which we therefore provide,
Array'd in shining white and red,
It will with us abide.

2 But when the same we do neglect,
It quickly flies away ;
And sometime, for our disrespect,
Upon our goods doth prey.
If guided well, it is a friend ;
If not, it proves a foe,
Which bringeth cities to an end,
And realms may overthrow.

3 Lord ! since this creature much we need,
And harm'd thereby may be,
Unless we take thereof good heed,
From harms preserve us free.
Yea, thankful make for that which warms,
And which we now enjoy ;
And keep us ever from the harms
Of that which doth destroy.

HYMN VIII.

Before we begin our Work.

WHEN we are preparing towards our daily employments, their beginnings would find the better successful endings, if we did otherwhile sing, say, or think somewhat to this purpose.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

SINCE Thou hast, Lord ! appointed so,
That man by labour must be fed ;
Lo, with a cheerful mind I go
To labour for my daily bread.
I do not at my lot repine,
Though others live much more at ease ;

But I subject my will to Thine,
And Thy good pleasure me shall please.

2 Let what I purpose now to do,
Be fully pleasing unto Thee;
And give a good success thereto,
That profit thence may spring to me.
Be Thou the author of each deed
Which now by me shall be begun;
With me throughout my works proceed,
And perfect them when I have done.

HYMN IX.

When we are at our Labour.

MANY use to mitigate the tediousness of their labours by singing. Therefore, to encourage labouring men at their work, some privileges of a laborious life, and some petitions befitting such as live by labour, are the subject of this Hymn.

Sing this as the 14th or 15th Psalms.

WHY should I grieve that I was made
Whilst others take no pain,
To labour at a toilsome trade,
My body to maintain?
And that to compass cloth and meat,
My lot no means doth grant,
Until my brows or brains do sweat
To get me what I want?

2 Or wherefore by a murm'ring tongue,
Should I augment my care,
Because I am not ranged among
Those drones that idlers are?
For labour yields me true content,
Though few the same do see;
And when my toiling hours are spent,
My sleeps the sweeter be.

3 Though labour was enjoin'd at first
To be a curse for sin,
Yet man by being so accurst,
May screw a blessing in:
And he that with a patient mind
This penance doth sustain,
Shall by his pains true pleasures find,
And many comforts gain.

4 Whilst honest labours are applied,
We vex our ghostly foe;
And in our hearts he is denied
His harmful tares to sow.
A thousand mischiefs we avoid,
When he would us entrap;
Which they, who are not so employ'd,
But rarely do escape.

5 It makes our bread more sweet than theirs
Who idly spend their wealth;
We seldom have so many cares,
And live in better health.
If we at night begin to tire,
Next morning fresh we grow;
And for our meat, or for our hire,
To work again we go.

6 Men seldom hear us crying out,
As idler folk have done,
By reason of the lazy gout,
The colic, or the stone.
But when our strength consumed we have,
That ripeness doth increase
Which makes us ready for the grave,
And there we rest in peace.

7 Lord! grant me health and strength to bear
The labours laid on me;
And in those works to persevere
Whereto I call'd shall be.

And let me find by what Thy grace
Hath for my soul prepared,
That he who works in meanest place
May gain the best reward.

HYMN X.

After our Work is done.

LEST when we have accomplished our intended works we lose the benefit of our labours by improvidence, or unthankfulness; we are hereby put in remembrance to beseech of God that we forfeit not the comfort of them by our sins.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm.

THAT I unthankful may not be
Now this my work is fully done,
With praises, Lord! I come to Thee,
In whom it was at first begun:
For if my pains hath compass'd ought
From whence a profit may redound;
Thy grace the same in me hath wrought;
Else fruitless had my deeds been found.

2 Let not my folly, nor my foe,
Nor past nor future sins, destroy
The labours which I did bestow
An honest profit to enjoy.
But make my pains and their effect,
To me still prosp'rously succeed;
And let me never, Lord! neglect
To praise Thee, both in will and deed.

HYMN XI.

When we depart from Home.

WHEN we depart from home, every step is attended with some hazard, or temptation, whereby we may be endangered, if God prevent not. To Him, therefore, we should lift up our hearts to this effect.

Sing this as the 16th or 18th Psalms, &c.

WHO knows, when he to go from home
Departeth from his door,
Or when or how he back shall come,
Or whether never more?
For some who walk abroad in health,
In sickness back are brought;
And some, who forth have gone with wealth,
Have back return'd with nought.

2 Lord! therefore now I go abroad,
My guard I Thee confess;
And humbly beg of Thee, O God!
My going forth to bless.
Go with me whither I would go;
Stay with me where I stay;
Do for me what I ought to do;
Speak Thou what I should say.

3 From taking wrong, from doing harm,
From thoughts and speeches ill,
From passion's rage, from pleasure's charm,
Vouchsafe to keep me still.
Let me abroad some blessing find,
And let no curse the while
Befall to that I leave behind,
My honest hopes to spoil;

4 But let my going out and in,
My thoughts, my words, and ways,
Be alway safe, still free from sin,
And ever to Thy praise.
And when my pains effect shall take,
Or times of stay are spent,
With health and credit bring me back,
With comfort and content.

HYMN XII.

When we return Home.

THOUGH our affairs may not permit us to sing upon all such occasions, yet we ought at all times to be thankful: and we have at least leisure enough to meditate to this purpose when we return home.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

SINCE, Lord! Thou hast well pleased been,
As now it may appear,
To bear me forth, to bring me in,
And set me safely here;
I, who deserved not this grace,
Should far less worthy be,
If I repay not in this place
The thanks I owe to Thee.

2 My tongue therefore, O Lord, my King!
Now soundeth out Thy praise:
My heart the selfsame strain doth sing;
And thus to Thee it says:
Thou art my God; and never shall
Another God be mine;
And kingdoms, powers, and glories, all
For ever shall be Thine.

HYMN XIII.

At Noontide.

WE have usually some refreshings, as well at noontide as in the mornings and evenings. Therefore, the singing of a meridian Hymn, to this, or the like purpose, is not impertinent.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

NOW that the sun is at his height,
And brightest beams displays;
We to the Father of this light

Will sing a song of praise:
For since that lamp can shine so clear,
And gild so large a sky,
What splendour doth in Him appear
Who made that glorious eye!

2 How happy in the light we be,
Which from this planet flows,
Inform'd we are, in some degree,
When from our view he goes:
For blessings at the full received,
Appear not so at best,
As when we are awhile deprived
Of that which was possess'd.

3 Both for this means of outward sight,
We praise Thee, Lord! therefore,
And for those beams of inward light
Which make that blessing more.
Vouchsafe that whilst this happy day
Of double grace doth last,
My feet may travel in the way
Which Thou commanded hast.

4 Those works of darkness make me shun
Which my chief practice were;
Those arms of light let me put on,
Which I am bound to bear.
That when the night of death shall close
The daylight of mine eyes,
I may without affrights repose;
And with true joys arise.

HYMN XIV.

At Sun-setting.

THE singing or meditating to such purposes as are intimated in this Hymn, when we see the sun declining, may perhaps expel unprofitable musings, and arm against the terrors of approaching darkness.

Sing this as the former.

BEHOLD the sun that seem'd but now
Enthroned overhead,
Beginneth to decline below
This globe whereon we tread;
And he, whom yet we look upon
With comfort and delight,
Will quite depart from hence anon,
And leave us to the night.

2 Thus time, unheeded, steals away
The life which nature gave;
Thus are our bodies ev'ry day
Declining to the grave.
Thus from us all those pleasures fly
Whereon we set our heart;
And when the night of death draws nigh,
Thus will they all depart.

3 Lord! though the sun forsake our sight,
And mortal hopes are vain;
Let still Thine everlasting light
Within our souls remain.
And in the nights of our distress,
Vouchsafe those rays divine
Which from the Sun of Righteousness
For ever brightly shine.

HYMN XV.

In a clear starry Night.

BY contemplating the beauty of the stars, which were created for the service of man, we are taught to consider the special and unspeakable mercies of God vouchsafed in Christ Jesus.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

LORD! when those glorious lights I see,
With which Thou hast adorn'd the skies;
Observing how they moved be,
And how their splendour fills mine eyes;
Methinks it is too large a grace,
But that Thy love ordain'd it so,
That creatures in so high a place,
Should servants be to man below.

2 The meanest lamp now shining there,
In size and lustre doth exceed
The noblest of Thy creatures here,
And of our friendship hath no need.
Yet these upon mankind attend,
For secret aid, or public light;
And from the world's extremest end,
Repair unto us ev'ry night.

3 Oh! had that stamp been undefaced
Which first on us Thy hand had set,
How highly should we have been graced,
Since we are so much honour'd yet.
Good God! for what but for the sake
Of Thy beloved and only Son,
Who did on Him our nature take,
Were these exceeding favours done?

4 As we by Him have honour'd been,
Let us to Him due honours give;
Let His uprightness hide our sin,
And let us worth from Him receive.
Yea, so let us by grace improve
What Thou by nature dost bestow,
That to Thy dwelling-place above
We may be raised from below.

HYMN XVI.

In a dark Night.

DARKNESS is uncomfortable to all, and very dreadful to many: therefore we prepared this Hymn, that such as are fearful, may have wherewith to comfort their hearts against the terrors of darkness.

Sing this as the 19th, 20th, or 21st Psalms.

WHAT though the comforts of the light
This gloomy night denies;
Though me to trouble and affright,
Unwelcome darkness tries.
What should I doubt? whom should I fear?
Or why dishearten'd be;
Since Thou, O God! art ev'rywhere,
And present still with me.

2 What mischiefs hath a midnight hour
My terror to procure?
What warrant hath a noontide power
My safety to assure?
I find no comforts in the day,
If Thou Thy presence hid'st;
Nor can the darkness me dismay,
If near me Thou abid'st.

3 Indeed the fiend that hates the light,
Doth oft occasion take,
Amid the darkness of the night,
These bugbear shows to make:
Yet sure the darkness of our minds,
Is that whereby this foe
Most frequently occasion finds
The greatest harms to do.

4 Me from that darkness to defend,
Thy grace, O Lord! afford;

To me th' enlightening Spirit lend,
And lantern of Thy Word.
For then though Egypt's darkness had
Inclosed me round about;
Yea, though I sat in death's black shade,
That light should guide me out.

HYMN XVII.

An Evening Hymn.

LEST brute creatures rise in judgment against us for neglect of thankfulness, this Hymn of praise is tendered to be a Remembrancer, and a help for the better performance of that duty.

Sing this as the Prayer after the Commandments.

ORD! should we oft forget to sing
A thankful evening song of praise,
This duty they to mind might bring
Who chirp among the bushy sprays.
For to their perches they retire,
When first the twilight waxeth dim;
And ev'ry night that sweet-voiced choir
Shuts up the daylight with a hymn.

2 Ten thousand fold more cause have we
To close each day with praiseful voice,
To offer thankful hearts to Thee,
And in Thy mercies to rejoice.
For from Thy wardrobe clothed we are,
Our health we do by Thee retain;
Our daily bread Thou dost prepare,
And givest ease when we have pain.

3 Thou makest us glad when we are grieved,
When we are tired Thou bringest rest:
In wants we are by Thee relieved,
And succour'd when we are oppress'd.

These favours, Lord! and many more,
Even more than here we can recite
Thou every morning dost bestow,
And them renewest ev'ry night.

4 Therefore, for all Thy mercies past,
For those this evening doth afford,
And which for times to come Thou hast,
We give Thee hearty thanks, O Lord!
Continued let Thy bounties be;
And from our ghostly foes' despite,
Though we deserve it not from Thee,
Defend us this ensuing night.

5 When we shut up in darkness lie,
Let not the guilt of any sin
Appear our souls to terrify
With frights, which bring despairings in.
But free from harms and slavish fear,
Let us a peaceful rest obtain;
That when the morning shall appear,
We may renew Thy praise again.

HYMN XVIII.

Another Evening Hymn.

IN this Hymn God is praised, and His protecting and preventing grace implored, to secure us from the dangers and temptations of the night, and it is intended for an Evening Hymn.

NOW the cheerful day is past,
And the beauties of the light
Are with shadows overcast
By the mantle of the night;
Thanks to Thee, O Lord! I pay
For each blessing of this day;
Asking grace for ev'ry sin,
Whereby err'd I have therein.

2 Though the sun hath left us now,
And withholds his light from me,
Lord! from hence depart not Thou,
Nor in darkness let me be;
But the rays of grace divine,
Cause Thou round me still to shine;
And with mercy overspread
Both my person and my bed.

3 Chase all wicked fiends from hence,
That they do me no despite,
By deluding of the sense,
Through the darkness of the night.
But, O Lord! from all my foes,
Let Thine angels me inclose;
And protect me in my sleep,
When myself I cannot keep.

4 Whilst my body taketh rest,
Let my soul attend on Thee;
Let no dream to me suggest
Fancies that unchaste may be.
Whether I shall wake or sleep,
Me in mind and body keep,
Not from acts of sin alone,
But from dreaming they are done.

5 And since death and sleep are said
Some resemblances to have;
In my bed ere I am laid
So prepare me for my grave;
That with comfort wake I may,
To enjoy the following day;
Or if death close up mine eyes,
Rest in hope till all shall rise.

HYMN XIX.

When we put off our Apparel.

WHILST we are putting off our apparel, the singing of this brief Hymn will be neither tedious nor unprofitable; seeing we may thereby prepare as well our minds as our bodies for the better enjoying of a comfortable rest.

Sing this as the 33rd or 34th Psalms.

AS ere I down am couched there,
Where now I hope to rest,
I first from what I daily wear,
Begin to be undrest;
So in my grave ere I shall be
In blest reposure* laid,
Of many rags yet worn by me
I must be disarray'd.

2 My fruitless hopes, my foolish fears,
My lust, my lofty pride;
My fleshly joys, my needless cares,
Must quite be laid aside.
Yea, that self-love which yet I wear
More near me than my skin,
Must off be pluck'd ere I shall dare
My last long sleep begin.

3 Of these and all such rags as these,
When I am disarray'd,
My soul and body shall have ease,
Wherever I am laid:
Nor fears of death, nor cares of life,
Shall then disquiet me;
Nor dreaming joys, nor waking grief,
My sleep's disturbance be.

4 Therefore instruct Thou me, O God!
And give me grace to heed

* Or repose.

With what vain things ourselves we load,
And what we rather need.
Oh, help me tear those clouts away,
And let them so be loathed;
That I on my last rising day
With glory may be clothed.
5 And now when I am naked laid,
Vouchsafe me so to arm,
That nothing make my heart afraid,
Or do my body harm.
And guard me so when down I lie,
And when I rise again;
That sleep or wake or live or die,
I still may safe remain.

HYMN XX.

When we cannot sleep.

WHEN we cannot sleep at seasonable times, vain musings and want of right meditating on God is frequently chief cause of unrest. Therefore this meditation directeth to the remedy of such untimely watchfulness.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

WHAT ails my heart, that in my breast
It thus unquiet lies;
And that it now of needful rest
Deprives my tired eyes?
Let not vain hopes, griefs, doubts, or fears,
Distemper so my mind;
But cast on God thy thoughtful cares,
And comfort thou shalt find.
2 In vain that soul attempteth ought,
And spends her thoughts in vain,
Who by or in herself hath sought
Desired peace to gain.

In vain as rising in the morn
Before the day appear;
In vain to bed we late return,
And lie unquiet there.

3 For when of rest our sin deprives,
When cares do waking keep;
'Tis God, and He alone, that gives
To His beloved sleep.
On Thee, O Lord! on Thee therefore,
My musings now I place:
Thy free remission I implore,
And Thy refreshing grace.

4 Forgive Thou me, that when my mind
Oppress'd begun to be,
I sought elsewhere my peace to find,
Before I came to Thee.
And, gracious God! vouchsafe to grant,
Unworthy though I am,
The needful rest which now I want,
That I may praise Thy name.

HYMN XXI.

A general Thanksgiving.

BECAUSE the particular benefits which we receive of God are so many, that we cannot sing particular Hymns for every mercy, this general thanksgiving is provided for those who need such helps.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm.

LORD! I fain would sing Thy praise,
But know not where I should begin;
So often and so many ways
Thy favours have conferred been.
No blessing needful to be had
Are we by Thee debarred from,

Whereby we happy may be made,
On earth, or in the world to come.

2 I for my being thank Thee first,
And that when I the same possess'd,
I was no creature of the worst,
But had endowments of the best.
And Thy eternal providence
I praise with all the powers in me,
For ev'ry grace vouchsafed me since
I first received my life from Thee.

3 For ev'ry sense, for all my limbs,
And for each gift I praise return;
Which outwardly my body trims,
Or me doth inwardly adorn.
I praise Thee for my strength, my health,
My shape, and also for that share
Which I have had of worldly wealth,
And of some honest pleasures here.

4 I praise Thee for my friends and foes,
For both have useful been to me,
Yea, for Thy just correcting blows
I render hearty thanks to Thee.
I likewise magnify, O God!
Thy wisdom for that goodly frame
Which over us Thou spread'st abroad,
And for this globe on which I am.

5 For all things in this lower world,
For ev'ry star in ev'ry sphere,
Which round about this orb is whirl'd,
I praise Thee with a heart sincere.
But most of all I praise Thee, Lord!
For pardoning what is done amiss;
And for the means Thou dost afford
To bring me to eternal bliss.

6 For choosing me ere time was made,
For Thy creating me in time,

For my redemption when I had
Well being lost by Adam's crime.
For me enlight'ning by those rays,
Whereby the paths of truth I see;
For bringing me from error's ways,
For these things, Lord! I honour Thee.

7 I bless Thy name that by Thy grace
I freely justified am,
And that when I polluted was,
I thereby sanctified became.
I praise Thee too that I abide
Preserved in the state of bliss,
And that of being glorified,
My woeful soul kept hopeful is.

8 O Lord! to sum up all in One,
In One which ev'ry bliss contains;
I give Thee thanks for Christ Thy Son,
Who all these gracious favours deigns.
To Him for whatsoever He
Hath suffer'd, said, or done, be praise;
And to that Spirit who to me
The means of all this grace conveys.

HYMN XXII.

When we ride for Pleasure.

WE make use of God's creatures, as well for pleasure as for necessity. Therefore when we ride forth for pleasure, it will become us to mix, now and then, such thankful meditations with our lawful pleasures as are in this Hymn.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

MY God! how kind, how good art Thou!
Of man, how great is Thy regard!
Who dost all needful things allow,
And some for pleasure hast prepared.

With what great speed! with how much ease!
On this Thy creature am I borne,
Which at my will and when I please
Doth forward go and back return.

2 Why should not I, O gracious God!
More pliant be to Thy command;
When I am guided by Thy word,
And gently reined by Thy hand?
Ashamed I may become to see
The beast, which knows nor good nor ill,
More faithful in obeying me
Than I have been to do Thy will.

3 From him therefore, Lord! let me learn
To serve Thee better than I do;
And mind how much it may concern
My welfare to endeavour so.
And though I know this creature lent,
As well for pleasure as for need;
That I the wrong thereof prevent,
Let me still carefully take heed.

4 For he that wilfully shall dare
That creature to oppress or grieve,
Which God to serve him doth prepare,
Himself of mercy doth deprive.
And he, or his, unless in time
They do repent of that abuse,
Shall one day suffer for his crime;
And want such creatures for their use.

HYMN XXIII.

For him that undertakes a long Voyage.

MANY are the casualties and hazards of long voyages. Therefore this Hymn puts travellers in mind of some things pertinent to their safety, and remembers them whose protection they ought to seek.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm, &c.

HE that a voyage undertakes,
Had need be well prepared,
And when his country he forsakes,
Procure an able guard:
For perils are so rife become,
That ere we be aware,
They often seize on us at home,
When we most watchful are.

2 My journey therefore in Thy name,
I now, O Lord! begin;
That Thou mayst guide me through the same
And prosper me therein.
Be Thou my pilot and my guide,
My guard, my staff, my stay;
And ev'ry thing for me provide
That's needful in my way.

3 To pilgrims Thou in ages past,
Approvedst Thyself a friend;
And to their pilgrimages hast
Vouchsafed a blessed end.
The father of the faithful race,
His son and grandchild too,
Removed oft from place to place,
And Thou didst with them go.

4 The Patriarchs in merchant-wise,
For food to Egypt went;
Endeavouring their necessities
By travel to prevent.
Thy blest apostles, whom the spheres
Did therefore figure out,
Were universal travellers,
To preach Thy truth about.

5 Yea, when Thy blessed Son, O God!
Did in our flesh appear,

And made amongst us His abode,
His travels many were.
To Egypt He a voyage made,
Even in His tenderest age;
And other painful journeys had,
To 'scape the people's rage.

6 Lord! make a voyage now with me;
Conduct and guide me so,
As Israel guided was by Thee
In ages long ago.
Like Jacob's voyage make Thou mine,
With me Thine angel send;
And let Thy face upon me shine,
Until my journeys end.

7 'Twixt me and ev'ry peril stand
That shall my life assail,
Upon the water or the land,
And let them not prevail.
Protect from poison, fire, and sword,
From thieves and beasts of prey;
From unexpected sickness, Lord!
And storms upon the way.

8 From all extremes of cold and heat,
From all infectious airs,
From wants or torments over great,
From bondage and despairs:
From their despite that goodness hate,
And mischiefs do intend;
From flatterers and a faithless mate,
Thy servant, Lord! defend.

9 Preserve me sober and discreet,
Just, humble, meek, and kind;
That such as would ensnare my feet,
No power thereto may find.
Make clean my heart and keep my tongue,
That I nor think, nor say,

What may be to another's wrong,
Or mine own life betray.
10 Throughout my travels give me grace,
Discreetly to avoid,
The sins and errors of the place
Wherein I am employ'd:
And let me those things only learn
Which to Thy praise may be,
My country's good, some way concern,
Or truly profit me.
11 To these intents Thine aid afford,
Thy daily blessing deign,
And bring me in due time, O Lord!
In safety back again.
That I may joyful praises give
Unto Thy holy name;
And others, who Thy love perceive,
Assist me in the same.

HYMN XXIV.

For safe return from a Voyage.

MEN that are in want and danger, far from their homes, have many longings for a safe return; but being arrived where they would be, a vain jollity or negligence puts oftentimes out of mind all remembrance of due thankfulness; which we desired to prevent by this Hymn.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm.

HOW great, how gracious, have I found,
Thy favours, Lord! my God, to me:
How for Thy mercies am I bound,
With all my powers to honour Thee!
For that whereto my wish aspired,
To me Thou timely granted hast;

As fully as my heart desired,
And all my fears are gone and past.

2 Me, Thou hast hither from afar,
Through many straits and perils brought;
And now, in presence those things are,
Whose absence overlong I thought.
How often hath my heart been sad,
Whilst hope didst suffer by delay!
And oh! how fain would I have had
A sight of what I view this day:

3 The place desired, the friends beloved,
And many wished pleasures more;
From which I lately was removed,
Thy mercy doth to me restore.
Nor didst Thou only thus preserve
And bless me, Lord! beyond desert;
But when disfavour I deserve,
My kind and constant friend Thou art.

4 Permit not, oh permit Thou not
These overflowings of Thy grace,
To be abused or forgot
In any future time or place.
But let me all my lifetime long,
My will, my wits, and strength bestow,
As well in action as in song,
Thy wisdom, power, and love to show.

5 And when those travels have an end,
Which for mine own advantage here,
Or for Thy service, I attend,
Make my last voyage without fear.
Yea, when my journey I shall take
Unto my last and longest home,
A joyful passage let me make,
And blessed in Thy rest become.

HYMN XXV.

When we are upon the Seas.

DEATH is always within a few inches of those who continue on ship-board; yet most men, in their sea-passages, are vainly employed, and insensible of their perils. This Hymn, therefore, offers their condition and duty to consideration.

Sing this as the 48th Psalm, &c.

ON those great waters now I am,
Of which I have been told;
That whosoever thither came,
Should wonders there behold.
In this unsteady place of fear,
Be present, Lord! with me;
For in these depths of water here,
I depths of danger see.

2 A stirring courser now I sit,
A headstrong steed I ride,
That champs and foams upon the bit,
Which curbs his lofty pride.
The softest whistling of the winds
Doth make him gallop fast;
And as their breath increased he finds,
The more he maketh haste.

3 Take Thou, O Lord! the reins in hand,
Assume our Master's room;
Vouchsafe Thou at our helm to stand,
And pilot to become.
Trim Thou the sails, and let good speed
Accompany our haste;
Sound Thou the channels at our need,
And anchor for us cast.

4 A fit and favourable wind
To further us provide;

And let it wait on us behind,
Or lackey* by our side.
From sudden gusts, from storms, from sands,
And from the raging wave;
From shallows, rocks, and pirates' hands,
Men, goods, and vessel save.
5 Preserve us from the wants, the fear,
And sickness of the seas;
But chiefly from our sins, which are
A danger worse than these.
Lord! let us also safe arrive
Where we desire to be;
And for Thy mercies let us give
Due thanks, and praise to Thee.

HYMN XXVI.

In a Storm at Sea.

PASSIONATE expressions of fear intermixed with reasonable considerations, do help mitigate our passions in great extremes, and lamentations are as properly expressed in song as mirth; therefore this Hymn may profitably be said or sung in a terrible tempest to beget courage, and strengthen our faith.

ORD! how dreadful is this hour,
And how sad is ev'ry eye!
Clouds dissolve, the skies do lower,
Waves are fierce, and winds are high:
Wrath above us frowning sits,
Danger hath enclosed us round;
Fear of us possession gets,
And beneath us death is found.
Lord, awake! awake we pray,
Chase this raging storm away,
Else we perish all to-day!
2 Lord! we know that Thou art nigh,
Though as yet Thou seem not near;

* Be in attendance.

And are sure Thou hear'st our cry,
Though asleep Thou dost appear.
Let, oh let not any crime,
Past or present, come in place,
To condemn us, in a time
When so much we need Thy grace!
But oh, send us now Thine aid,
Let not mercy be delay'd,
For Thy servants are afraid!

3 If our vessel bear, O Lord!
Wicked freight, or crying sin;
Help to heave it overboard,
That salvation may come in.
Bid the seas more calm become;
Bid the waves more lowly grow;
Check the winds and call them home,
That the deeps they stir not so.
Hear, whilst call on Thee we may,
For, if Thou the word but say,
Winds and waves will Thee obey.

4 More this tempest doth not rage,
Than when Jonah shunn'd Thy face;
But that storm Thou didst assuage,
When the seamen sought Thy grace.
When in dangers like to these,
Thy disciples grew afraid;
Thou didst then the winds appease,
And the tempest was allay'd.
They for help invoked Thee!
Lord! they cried, and so do we;
Therefore saved let us be.

5 Though our lives we value dear,
And our goods too highly rate;
Death is not our chiefest fear,
Nor the loss of our estate.
More we fear to lose Thy love,
More we fear Thy wrathful frown;

For our conscience doth reprove,
And to us our guilt hath shown.
Sense and conscience of our sin
Is more terrible within
Than the storm without hath been.

6 These internal storms control,
And howe'er our bodies fare,
Speak Thou kindly to the soul,
Thy sweet calms vouchsafing there.
Then the tempest raised without,
Shall to us no danger bring;
But reprieved from fear and doubt,
We Thy praise, O Lord! will sing.
Yea, though winds and waters roar,
Rend the rocks, and tear the shore!
We will sing Thy praise the more.

HYMN XXVII.

When a Storm is past at Sea.

FEAR compels most men, in times of danger, to call upon God, whom they seldom remember before they are troubled; and when the perils are past, few return thanks for their deliverances. Therefore this Hymn offers itself to remedy that forgetfulness.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm.

SEE, see, the sky from storms is clear!
More smoothly now the waves do flow;
The billows that above us were,
Contented seem to lie below.
The furious winds are much allay'd,
More sober now the ship appears;
And we who lately were afraid,
To hopes have changed all our fears.

2 Our vows, our prayers, and our cry,
With God have good acceptance had:

He saw our danger from on high,
And speed to save us he hath made.
Come, let us therefore to his praise,
With joyful hearts, and hands upheaved;
In thankful songs our voices raise,
And sing of what we have received.

3 The fears of death enclosed us round,
The sins of life increased that fear;
No means of safety could be found,
Nor did in us much hope appear.
Above our heads the waves did roll,
The winds did make our tacklings crack,
The deeps had nigh o'erwhelm'd our soul,
Both skill and courage we did lack.

4 Some did the loss of goods deplore,
Of which deprived they thought to be;
Some grieved through fear, lest they no more
Should their loved friends, or country see.
Some seeming nigh destruction's brink,
And seeing danger gape so wide,
Oppress'd with fear, began to think
In how ill state they might have died.

5 There was no soul among us here,
But feared more than did befall;
For God in mercy doth appear,
And shows compassion to us all.
Therefore let us, now fear is past,
Consider what small joy or ease,
Those things whereon our hearts were placed,
Afford in dangers like to these.

6 And let us purchase, whilst we may,
That grace whereby we may be fraught
With courage in a dreadful day,
To set the worldling's fears at naught.
And as we jointly do partake
The mercy which we now possess,

So let us joint confession make,
And thus to Thee, our God, confess.

7 O Lord! our safety is of Thee,
It was Thy power and love alone,
By which we now secured be,
And other helper we have none.
To Thee from whom we did receive
This grace, and thousands heretofore;
Our tongues, our hands, and hearts we give,
To serve and praise Thee evermore.

HYMN XXVIII.

When we come ashore.

IT is a mercy worth acknowledging when God hath brought us to fix our feet on firm land again; and that the winds and tides have been made serviceable unto us; therefore in this Hymn God is praised for that benefit.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

THANK Thee, Lord! I Thee adore,
With humbled heart and bended knee;
That thus upon the stable shore,
My feet in safety fixed be.
I praise Thee that the fickle seas,
For me a pathway have been made;
Through which unharmed, and at ease,
A passage hither I have had.

2 I thank Thee that Thou didst provide,
And serviceable make to me,
The motions both of wind and tide,
Though I am slack in serving Thee.
I praise Thee that no swall'wing sands,
No splitting rock, no gulf, or bar,
No storm, or bloody pirates' hands,
To ruin me permitted were.

3 For this and ev'ry other thing,
Which by Thy favour I possess,
I thank Thee, Lord! Thy praise I sing,
And Thy abounding love confess.
Oh let Thy grace, which fixed hath
My feet in safety on the land;
Preserve me constant in Thy path,
And ever true to Thy command!

HYMN XXIX.

When we journey by Boat or Barge.

SOME who travel in boats or barges are delighted to employ the time of their passage in stirring up good affections in themselves and other passengers by Hymns and spiritual songs; we have therefore prepared a proper Hymn for that occasion.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

OW are, O God! we sinners bound
To give Thee thanks and praise!
Who to prevent our pains hast found
And shown us many ways.
By horse and coach we at our ease,
O'er hills and dales may ride;
Through lakes, through rivers, and through seas,
In boats and ships we glide.

2 The waters which unruly are,
To serve us may be won;
And forced our burdens home to bear,
Which way soe'er they run.
The winds to give our courser breath,
From ev'ry quarter blow;
And we within a foot of death,
In ease and safety go.

3 Upon the water now we pass,
And safe we hope to be;

By Thy protection and Thy grace,
Because we trust in Thee.
Continue with us all the way,
Though we are full of sin;
Preserve us, and our boat, we pray,
With everything therein.

4 Guide Thou this vessel, trim our sails,
In danger hear our cry;
And when our skill or courage fails,
Those failings, Lord! supply.
No passengers, o'ersights, or crime,
Lord! whether great or small;
Within this vessel, at this time,
To question do Thou call.

5 The foolish tales, the lies, and oaths,
That pass among us here;
And which the well affected loathes,
To mark be not severe:
Nor let the civil passenger
The more unsafely pass;
Because this boat, perhaps, doth bear
Despisers of Thy grace.

6 And when that key or port we gain,
Whereat we would arrive;
To Thee, that safe we may remain,
Due praises let us give.
And while in progress thitherward,
We are in motion here;
Let us, if we expect regard,
Continue in Thy fear.

HYMN XXX.

When we are walking in a Garden.

THE garden is a place of delight, and we may take many occasions whilst we are there walking, to meditate things pertinent to God's glory, and our own

instruction, both to the prevention of sin which may else be committed, and to the sanctifying of our honest pleasures there; which is intimated by this Hymn.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

TO yield us profit with delights,
The garden was ordain'd;
To many pleasures it invites,
Not ev'rywhere obtain'd.
And if we be not well aware,
How we converse therein;
The Serpent still is lurking there,
To tempt us unto sin.

2 Within a garden he began
His engines first to lay;
There first he brought a curse on man,
There he did Christ betray.
And in our gardens many times,
Whilst pleasure we pursue,
We are allured to those crimes
Which afterward we rue.

3 Lord! therefore sanctify to me
The pleasures of this place;
That they may raise my heart to Thee,
And mind me of Thy grace.
Whilst here I seek delights to take,
Let me in thought retain
What in a garden, for my sake,
My Saviour did sustain.

4 His agony and bloody sweat!
Shall then prevent my pain;
His grief my pleasure shall beget,
And ease for me obtain.
Of those requests shall I partake,
By which He sought Thy grace;
And Thou shalt sweet and harmless make
The pleasures of this place.

HYMN XXXI.

When we are walking in the Fields.

THE fields are oft frequented both for pleasure and profit; and many times, idle musings make those things dangerous, which might else bring a double advantage. This Hymn therefore offers these profitable meditations, which become the leisure of that place.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

THE fields for prayer Isaac chose,
And they who try shall find,
That for devotion they dispose
A well-devoted mind.
The blessings which we there espy,
Occasions are of praise;
The lofty prospects of the sky,
Are helps our hearts to raise.

2 When I, O God! behold this frame
Which is above me placed;
How richly Thou dost deck the same,
How order'd it Thou hast;
And therewith call to mind for whom
This work, by Thee, was wrought;
Amazed it makes me to become,
And thus it moves my thought.

3 Lord! can it be that Thou shouldst rear,
For such poor worms as we,
A structure wherein do appear
Such glories as I see?
And that there be, as I have heard,
Above that spacious round,
Things far more excellent prepared,
Than here by sight are found.

4 If so it be, as without doubt,
I do believe it so;

Why are my thoughts employ'd about
My vain designs below?
Why do I fear? why do I love,
Or covet ought but Thee?
And hazard things in heaven above,
For those that earthly be?
5 Oh! from these dunghills raise my mind,
And teach it so to mount,
That I may best contentments find,
In things of best account.
Yea, teach me so to raise my thought,
That I may by degrees,
And in due time, be thither brought,
Where faith my place foresees.

HYMN XXXII.

Before or at a Feast.

FEASTS are useful to cheer our minds by a plentiful enjoying of the creatures in a neighbourly society, when times and good occasions allow the same. And this Hymn offers to remembrance some cautions to sanctify, and keep harms from such refreshings.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

WHAT plenties, O thrice gracious Lord!
Before us now appear!
How hast Thou furnish'd out this board
For us Thy servants here!
Thy fruits are pull'd, Thy flocks are kill'd,
Thy fowls displumed we see,
And by Thy bounty overfill'd,
Our bowls and dishes be.
2 Lord! let this meeting now be blest,
And what prepared Thou hast,
In ev'ry morsel of this feast,
Let us Thy sweetness taste.

Grant also, lest our health it mar,
That we excess may shun;
And let among us neither jar
Nor discord be begun.

3 Chase all profane discourse away,
Let honest mirth appear;
Let none of us an evil say
Of those that are not here.
But let each word and ev'ry deed
That shall be said or done,
Be meant true mirth and love to breed,
And grieve or injure none.

4 Yea, let us all so heed those ends
For which good feasts are made,
That they may keep us loving friends,
And make us wisely glad.
And, being filled, let us cheer
The hungry with supplies;
So shall this feast be, as it were,
A holy sacrifice.

HYMN XXXIII.

A Hymn after a Feast.

WE are here remembered to be thankful for our refreshments; to acknowledge God's bounty in giving His creatures as well for delight as necessity; and to use His good blessings with temperance.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

WHEN is it fitter to begin
The song intended now,
Than when our table spread hath been,
And cups did overflow!
For lo! those things which God prepared
The hearts of men to cheer,

Have those effects on us declared,
For which ordain'd they were.
2 Our wants we now remember not,
No cares oppress the mind,
Our sorrows all are quite forgot,
No fears in us we find.
And if we stay in this degree
Of good and sober mirth,
We are, O God! allow'd by Thee
These blessings of the earth.
3 As well for pleasure as for need,
Thy creatures are bestown;
As heretofore by his own deed,
Thy blessed Son hath shown:
For at a wedding, where each guest
Of wine had drunk before,
It pleased Him to enlarge the feast,
And add a great deal more!
4 The more Thy bounties we shall see,
The more we should beware,
That neither they abused be,
Nor we unthankful are.
And therefore lest our appetites
Our judgments may confound,
To that in which our flesh delights,
We now impose a bound.
5 For all refreshments of this day,
We praise Thy blessed name;
We honour it in all we may,
We sanctify the same:
And that we may depart in peace,
Of Thee we humbly crave,
That what was done or said amiss,
This day may pardon have.

HYMN XXXIV.

A Hymn before Meat.

GOD is praised for furnishing our table; He is also prayed that His good creatures may be received of us to the enabling of us in performing our Christian duties; and that when we are full, we may be mindful of the poor.

Sing this as the Magnificat.

FOR spreading, Lord! our table thus,
To Thee we thankful are;
Oh! let it not be unto us
A mischief or a snare;
But these Thy creatures bless Thou so,
Whereon we hope to feed,
That we our duties well may do,
And gain the strength we need.

2 Let not Thy plenties make us dull,
Or wantonly inclined:
And, Lord! when we ourselves are full,
The empty let us mind.
Preserve Thy Church, protect our King,
And all his kingdoms bless;
That at our tables we may sing,
And eat our bread in peace.

HYMN XXXV.

A Hymn after Meat.

GOD Almighty having fed our bodies, is here besought to feed our souls also; and desired that whether we feed or fast He may be glorified thereby.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

WE praise, O God! we honour Thee!
By whom we now are fed;
And we acknowledge that from Thee
We have our daily bread.
As with external food, O Lord!
Thou feed'st our bodies now;
E'en so, Thy blest incarnate Word
Upon our souls bestow.

2 And whilst the flesh her nourishment
From Thy good creatures takes,
Let not into our souls be sent
What there a leanness makes.
But whether want or thrive we shall,
Or fast, or take our food;
Unto Thy praise convert it all,
And all things to our good.

3 With health and plenty bless this place,
From error keep us free;
And let Thy gospel, and Thy grace,
Our portion always be.
Preserve Thy Church, protect our King,
And all his kingdoms bless;
That we may at our table sing,
And eat our bread in peace.

HYMN XXXVI.

When we walk to the Church.

SUCH as dwell in the country, a good distance from the Church, may shorten the way by singing otherwhile this Hymn, to praise God for the free liberty of coming to His House; and to prepare their minds for the place and service toward which they walk.

Sing this as the 117th Psalm.

HOW blest are we! who may repair
In peace and safety, Lord!
Unto Thy blessed House of Prayer,
And hear Thy holy Word!
Such times Thy saints have lived in,
That thus they could not do,
Unless it had with hazard been
Of goods and freedom too.

2 Continue still, through these our days,
The grace which now Thou show'st;
And make us mindful Thee to praise,
For that which Thou bestow'st.
Thy voice so let us hear to-day,
And so meek-hearted be,
That Thou mayst hear us when we pray,
And give us rest in Thee.

3 When we into Thy House do come,
Lord! mind us evermore,
To leave our worldly thoughts at home,
And send our hearts before:
Unto our footing let us all
Take heed, when we come there;
And on the pavement humbly fall
Before Thy face with fear.

4 Our sins there let us open lay,
And there our state condole;
Till Thou shalt pleased be to say,
Your faith hath made you whole.
In peace then send us back again,
And give us power to see,
That in Thy presence we remain,
Where'er our bodies be.

HYMN XXXVII.

When we walk from Church.

WE are hereby put in remembrance that we endeavour to become profitable hearers, by practising in our lives that which we are taught; and to beseech God to enable us thereto.

Sing this as the former Hymn, or as the 4th Psalm.

LORD! let the words we hear this day
The heart so deeply pierce,
That in our lives we practise may,
Their meaning to rehearse.
Let not Thy holy seed be found
Dispersed abroad in vain;
By falling on a stony ground,
That yields no lasting gain.

2 Permit Thou not those airy hopes,
Which ill suggestions breeds,
To rob us of celestial crops,
By rav'ning* up the seeds.
Nor let the thorns of worldly cares,
So choke them up we pray;
That they produce unfruitful ears,
Or wither quite away.

3 But teach us to receive Thy Word,
Like such a fruitful mould,
As to the sower doth afford
Sometime a hundred-fold.
And let us none of those become
Who formal hearers are;
But seldom practise that at home
Which in the Church they hear.

* Or consume with rapacity.

HYMN XXXVIII.

When Kindred meet together.

THE love of kindred is grown cold, and many unkindnesses and neglects are among them. Therefore when they visit each other this Hymn being sung, may remember them to cherish that amity which ought to be between them.

Sing this as the 133rd Psalm.

OW happy is it and how sweet,
When kindred kind appear!
And when in unity we meet,
As we obliged are!
Each blessing which on one doth fall,
Will multiplied be;
And prove a blessing to us all,
As long as we agree.

2 As from high hills a shower of rain
Along the valleys trills;
And as they vapour up again
A moist'ning for those hills:
So kindred, whether poor or rich,
If truly kind they prove;
Each other may advantage much,
By interchange of love.

3 The slenderest threads together wound,
Will make the strongest band;
And smallest rods if closely bound,
The bender's force withstand.
But if we those asunder take,
Their strength departs away;
And what a giant could not break,
A little infant may.

4 So if in concord we abide,
If true in heart we prove;

We may the more be fortified
By interchange of love.
Let us, therefore, who now have met,
Observe this lesson so,
That we do not the same forget,
When we apart shall go.

5 Let none of us delight to tell,
Or pleasure take to hear,
Wherein his kinsman doth not well,
Or faulty may appear.
But let each of us our own crimes,
With others' errors weigh;
And seek the fittest means and times,
To mend them what we may.

6 If malice injure any one
To whom allied we are,
Let us repute the wrong as done
To ev'ry person here.
Yea, if a grief, a loss, a shame,
To one of us befall;
Let us be tender of the same,
As grievous to us all.

7 So we that are but linked yet
In bands of common kind,
Shall at the last be nearer knit
By virtues of the mind.
And when the ties of carnal kin
By death shall be undone;
We that have so allied been,
Shall be for ever one.

HYMN XXXIX.

When Kindred depart from each other.

KINDRED having visited each other, and being to return to their several habitations, do in this Hymn praise God for their meeting, and pray Him to bless them in their separation.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

TO bid each other now adieu,
Time warns us to prepare;
And that those callings we pursue,
To which obliged we are.
To Thee, therefore, by whom we came,
Each others' weal* to know,
We render praise, and in Thy name,
Asunder, Lord! we go.

2 Though us, O Lord! to live apart,
Our fortunes do compel;
Keep us united still in heart,
Wherever we shall dwell.
A dweller in our dwellings be,
Us there depart not from;
And let us meet again in Thee,
When we together come.

3 Alliances are seldom good,
And rarely kind they are,
Who nothing have but flesh and blood
To make and keep them dear.
Therefore let us endeavour so,
That we by grace may be
More nearly knit and thereby grow,
United all to Thee.

4 Preserve among us honest mirth,
At least when we shall mourn;
Make sorrow midwife to the birth,
At which true joys are born.
And of our meetings here below,
If this the last shall prove;
Our conversation form Thou so,
That we may meet above.

* Interest.

HYMN XL.

A Hymn at Seed-time.

HUSBANDMEN when sowing time is ended have, in some places, their seed-cake, or some other extraordinary allowance to refresh them in their labours, and it would not be without profit if they sanctified those refreshings with this or the like Meditation.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm, &c.

NO time to trifle forth in waste,
For us allow'd hath been;
But always when one work is past,
Another doth begin.
Each day a daily labour brings,
For us to work upon;
And every year hath many things
That must be yearly done.

2 As soon as harvest in is borne,
The seed-time doth ensue;
And they in order still return,
Our labour to renew.
That which the season doth befit,
We now in hope have sown;
And, Lord! we unto Thee commit
What we abroad have thrown.

3 When Isaac tilled in that place
Where he a stranger lived,
A hundred-fold the profit was
Which he from Thee received.
Then since it is as easy, Lord!
As pleasing let it be,
A benediction to afford
Upon my pains and me.

4 To us a power Thou dost allow,
To water and to plant;

But Thou a blessing must bestow,
Or we our hope shall want.
Unto our labour, therefore, add
The supplement it needs;
Lest, missing that, the soil be made
A stepdame to our seeds.

5 Command the earth to wrap them close,
Let moisture, warmth, and air,
Their virtues into them dispose,
That nothing them impair.
And when they forth to sight are sprung,
Them likewise bless Thou so;
That no disasters do them wrong,
Till they to ripeness grow.

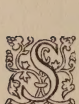
6 Then grant that we, or they to whom
Our portion shall descend,
May fetch their crops with gladness home,
And them with comfort spend.
Grant also that the seeds of grace,
Sown in our hearts by Thee;
Prove not less fruitful in their place,
Than earthly fruits may be.

HYMN XLI.

When Harvest is come Home.

WHEN we have housed the fruits of the earth, it becometh us, instead of the rude jollities used in some places, to praise God's mercy for vouchsafing to us the fruit of our labours, to pray for continuance of His blessing both on them and on us in the use of them; in which duties this Hymn assisteth.

Sing this as the former.



OME have a custom when they bring
The last of harvest home,
To make the fields with echoes ring,
And joyful to become.

Which was at first, though changed we have,
This joy to brutish mirth,
A triumph to His praise that gave
The blessings of the earth.

2 Instead of brutish clamours then,
That custom we renew;
And, as becometh Christian men,
Ourselves would thankful show.
For that which we in hope have sown,
And till'd with costly pain;
We, by God's grace, have reap'd and mown,
With likelihood of gain.

3 The dangers of cold winter's blast,
Of spring's offensive hours,
And of that summer's drought is past,
Which corn and grass devours.
The fruits for which we delved and plough'd,
And toiled long with care;
In barns and stacks, are housed and mow'd,
Of which right glad we are.

4 When winds, and frosts, and rains, and snows,
Make barren grove and field;
When naught on hill or valley grows,
Which food for man doth yield:
We to relieve our wants have hope,
By Thy free bounty, Lord!
And means to raise a future crop,
By that we up have stored.

5 As when Thy manna down did fall,
So be it also now;
Let them, whose gath'rings are but small,
Confess they have enow.
Bless Thou our basket and our store,
And when refresh'd we be,
Let us distribute to the poor
The portion due to Thee.

6 But let us chiefly mind their need,
Whose labours were employ'd
To till what them and us must feed,
And what is now enjoy'd.
And let it more our hearts affect,
That we are in Thy grace;
Than great abundance to collect,
By corn or wine's increase.

HYMN XLII.

For a Sheep-shearing.

SHEEP-SHEARING is a time of rural merriment, in which good cheer is afforded to neighbours and servants; among whose refreshings if this or the like Meditation were sometime sung, both knowledge and piety might be increased thereby.

Sing this as the 23rd Psalm.

UNWORTHY though, O Lord! we are,
Of that which Thou dost give;
Yet we much more unworthy were
Of what we do receive,
If any blessing we let slip,
For which we do not pay
Such cheap oblations of the lip
As we present this day.

2 We through Thy favour now have had
The fleeces of our sheep;
And they are almost naked made,
Our bodies warm to keep.
Before their shearers dumb they lay,
Whilst from their backs were shorn
Their finest wool; and we now may
Possess what they have worn.

3 Dear Lamb of God! to Thee be praise,
Who dost refreshings give,
So freely and so many ways,
Thy servants to relieve.
Oh! let our thankfulness appear,
Not in bare words alone;
But in those works which real are,
And needful to be done.

4 When any of Thy members lacks
A coat his flesh to guard;
Let us bestow e'en from our backs,
As much as may be spared.
And as our sheep do skip as glad,
When they their fleeces give;
So let us joy that means we had
Our brethren to relieve.

5 Us let their meekness mindful make,
By thinking thereupon,
How meekly Thou didst all things take
Which were to Thee misdone!
That all we suffer, say, or do,
May grow, in some degree,
Reform'd by Thine example so,
That blameless we may be.

HYMN XLIII.

A Hymn for a House-warming.

THE ancient and laudable use of house-warmings is here insinuated; for in this Hymn, the friends assembled are taught to beseech God Almighty to make that habitation prosperous and comfortable to them and theirs, who are newly come thither to dwell.

AMONG those points of neighbourhood
Which our forefathers did allow,
That custom in esteem hath stood

Which we do put in practice now.
For when their friends new dwellings had,
Them thus they welcome thither made;
That they the sooner might be free
From strangeness, where they strangers be.

2 To this good end we partly came,
And partly friendship to augment;
But if we fail not in the same,
This is the prime* of our intent.
We come with holy charms to bless
The house our friends do now possess;
In hope that God Amen will say,
To that for which we now shall pray.

3 Lord! keep this place, we Thee desire,
To these new comers ever free,
From raging winds, from harmful fire,
From waters that offensive be.
From graceless child, from servants ill,
From neighbours bearing no good-will;
And from the chiefest plagues of life,
A husband false, a faithless wife.

4 Let neither thieves that rove by night,
Nor those that sneak about by day,
Have pow'r their persons to affright,
Or to purloin their goods away.
Let nothing here be seen or heard,
To make by day or night afeard;†
No sudden cries, no fearful noise,
No vision grim, or dreadful voice.

5 Let on this house no curse remain,
If any on the same be laid;
Let no imposture pow'r obtain
To make the meanest wit afraid.
Let here nor Zim nor Jim be seen,
The fabled fairy king or queen;
Nor such delusions as are said
To make the former age afraid.

* Origin. † Afraid.

6 Keep also, Lord! we pray from hence,
As much as frailty will allow;
The guiltiness of each offence,
Which to a crying sin may grow.
Let no more want, wealth, hope, or fear,
Nor greater griefs or joys be here,
Than may still keep them in Thy grace,
Who shall be dwellers in this place.
7 But that just measure let them have
Of ev'ry means which may acquire
The blessedness which they most crave,
Who to the truest bliss aspire.
And if well-wishers absent be,
Who better wish them can than we,
To make this blessing up entire,
We thereto add what they desire.

HYMN XLIV.

For a Contract.

THIS Hymn is tendered to those who purpose a contract of marriage; in hope it may so remember them to consider what they intend, that it shall keep them from proceeding farther than they lawful may, and from professing more than they mean.

Sing this as Te Deum.

ORD! in Thy name and in Thy fear,
Our faith we plighted have;
And that our meanings are sincere,
Thy witness now we crave.
We come not only to repeat
Our vows before Thy face,
But that we may likewise intreat
Thy favour and Thy grace.
2 For mutual helpers whilst we live,
According to our might;
Ourselves we to each other give,
So far as we have right.

And we profess that free we are,
For ought that we do know;
To be each other's wedded peer,*
If Thou permit it so.

3 We see no contradicting cause,
But that we may be join'd,
Without infringement of the laws
Whereby we are confined.
Nor any such infirmity
In us do we suspect,
As that our marriage band thereby,
Shall prove of no effect.

4 We have no guileful dealings used,
Our purpose to acquire;
Nor one another's trust abused,
To gain what we desire.
But our affections are sincere,
And as they have been true,
Upright those courses likewise are,
By which we them pursue.

5 If both have now, O Lord! profess'd
What may not be denied;
Let our affection so be blest,
That nothing us divide.
Let nor by beauty, wit or wealth,
By high or low degree,
By want of riches or of health,
Our hearts estranged be.

6 But if that either of us now
Hath trod a faithless way,
Or shall infringe this holy vow
Before our wedding-day:
Lord! let the party innocent,
From blame and guilt be free;
For truth a contract never meant,
Where naught but falsehoods be.

* Or companion.

HYMN XLV.

For a Marriage.

GOD is hereby besought to bless the marriage solemnized to all there present; and so to prosper the bridegroom and bride in their desires and affections, that the waters of their carnal contentment may be turned into the wine of spiritual delights.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

O grace, O Lord! a marriage feast,
In Cana, long ago;
It pleased Thee to be a guest,
And there Thy power to show.
For by a miracle divine,
When they their wine had spent;
Thou changedst water into wine,
Which did their want prevent.

2 Lord! Let the brightness of Thy face
Among us now appear;
So let the bounties of Thy grace
Be manifested here:
That neither bridegroom, bride, nor guest,
In body or in mind,
Of less content may be possess'd,
Than they have hope to find.

3 All joys which in a married life,
Well matched couples know;
On this new wedded man and wife,
Vouchsafe Thou to bestow.
Fulfil their hopes, prevent their fears,
Grant them their just desires;
Increase that love which keeps off cares,
And warms with lawful fires.

4 To wine those heartless waters turn,
Which in their vessels be;

To give them comfort when they mourn,
And make them glad in Thee.
And though the pleasures of their love
Have yet a pleasing taste,
Yet let them daily sweeter prove,
And best of all at last.

HYMN XLVI.

When a Woman hath conceived.

WE are all conceived in sin; yet some have been sanctified in the womb: therefore we cannot begin too early, to pray for the sanctification of the fruit of our bodies; and that it may be born to God's glory, to our comfort, and to a happy being in itself; which is desired in this Hymn.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

LORD! if the signs may trusted be,
That symptoms of conception are;
A living soul, derived from Thee,
Within my womb I now do bear.
Therefore by her example taught
Who was the mother of Thy Son,
It well beseeming me, I thought,
To magnify what Thou hast done.

2 If so it be, as I believe,
Lord! sanctify I humbly pray,
That which in sin I did conceive,
And grant that grace obtain it may.
Let not the part which Thou hast made,
Subjected to pollution grow,
By what it from the parents had,
But let it keep the flesh below.

3 In ev'ry sense, in ev'ry part,
Perfection to this creature give;

And sow those graces in the heart,
By which the soul doth truly live.
Whilst I shall bear it in my womb,
Let me likewise my part fulfil;
And when it forth to light shall come,
Instruct it how to do Thy will.

4 Oh! let me not a mother be,
To fructify for hell and sin;
But let my fruit be born to Thee,
In whom well-beings do begin.
So whether it shall be design'd
Short time or long, on earth to stay;
A happy portion it shall find,
And give Thee all the praise it may.

HYMN XLVII.

When a Woman is safe delivered.

GOD is hereby praised for that miracle in our nature, which is wrought when a woman is delivered safely of her child; and the continuance of His mercy is desired in vouchsafing the new birth of grace, to perfect and felicitate the life of nature.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

MONG those wonders here on earth,
Which brought to pass by nature be,
If rightly we observe our birth,
In this her greatest marvels be.
Yea, they who fully can conceive
What pass into this world we have,
May find it easy to believe
The bodies rising from the grave.

2 A breathless life, a living tomb,
Within our mother's womb we had:
Through gates of death to life we come,
And strength is out of weakness made.

She who in bitter pangs remains,
Dishearten'd is when they do cease;
And they who most bewail her pains,
Desirous are they should increase.

3 Of this Thy great mysterious work,
Experienced this day are we;
And will confess that therein lurk
More secrets than our eyes can see.
But this, O Lord! we see and know;
It was Thy mercy and Thy pow'r,
Which did the timely aid bestow
That help'd us in the hoped hour.

4 To Thee be praise that now are past
The pangs which made us lately sad;
To Thee be praise, that sent Thou hast
These comforts which now make us glad.
Lord! perfect Thou the grace begun,
Give strength where weakness yet is found;
And let the race this babe shall run,
With everlasting life be crown'd.

5 The life of nature he hath had,
But let it be new born again;
The life of grace to nature add,
And make him in that state remain.
So, whether here an age he stay,
Or whether Thou translate him from
This life, within a shorter day,
In Christ he perfect shall become.

HYMN XLVIII.

When a Child is baptized.

GOD is here praised for the great privileges vouchsafed by baptism; He is prayed also to enable the child baptized to do and believe, according to the conditions of the covenant made; and He is likewise acknowledged the Author and Finisher of every holy desire, and laudable performance.

EAR God! how great, how large a grace
Unto that soul this day is done,
Who in Thy Church admitted was,
To be a member of Thy Son!
For he which was the child of wrath,
And born to nothing but despair,
The comforts of Thy favour hath,
And of Thy kingdom is an heir.

2 Of that great City where no sum
A freedom for him could have bought,
To be admitted he is come,
And by mere favour thereto brought.
Of Christ's most holy order now,
The fair and famous badge he bears,
Which will right happy make him grow,
If to the grave the same he wears.

3 Lord! blessed be Thy holy name,
That Thou this mercy hast bestown;
We praise and love Thee for the same,
As if the good were all our own.
In this estate preserve him fast,
Until he fully understands
The covenant between you past,
Thy promises and Thy commands.

4 Then also leave him not, O Lord!
But grant him Thy assisting might,
Thy loving presence and Thy Word,
With ev'ry means to keep him right.
To make his happiness entire,
Be pleased to vouchsafe him too,
A renovation in desire,
And cheerfulness Thy will to do.

HYMN XLIX.

When public Thanks hath been given for safe deliverance in Child-birth.

THOUGH thanksgivings are publicly exhibited for such deliverances, yet the same ought to be privately acknowledged also; and perhaps there may be some private deliverances accompanying the former which ought to be considered as this Hymn implies.

Sing this as the 101st Psalm.

ALTHOUGH, my God! that sacrifice
I tender'd have to Thee,
Which to be made in public wise,
This Church enjoins to me.
Yet, if in secret I forget
My private thanks to-day;
A duty, doubtless, I omit,
Which I am bound to pay.

2 Besides the mercies lately shown,
And which confess'd have been;
Thou favours hast on me bestown,
Which others have not seen.
From sins within my heart conceived,
May greater mischiefs come,
Than can be otherwise derived
From any childing womb.

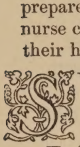
3 Lord! therefore by myself alone,
To Thee I now repair;
Thy holy name to call upon,
In praises and in prayer.
I praise Thee that escaped I have
The danger lately past;
And that my body from the grave
Thou yet preserved hast.

4 I praise Thee that my tongue I find
Now sounding of Thy praise;
And pray Thee that my heart may mind
This duty all my days.
I pray Thee too that from all sin
I may be purified;
A stricter course of life begin,
And in Thy fear abide.

HYMN L.

A Rocking Hymn.

NURSES usually sing their children asleep, and through want of pertinent matter they oft make use of unprofitable, if not worse, songs; this was therefore prepared that it might help acquaint them and their nurse children with the loving care and kindness of their heavenly Father.



WEET baby, sleep: what ails my dear;
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

2 Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy Father dear,
His holy Spouse thy mother too.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

3 Though thy conception was in sin,
A sacred bathing* thou hast had;
And though thy birth unclean hath been,
A blameless babe thou now art made.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

* Referring to baptism.

4 Whilst thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be;
Thine eldest brother is a King,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

5 Sweet baby, sleep and nothing fear,
For whosoever thee offends
By thy protector threaten'd are,
And God! and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

6 When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes he took delight;
Such innocents as thou, my dear!
Are ever precious in His sight.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

7 A little infant once was He,
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His virgin mother's knee,
That power to thee might be convey'd.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

8 In this thy frailty and thy need,
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed;
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

9 The King of kings when he was born,
Had not so much for outward ease;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

10 Within a manger lodged thy Lord!
Where oxen lay, and asses fed;
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

11 The wants that He did then sustain,
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee;
And by His torments and His pain,
Thy rest and ease secured be.
My baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

12 Thou hast yet more to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got,
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not;
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

HYMN LI.

Another Rocking Hymn.

THE nurse is here taught a form of blessing, whereby she may by faithfully singing, or saying the same, call down God's benediction, both upon herself and her infant, to the prevention of temporal and spiritual mischiefs.

Sing this as Te Deum, or the 1st Psalm.

SINCE now my babe of sleep possess'd,
His lovely eyes hath closed;
To praise the Author of his rest,
My heart is well disposed.
And to implore that God who makes
My darling thus to sleep,
Would present be when he awakes,
And him in sleeping keep.

2 Thou praises from an infant's tongue,
Disdainest not to hear;
Reject not then my blessing song,
But, Lord! decline thine ear.
For though a single voice I raise,
My offerings triple be,
Myself, my baby, and my praise,
I offer up to Thee.

3 Dear Son of God! who thought'st no scorn,
To leave Thy throne on high;
Of lowly parents to be born,
And in a crib to lie.
On this my babe Thy grace reflect,
Infold him in Thine arms;
From outward perils him protect,
And from internal harms.

4 Let not that fiend which every hour
Doth watch and hover here,
To mischief us obtain the power,
Or cause my child to fear:
But let an angel-guard be nigh
To put that foe to flight;
And round about his cradle fly,
To keep him from despite.

5 As time his body shall increase,
Increase his knowledge too;
And cause him ev'ry day in grace
With God and man to grow.
Preserve him straight in ev'ry limb,
And sound in ev'ry sense;
Yea, all his lifetime keep Thou him
From ev'ry gross offence.

6 To Thee let him be always true,
And ever kind to those,
Who kindnesses to him do show
Ere good or ill he knows.
And let not, for Thy passion sake,

This baby now so dear;
Those vain or evil courses take,
Whose end we justly fear.
7 Oh let not him whose meanest pain
We can with tears deplore,
Be one of those who shall remain
In torments evermore.
But so to live and so to die,
Vouchsafe him grace, O God!
That he may rise to live on high,
Where Thou hast Thine abode.

HYMN LII.

When we receive the Lord's Supper.

GOD is hereby magnified for the great honour and favour vouchsafed by the blessed Sacrament of His body and blood, and humbly desired thereby to confer and continue to us His especial grace.

Sing this as the 148th Psalm.

OUR voice how should we raise!
How should our songs excel!
If God Almighty's praise
Our tongues could fully tell;
Sure whilst we sing,
The starry round of that glad sound
Would loudly ring.
2 That at Thy princely board
This day we feasted be;
How great a favour, Lord!
Have we obtain'd from Thee!
And who is able
Himself to make fit to partake
Of this Thy table?
3 We whom Thy bounty feasts,
And who now sing Thy praise,

Were called to be guests
From hedges and highways;
And till we came
To taste this cheer we wretched were,
Poor, blind, and lame.

4 But from our low estates
Now so advanced are we,
That princes are our mates,
And kings our fellows be;
One cup we have,
And angels eat no better meat
Than we receive.

5 Perfection of delights
Is by this feast bestown;
With Him that us invites,
The food and guests are one!
Faith works it thus,
That thereby we are found in Thee,
And Thou in us.

6 And though our natures are
Unequal and distinct;
By true believing, here,
They really are link'd.
And while we bide
In faith and love, nought can remove,
Or us divide.

7 Yea, such our vision is,
That all our sins are thine;
And ours Thy righteousness
Is made by grace divine.
Yet from all stains,
Through our offence, thine excellence
Still free remains.

8 Lord! for this love to man,
Pow'r, glory, praise, and fame,
As fully as we can,
Ascribe we to Thy name.

And we implore,
That this rich grace we may embrace
For evermore.

HYMN LIII.

Another Hymn for the Lord's Supper.

GOD'S unspeakable favour vouchsafed in the Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ is acknowledged; the inexpressibleness of that mysterious Communion is confessed, and those blessed effects are hereby desired also which ought to be endeavoured for by every worthy partaker of the same.

Sing this as the Magnificat or Te Deum.

THE favour, Lord! which by Thy grace,
We have this day possess'd;
Doth our best merits far surpass,
And cannot be express'd.
Because we not alone obtain
A common grace from Thee;
But Thou Thyself dost also deign
Our food of life to be.

2 For which we nothing have to give
Whereof Thou dost approve,
So much as when we do receive
Thy kindnesses with love.
Therefore, O Lord! we now do make
This off'ring for the same;
The cup of saving health we take,
And magnify Thy Name.

3 Oh! teach us to receive aright
What Thou dost here bestow,
And give us an informing light
Of what we ought to know.
And when we cannot wade the deep
Of Thy unfathom'd Word;

Let us a course with safety keep
Along the shallow ford.
4 This mystery we must confess,
Our compass to exceed;
Our little faith is also less
Than grains of mustard seed.
Therefore, O Lord! improve it so,
That growth it may receive;
And that we modestly may know,
And knowingly believe.
5 Forgive to us our many crimes,
Offensive unto Thee;
Vouchsafe we may in future times,
More just, more pious be.
Us render gracious in Thy sight,
And that which now we do;
That thou mayst therein take delight,
And we have love thereto.
6 No new oblation we devise
For sin preferr'd to be;
Propitiatory sacrifice
Was made at full by Thee.
The sacrifice of thanks is that,
And all, which Thou dost crave;
And we ourselves are part of what
We sacrificed have.
7 In this no gross realities
We carnally conceive,
Or that their proper qualities
The bread or wine do leave.
But in this holy eucharist,
By faith and grace divine,
We know we feed on Thee, O Christ!
Receiving bread and wine.
8 Thy real presence we avow,
But so that we confess
Mere carnal reason knows not how
That presence to express.

Because Thy flesh we feed on thus,
Though strange it may appear,
That we in Thee, and Thou in us;
At once and truly are.

9 No marvel few can well agree
How this they should unfold;
For mysteries faith's objects be,
Not things at pleasure told.
And he that would by reason sound
The depths which faith perceives,
May both himself and those confound
To whom his rules he gives.

10 Let us, therefore, our faith erect
On what Thy Word doth say,
And hold their knowledge in suspect
Who new foundations lay.
For thereby some a cursed rent
Within Thy Church have left;
And by Thy peaceful sacrament,
The world of peace bereft.

11 Yea, that which thou to cherish love
Didst graciously ordain;
Contention wrests debates to move,
And quarrels to maintain.
Oh! let us not hereafter so
About mere words contend,
The while our crafty common foe
Procures his cursed end.

12 But if in essence we agree,
Let us in love assay
To erring souls true guides to be,
And to the weak a stay.
For love is that strong cement, Lord!
Which us must reunite;
In bitter speeches, fire, and sword,
It never takes delight.

13 Mere carnal instruments these are,
And they are much beguiled,
Who dream that these ordained were,
Our breaches to rebuild.
Therefore, we pray Thee, by that love
Which us together brought,
That Thou all Christian men wouldst move
To love as Christians ought.

14 Let not self-will our hearts bewitch
With pride, or private hate;
Or cherish those contentions which
Disturb a quiet state.
Nor suffer avaricious ends,
Or ignorant despite,
To hinder those from being friends,
Whom love should fast unite.

15 Let those who, heedless of Thy word
Suppose that fleshly pow'r,
Or that the temporary sword
Can ghostly foes devour;
Let them perceive Thy weapons are
No such as they do fain,
Or that it is a carnal war
Which must Thy truth maintain.

16 Confessors, martyrs, preachers, Lord!
Thy battles fight for Thee;
Thy Holy Spirit and Thy Word
Their proper weapons be.
Faith, hope, long-suffering, prayer, and love,
For bulwarks are prepared;
And will their fittest engines prove,
To conquer and to guard.

17 For Babel, doubtless, may as well
Thereby be overthrown,
As those accursed walls which fell
When rams-horn trumps were blown.*

* Alluding to the walls of Jericho.

This if we credit, we shall cease
The worldlings' parts to play,
Or to believe God's blessed peace
Shall come the devil's way.
18 Lord! let Thy flesh and blood divine,
Which now received hath been,
Our hearts to charity incline,
Our souls refine from sin.
And by this holy Sacrament
Make us in mind retain
What Thou didst suffer to prevent
Our everlasting pain.
19 Moreover let us for Thy sake
With one another bear,
When we offences give or take,
That Thine we may appear.
And that when hence we called be,
We thither may ascend,
To live and be beloved of Thee,
Where love nor life have end.

HYMN LIV.

For Deliverance from Sickness.

GOD is hereby praised for delivering us from those distempers which deprived us of health; He is besought also to give us grace to employ our future health to His glory, and to the health of our souls.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

WHILST we endeavour to obey
Our blessed Maker's will;
All creatures do the best they may,
Our pleasures to fulfil.
But when we negligent become
In doing what we ought,

All things to us are troublesome,
And bring our hopes to nought.
2 E'en that which is a part of man,
Or in his bowels bred,
Makes insurrections now and then,
Which wound, or strike him dead.
Within myself experiment
Of this I lately found;
For inbred humours had nigh sent
My body to the ground.
3 But drought, and moisture, heat and cold,
Now reconciled be;
And such an equal temper hold,
As health restores to me.
My fainting spirits be relieved,
My taste regain'd I have;
My weaken'd body is reprieved,
And ransom'd from the grave.
4 For which a sacrifice of praise
To Thee, O God! I bring;
And unto Thee my voice I raise,
A thankful hymn to sing:
Confessing that by Thee, O Lord!
And by Thy grace alone,
The health and vigour is restored,
Which I have now put on.
5 So long as here I do enjoy
The being I have got,
Let me my health and strength employ,
Thine honour to promote.
And when my life hath reach'd that hour
Past which I must not stay,
Through weakness bring me to that pow'r
Which never will decay.

HYMN LV.

A Thanksgiving for settled Health.

IT is a great temporal benefit to be delivered from sickness, but it is a greater, if we be not unthankful, to have a continued health, yet few men remember to praise God particularly for the same; therefore to put us in mind of that duty this Hymn is tendered.

Sing this as the 22nd Psalm.

IN times of want we feel what bliss,
Our years of plenty be;
When war doth rage, the sweets of peace
The meanest wit can see.
And when with sickness we are pain'd,
We know it just, O Lord!
To render praise and thanks unfeign'd,
When health shall be restored.

2 Sure then the many healthful days
And years which I have had,
Deserve that hearty songs of praise
Should for the same be made;
And that whilst health and strength do last,
I should the same employ
To memorize the mercies past,
And those which I enjoy.

3 Whilst others groan with aching bones,
With wounds or inward pains;
With gouts, or those tormenting stones
Which fret and rend the reins.
Yea, while ten thousands feel the smart
Which on the sick doth seize,
In head, in body, and in heart,
I am at perfect ease.

4 Lord! ever blessed be Thy name,
For this external grace;

Preserve me thankful for the same,
Whilst Thou prolong'st my race.
And if to my immortal bliss
It shall not hind'rance be,
Nor Thou thereby due glory miss,
Thus healthful keep Thou me.
But if my patience must be tried
By sickness and by pain,
Let sin thereby be mortified,
And virtue strength obtain.
Be pleased likewise, that whatsoe'er
Thy wisdom shall impose,
It be no more than I can bear,
Though strong and sharp it grows.

HYMN LVI.

A Hymn putting us in remembrance of Death.

THE remembrance of death is judged a good means to make us heedful so to live in this world, that we may live happily in the world to come; and to that purpose this Memento mori is provided.

REMEMBER death! for now my tongue
To sing of death shall tuned be:
Remember Death! which else ere long,
Will to thy pain remember thee.
Remember Death! whose voice doth say,
This night a man, to-morrow clay.

If lucre shall thy heart entice,
Thy needy neighbour to oppress;
If pride shall tempt thee to despise,
Or slight thy brother in distress:
Remember death! and then, I know,
More just, more humble thou wilt grow.

When lust shall woo thee to commit
What soul and body may defile,

When sloth shall make thee lazy sit,
And let thy talent rust the while,
Remember, death of old hath been,
And is the wages due to sin.

4 When envy shall thy heart possess,
When thou shalt cheat, curse, swear, or lie,
When thou shalt wallow in excess,
Thy faith abuse, or God deny:
Remember death, and what attends
On wilful sinners' latter ends.

5 Remember, Death no truce hath made,
A year, a month, or week to stay;
Remember how thy flesh doth fade,
And how thy time doth steal away.
Remember, death will neither spare
Wit, wealth, nor those that lovely are.

6 Remember, death foregoes the dooms
Which due to thy deservings be;
Remember this before it comes,
And that despair oppress not thee.
Remember death! remember Him,
Who doth from death and hell redeem.

HYMN LVII.

A Hymn of Life Eternal.

THAT we may not be deluded by the vain pleasures, or discouraged by the afflictions of this life, the excellencies of life eternal are here illustrated, and the desirableness thereof is in some degree expressed by this Hymn.

Sing this as in Sad and Ashy Weeds.

WHY live I muddling here,
In base and fruitless works employ'd,
As if I knew not where
A better life might be enjoy'd?

Since I have sought,
And have been taught,
The noblest things to know;
Why should I still
Retain a will
To spend more time below?

2 My soul, that was not made
Of flitting air, or mould'ring clay,
Intelligence hath had
Of more than words can well display.
The things we see
But shadows be
Of those which will appear;
Are nothing else
But types and shells,
Which time away will wear.

3 There is a blessed place,
If place eternal things contain,
Whereto I hope to pass,
When here I must no more remain.
There is a life
In which no grief,
No pain, no fear, is found;
And, more than this,
It yields that bliss,
Which doth admit no bound.

4 My hope, and my belief
That of this life I shall partake,
Cures all my present grief,
And of my pains doth pleasures make:
The thought of it
Makes me remit
The spites of those poor things,
Who domineer
On mole-hills here,
Like foolish petty kings.

5 When thither I am gone,
The love of worldlings, or their hate,
Will not be thought upon,
Nor mar nor better my estate.
To miss or have,
What most men crave,
Who love this loathed place;
Will there to me
No pleasure be,
No honour or disgrace.

6 That life whoever lives,
Not only blessed therein is,
But thereby also gives
Perfection to the common bliss.
It open sets
The cabinets
Wherein contained be
Those rarities,
Which mortal eyes
Shall never come to see.

7 In One to sum up all,
Which of that life we may declare;
Him there behold we shall,
In and by whom all creatures are;
And not alone
Then look upon
That most beloved sight:
But gain by grace
His free embrace,
With fulness of delight.

8 Oh! thither, thither, Lord!
And to this life my soul convey;
From this which is abhorr'd,
And unto death a tedious way.
I have gone wrong
From Thee too long,

For which I grieved am;
And I shall mourn,
Till I return
To Thee, from whom I came.

HYMN LVIII.

A Thanksgiving after a dangerous Sickness; by one who was unprepared for Death.

THIS Hymn serves to bring to mind, how terrible death will be to those who are not ready for it; and personates, by exemplary expressions of fear and thankfulness, what may be the condition of others who live unprepared, and how thankful they ought to be for mercy obtained.

LORD! from Death's forgetful shade,
Since I had
By Thy pow'r my preservation,
I will both with heart and tongue,
Tune a song
To Thy mercies' exaltation.
For to thankfulness inclined,
So I mind
From what sorrows I was raised;
That Thy favour shall of me,
Ever be
With my chiefest cunning praised.

2 And my fellow creatures all,
When you shall
Hear what grace to me He showeth,
Deign your thankfulness to join
Unto mine,
To discharge the dues it oweth.
And, O Lord! enable me
Unto Thee

So to render praises-giving;
That all may, who hear the same,
Bless Thy name,
That I breathed among the living.
3 For as yet, methinks, I see
Life in me,
In her powers and senses failing;
And my shorten'd panting breath,
Yielding death!
All the symptoms of prevailing.
But for death, not well prepared,
So I fear'd,
That much terror I sustain'd;
And vain longings having still,
Thrall'd my will,
Thus I fearfully complain'd.
4 Where is now? where is, alas!
Time that was?
Where are all those hopes bestow'd,
And those pleasing days wherein
I have been
Youth's beguiling pleasure show'd?
Must I! must I now, thought I,
Helpless die?
And be careless left to-morrow
In a dark and lonely grave!
Where none have
Sense of comfort, joy, or sorrow!
5 Will no mortal wit or power,
From this hour,
My despairing soul release?
But must ev'ry earthly thought
Come to nought,
And my hopes for ever cease!
Shall I never, never more,
As before,

View the day's approaching glory?
But must this black night, nigh past,
Be my last,
And conclude my mortal story?
6 Such my foolish fancies were,
As you hear,
And thus fruitlessly I mourn'd:
But at last by terrors taught,
Him I sought,
Whose free grace my death adjourn'd.
Lord! said I, observe the groans,
Hear the moans
Of a soul in depths of anguish;
And my humble suit allow,
Lest I now
In an endless terror languish.
7 Sins I have which numberless,
Me oppress,
And so strongly overlay me,
That if yet I should appear,
Much I fear
Down to hell their weight might weigh me.
And alas! can trembling dust,
So unjust,
Stand before the Lord of thunder?
Whilst that guiltiness abides,
Which divides
Me and comforts far asunder?
8 Lord! I dare not to appear,
Till I hear
That I am to favour taken;
Therefore Thy sad servant now
Comfort Thou,
Whom all comfort hath forsaken.
Let not Thy compassion be
Less to me

Than my foes despite hath proved;
But oh! let my fear and pain,
Once again,
Be abated and removed.
9 Jesu! for Thy passion sake,
Deign to take
From my heart all vain affections;
That my natural estate
I may hate,
And delight in Thy perfections.
Spare, O blest Redeemer, spare!
Let my fear
To so firm a faith be turn'd,
That it may true joys beget;
And, oh! let
Death be till that hour adjourn'd.
10 Lord! if this for which I pray,
Gain I may;
If to health I may be raised,
Of Thy love my song shall be;
Thou of me
Shalt for evermore be praised.
In deep sighs that spake aloud,
Thus I vow'd,
With a heart at large distress'd;
And the Spirit help'd my moans,
With such groans
As may never be express'd.
11 Those complaints my Saviour heard
With regard,
As I pray'd right so befel it;
From those fears which on me seized,
I was eased,
And alive I am to tell it:
For which mercy let no day
Pass away,

Wherein I forget Thy pity;
But till I in earth embraced,
Sleep my last,
Let Thy goodness be my ditty.
And although a slave to sin
I have been,
Make me truly now abhor it;
And when death next summons me,
Let me be
Ev'ry way prepared for it.
So no false, no vain delight,
No affright,
From her bliss my soul shall sever;
But so love, so live shall I,
Live or die,
That I blest shall be for ever.

HYMN LIX.

A Hymn encouraging Sick Persons to be willing to die.

SICK persons are not usually disposed to sing; yet some are sometimes desirous to cheer up their hearts, and strengthen themselves against the fears of death, by considering the privileges of life eternal; and perhaps they who want strength to sing this Hymn, shall receive comfort to hear these Meditations sung by others in their presence.

Sing this as the Paternoster.

IF by the signs foresee we may,
When our short lease of life is done;
Now near unto me seems the day,
In which my glass will quite be run;
And I that here yet lie and groan,
Shall to my resting-place be gone.

2 My moisture and my vital heat,
In me do now begin to cease;
My pulses out of order beat,
Strength fails, and weakness doth increase.
Therefore ere death all sense bereave,
Thus of the world I take my leave.

3 First my dear friends, farewell to you;
Live blessed in a true belief;
Disturb you not my last adieu
By fruitless tears or needless grief;
For from a prison full of woe,
To bowers of joy and rest I go.

4 For aye adieu my hopes of health,
Farewell to all my vain desires;
I have no pleasure now in wealth,
My soul to better things aspires:
All earthly pleasures are untrue,
I therefore bid them all adieu!

5 My flesh, oh! be not thou afraid
To let my soul depart from thee;
Or when thou all alone art laid,
Where thou must quite corrupted be;
For since my Saviour lodged there,
He from the grave hath banish'd fear.

6 What though within that lonely place,
In darkness and in stench thou lie,
Where worms thy features shall deface,
And make thee loathsome to the eye!
Thou shalt to life again arise,
Renewed in a glorious wise.

7 Thy soul, of which thou art so fain,*
Although from thee it shall depart,
Will come and find thee out again,
However hid or changed thou art.
You shall be joined as before,
And never be divided more.

* Or fond.

8 What pleasure in thy life appears,
As thou art now deform'd and pain'd?
What get'st thou but renewed cares,
If life with health might be regain'd?
This life is nought but pain and grief;
Yea, pain sometimes without relief.

9 My flesh then go, yea, gladly go
Of thy last bed to be possess'd:
Oh! wherefore dost thou linger so
In torments when thou may'st have rest?
Know'st thou what follows after death,
Thou couldst not love this airy breath.

10 Thou shalt in beauty pass the stars,
And no defect on thee shall rest;
Thou shalt be swifter than the spheres,
And wear perfections of the best.
Death is a gate, though somewhat low,
Through which to highest bliss we go.

11 In thee now sins and sickness dwells,
Uncertain hopes and certain pain;
And thou art fit for nothing else
But thy corruptions to retain:
Thy mates by death shall angels be,
And God Himself shall dwell in thee.

12 Since nothing more thou canst desire,
Now give thy soul a free release;
To thy great grandame's* womb retire,
There take thy rest in hope and peace:
And God, who formed thee of clay,
Grant thee a joyful rising day.

HYMN LX.

Another Hymn encouraging against the fear of Death.

THE sick are here taught to encourage their souls to be willing to leave this life, and enjoy the perfections

* Or Mother Earth.

of the next world: and to that end some inconveniences of this life, and some of the benefits which the faithful enjoy by immortality, are mentioned in this Hymn.

Sing this as I loved once.

MY soul, why dost thou linger so,
And in thy prison seek to stay?
Since thou art summon'd hence to go
By sickness, which prepares thy way?
Why wouldst thou loiter longer here,
Perplex'd with pains, and vex'd with fear?
God calls us hence; come, come along,
And meet thy Maker with a song.

2 Why on this carcase doth thou dote,
Wherewith too long thou hast been clothed?
What have you by your friendships got,
But sin and sorrows to be loathed?
Since thou hast license to be free,
No longer now enthralled be;
But come away; come, come along,
And let us meet Him with a song.

3 Thy wanton flesh, to thee so dear,
By searching where thy strength was laid;
Hath oft, though friendly she appear,
Unto thy passions thee betray'd.
This troop with her still watching lies,
To put out faith's and reason's eyes:
These foes then stay thou not among,
But fly thou from them with a song.

4 Consider this unhappy place,
How full it is of discontent:
Remember well thy noble race,
And from whose bosom thou wast sent.
There is a place reserved for thee,
Where endless joys and pleasures be,
From thence thou tarriest over-long,
Fly, fly thou thither with a song.

5 Thine essence here becomes impure,
But there it shall refined grow;
Thy knowledge here is but obscure,
There ev'ry secret thou shalt know;
Though poor thou art and slighted here,
Thou shalt be rich and honour'd there:
Therefore thy bliss no more prolong,
But fly thou thither with a song.

6 Here spiteful men and wicked fiends,
To mar thy quiet are inclined;
There for thy fellows and thy friends,
Both saints and angels thou shalt find.
There thou shalt both behold and know,
Thy pious friends dead long ago;
And hallelujah those among,
Shall be thine everlasting song.

7 Moreover there thou shalt behold
Those worthies whose deserved praise,
For virtuous deeds in times of old,
Hath made them famous in those days;
And more than this, thou there shalt see
The Son of God, who died for thee.
Then do not here thy stay prolong,
But go, and praise Him in a song.

8 Go view the glory of His face,
Go kiss His wounds for thee received;
Go and His blessed feet embrace,
Go and possess what was believed.
Go and confess with Sheba's Queen,
That less is told than may be seen;
And since report His fame doth wrong,
Enlarge His glory in thy song.

9 Go and in God those joys possess,
And that well-being without end,
Which language never could express,
Nor heart of mortal apprehend.

There praise the founder of that bliss,
And when thy body raised is,
Which God will bring to pass ere long,
Praise Him together in one song.

HYMN LXI.

A Lamentation in Times of excessive Rain.

IN this Hymn we lament the miseries like to befal us by excessive rains and waters, confessing that plague justly inflicted for our sins; beseeching it may beget in us true penitence; that upon repentance the plague may be removed; and that the same being removed we may be thankful.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

ALTHOUGH transgressors, Lord! we be,
And Thy displeasure justly fear;
To sing a mournful song to Thee,
Before Thy presence we appear.
Oh! mind Thou not our follies past,
But our submission deign to heed;
And since our hope on Thee is placed,
Both hear and help us at our need.

2 For now, O God! that airy sphere,
Which is to bound the upper deeps
From those that underneath us are,
Continual vapours on us weeps.
The floods beneath do swell more high
Than their accustom'd limits go;
And they which are above the sky,
Do press to meet the deeps below.

3 Thy servants, therefore, are afraid,
That if Thou send not Thy command
Whereby their daring may be stay'd,
Our whole undoing is at hand.

For, Lord! by these excessive rains,
We lose not only time and cost,
But therewith our laborious pains,
And means of life is likewise lost.

4 Thou wilt, we know, permit no more
A universal overflowing;
Nor frustrate make, as heretofore,
The times of harvest or of sowing.
But, Lord! to us what profits it
That so it promised was by Thee;
If now the waters Thou permit,
The present spoil of us to be?

5 Or what to live will it avail,
If rain and moisture in excess,
Shall make the means of life to fail,
And keep us ling'ring in distress?
Except in bearing of that cross,
Which this affliction may procure,
We gain repentance by the loss,
And make some future blessing sure.

6 For these great rains perhaps are sent
To make us heedful of our sin,
And with compunction to lament
The ways which we have erred in.
Oh! teach us, Lord! if it be so,
Our gross offences to bemoan;
And let a pleasant season show
That Thy displeasure quite is gone.

7 Let not Thine universal grace,
To us in special be denied;
For special favour here is place;
Oh! let that also be applied.
Dry up or chase the clouds away,
Whose vapours breed corrupted air;
Disperse those fogs which dim the day,
Make Thou the weather clear and fair.

8 To us vouchsafe likewise, O God!
The drought desired to prolong;
That we may change this mournful ode
Into a praiseful joyful song.
And when the soil so dry shall grow,
That showers will needful be again;
In season, Lord! on us bestow
The former and the latter rain.

HYMN LXII.

A Thanksgiving after excessive Rains.

WHEN we are delivered from the plague of excessive rains and waters, they who desire to sing a song of thanksgiving for the same, may musically express their gratitude in this brief Hymn.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

THE showers that wash'd away almost
The comfort of our pains,
And fruitless made our hopes and cost,
Thy mercy, Lord! restrains.
Thy breath hath purged the foggy air,
The sun doth bright appear;
The fields wax dry, the ways grow fair,
The sky from clouds is clear.
2 We therefore turn our mournful songs
Into a thankful ode;
And we confess the praise belongs
To none but Thee, O God!
Accept the service we profess,
And give us grace, O Lord!
To manifest our thankfulness,
As well in deed as word.

HYMN LXIII.

For Times of extreme Drought.

MANY afflictions accompany excessive droughts, as may appear by this lamentation, whereby they who are insensible of such a judgment, may be made more sensible of God's visitation in that kind; and such as have a true feeling thereof, may have words whereby to express the same to the stirring up of penitence in their hearts.

HEAR! O great Almighty King!
Who from earth's extremest part,
Lightnings, winds, and rains dost bring;
And commander of them art.
Thou art He who sends the rills,
To refresh the fruitful plains;
And bedews the thirsty hills
With sweet showers and wholesome rains.
Hear and heed Thou from on high
This our loud and woeful cry;
For from Thee we seek relief,
Who hast cures for ev'ry grief.

2 By a wasteful scorching drought,
We now, Lord! afflicted be;
And the earth with gaping mouth,
Makes a sad complaint to Thee.
Hills and dales, and fields and downs,
Robes of sorrow have put on;
And in mourning russet gowns,
Our distresses do bemoan.
For unless Thou gracious be,
Bird and beast, and herb and tree,
And whate'er doth breathe or spring,
To decay this drought will bring.

3 Lo! the branch that leaved was,
Is become a wither'd spray;
Meadows lately clothed with grass,
Now are short unmowed hay.
Where much corn did freshly sprout,
All is now consumed with heat;
And the flocks that skipp'd about,
Now do pine for want of meat.
Pain'd by thirst the herds do roar,
Hunger makes our cattle poor;
And unless Thou mercy show,
They that own them poor will grow.

4 Earth, whose ever-teeming womb,
Many births at once could bear;
Now unfertile is become,
And her fruits abortive are.
At her breast the late green plant,
Starved by lack of sap doth lie;
Moisture now her furrows want,
And her clods are stark and dry.
Clouds of dust instead of rain,
Overspread both hill and plain:
From his banks the river shrinks,
And the standing water stinks.

5 Lord! with pity now behold
How distress'd Thy creatures be;
At such needs in times of old
Help hath been vouchsafed by Thee.
When the people thirsty was,
Thou from rocks didst water bring;
In the jawbone of an ass
Thou for Samson mad'st a spring.
When Elias Thee besought,
Needful rain was timely brought;
And Thou mad'st the water sweet,
Which for usage was unmeet.

6 In the floods Thy chambers are,
They with clouds be roof'd and wall'd;
To attend Thy pleasure there,
Dews and showers are still exhaled.
When we serve Thee they are sent
To refresh us in our needs;
When we merit to be shent,*
Thence correction then proceeds.
When Thou frown'st the weather lowers,
And by storms or drought devours;
When Thou smilest we obtain,
Kindly warmth and timely rain.

7 Lord! forgive us that offence,
Which hath stirr'd Thine anger thus;
Take this wasting drought from hence,
With calm showers recomfort us.
Let it plentifully rain,
That it may refresh the air;
Drop Thy fatness on the plain,
And the parched hills repair.
Mark what moan the fowls do make,
On the beasts compassion take;
Think upon the widow's need,
And the wants of orphans heed.

8 By the moisture of Thy dew,
To the plants new vigour give,
The decayed herbs renew;
And the scorched seeds revive.
That the grass anew may grow,
Wherewithal our beasts are fed;
That there may be corn enow
To supply our daily bread.
That to make us also glad,
Wine and oil may still be had;
And that these lamenting lays
May be changed to songs of praise.

* Or ruined.

HYMN LXIV.

A Thanksgiving after a Drought.

GOD is hereby praised for vouchsafing to refresh the scorched fields with needful dews, and showers, upon the humble petition of His servants who had been afflicted by an excessive drought.

Sing this as the 23rd Psalm.

O powerful are the faithful cries
Which men afflicted raise,
That to ascend the starry skies
They find out secret ways.
And Thou hast, Lord, an open ear
To ev'ry soul distress'd;
Which with a due regard will hear
The meanest man's request.

2 The clouds, O God! at Thy commands,
Did needful showers distil;
Whereby the dry and thirsty lands
Have sweetly drunk their fill.
That scorching drought is now allay'd
Which grass and corn destroys,
And that for which we humbly pray'd
Thine heritage enjoys.

3 As well as to the just, O Lord!
To us that wicked be,
Thou rain and sunshine dost afford,
When suit is made to Thee.
To Thee, love, wisdom, power, and fame,
Ascribed be therefore;
And blessed be Thy holy name,
Both now and evermore.

HYMN LXV.

A Thanksgiving for seasonable Weather in general.

THIS is a Hymn of praise for that seasonable weather, whereby we are enabled to receive the fruits of the earth, or continued hopeful of that blessing.

Sing this as Te Deum.

LORD! should the sun, the clouds, the wind,
The air and seasons be,
To us as froward and unkind
As we are false to Thee;
Our labours would, by winds or storms,
By drought, or else by rain,
By heat or cold, by weeds or worms,
Prove labours all in vain.

2 But from our duties though we swerve,
Thou still dost mercy show;
And us and ours from spoil preserve,
That we might thankful grow.
Yea, though from day to day we sin,
And Thy disfavour gain;
As soon as we to cry begin,
Forgiveness we obtain.

3 The weather now Thou changed hast,
Which lately made us fear;
And when our hopes were almost past,
Sweet comforts did appear.
The heavens the earth's complaints have heard;
They reconciled be:
And Thou such weather hast prepared,
As we desired of Thee.

4 For which, with upraised hands and eyes,
As purely as we may,
The due and easy sacrifice
Of thanks, we now repay.
And since the air Thou changest thus,
That we thereby are eased;
We pray Thee work that change in us
Whereby Thou may'st be pleased.

HYMN LXVI.

A Thanksgiving after Thunder and Lightning.

THUNDER and lightning are terrible in their own nature, and have ofttimes very dreadful effects; therefore we ought to praise God, when we have heard and seen Him in those works of His, without the destruction of our goods and persons.

Sing this as the former.

NO earthly terror, Lord, can make
A sinner more to fear,
Than when in thunder Thou dost speak
Loud threatenings in his ear.
Thee therefore we did humbly pray,
Thy storms aside to blow;
And down Thy thunderbolts to lay,
As is vouchsafed now.
2 The dreadful sounds and fiery darts,
Which lately us appall'd,
And greatly terrified our hearts,
Thy mercy hath recall'd.
Yea, from the scorching sulphury blast
Which from those engines came,
Thou us, O Lord! preserved hast,
For which we praise Thy name.

3 In language filling us with awe,
Thou needest not to speak ;
If of Thy prophets, and Thy law,
More notice we would take.
Oh ! give us grace, the loving voice
Of mercy so to hear,
That justice make not such a nóise
As fills with servile fear.

HYMN LXVII.

After a great Wind.

THE wind is a serviceable spirit, which being set at liberty to punish us for our sins, produceth many terrible effects ; therefore when the tempestuous fury is allayed, whereby it sometimes threateneth us, we shall do well to acknowledge God's mercy for the same.

Sing this as the former.

WHEN hearty thanks we render not
For what we do obtain,
We merit well to be forgot
When we shall next complain.
The blust'ring winds that fiercely raged,
And bowers and buildings tore ;
Are by Thy mercy, Lord ! assuaged,
And ruffle now no more.
2 Calm gales they breathe, and make it plain,
By these effects we see
That he who in the air doth reign,
Subjected is to Thee.
We magnify Thy name therefore,
And will in Thee repose
Our trust and hope for evermore,
What wind soever blows.

HYMN LXVIII.

After a great Frost or Snow.

GREAT frosts and snows are sometimes made the executioners of God's justice upon a sinful land, that frozen charity may be unthawed by repentance. And this Hymn remembers us to be thankful when God shall remove such a judgment from us.

Sing this as the former.

FROM colds, late nipping herbs and trees,
Afflicting man and beast,
And making lakes and rivers freeze,
Thou, Lord! hast us released.
The clods are thaw'd, the ice doth melt,
The creatures lately grieved,
Are eased of the pains they felt,
And from their fears reprieved.

2 We praise Thee for this blessed change,
And thankful are to Thee,
That Thou Thy help dost not estrange
When we afflicted be.
Let Thy compassion us dispose,
Where we shall need behold,
To melt in pity towards those
To whom our love is cold.

HYMN LXIX.

In a Time of Famine.

FAMINE is one of the three great plagues whereby God usually corrects a sinful nation; and by this Hymn we are taught how to address our complaints to God, in this visitation, &c.

Sing this as the 22nd Psalm.

BY mercies and by judgments, Lord!
We have been often tried;
In disobeying of Thy word,
How constant we abide:
For when we gently are chastised,
We stubborn-hearted be;
And when our longings are sufficed,
We kick and spurn at Thee.

2 For which Thou quite might'st us refuse,
And say as heretofore
Thou say'st unto the stubborn Jews,
I will correct no more.
But still Thy love to us is true,
And every means doth find
By which Thou may'st compassion show,
And be both just and kind.

3 The plenties which we lately had,
By us abused were;
And Thou a scarceness now hast made,
By which we pinched are.
If Thou hadst left us to our sin,
By feeding our excess,
That vengeance had the greater been,
Though it had seemed less.

4 Thou still proceed'st with chastisement
In such a loving wise,
That we may by the punishment
Find where the error lies.
And if we be not harden'd quite,
We by the stripes may see,
That Thou in mercy hast delight,
Though strokes inflicted be.

5 Yea, though this famine pincheth sore,
Good symptoms we may find,
That Thou in anger evermore
Rememb'rest to be kind.

And still some blessings are enjoy'd,
By which we hope retain,
That quite we shall not be destroy'd,
Though we in want remain.

6 Where milk and honey overflow'd,
Lean famine breaketh in;
Where plenty late her bounty show'd,
A dearth doth now begin;
And they who had the finest bread,
The fattest of Thy meat,
And were with many dainties fed,
Have little now to eat.

7 But, Lord! once more to us return,
Though we unworthy are:
Consider how the poor do mourn,
And what the rich may fear.
Forgive the sins which have bereft
The plenties which we had;
And let the portion which is left,
By Thee be larger made.

8 Oh! hear us, though we still offend,
Augment our wasted store;
Into this land that plenty send
Which fill'd it heretofore.
Then give us grace to use it so,
That Thou may'st pleased be;
And that when fuller we shall grow,
We think not less on Thee.

HYMN LXX.

A Thanksgiving for Plenty.

PLENTY is the cure of famine, and a blessing for which we much labour; yet when it is obtained, we many times become so wanton thereby, that we not only abuse that benefit, but many other mercies accompanying the same, to prevent which unthankfulness this Hymn was composed.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

HOW oft, and by how many crimes,
Thee jealous have we made!
And, blessed God! how many times
Have we forgiveness had!
If we with tears to bed at night
For our transgressions go;
To us, before the morning light,
Thou comforts dost bestow.

2 This pleasant land, which for our sin
Was lately barren made,
Her fruitfulness doth new begin,
And we our hopes have had.
For which in praiseful songs to Thee,
We raise our voices, Lord!
And thankful we desire to be
For what Thou dost afford.

3 Vouchsafe we waste not by excess
Thy blessings, like the swine;
Or into graceless wantonness,
Convert this grace of Thine.
But so let us Thy gifts employ,
And so refresh the poor,
That in this land we may enjoy
These plenties evermore.

HYMN LXXI.

In times of Pestilence or other infectious Sickness.

THIS Hymn putteth us in mind, by professing our dependence upon God, that we make Him our sole refuge in times of danger. Confession is here made also that our sins are the cause of sickness or infectious diseases; and God is humbly besought to be our protector in this danger.

Sing this as the 51st Psalm.

BY trusting unto Thee, O God!
And by reposing in Thy shade,
A shelter and a safe abode
In many dangers we have had.
And good assurances we have,
That while on Thee we do depend,
Thou wilt from public danger save,
And from all private harms defend.

2 In Thee this trust we have reposed,
Thy succour therefore we expect,
Now peril hath our souls enclosed,
And our destruction seems to threat.
For sin's infections have been spread
By lewd examples now so far,
That those contagions they have bred
Whereby our lives endanger'd are.

3 Lord! let Thy Spirit from on high,
On us those healthful breathings blow,
Which may our climate purify,
And wholesome air on us bestow.
And let our flesh and blood become
So purged by Thy sacred Word,
That we may be secured from
The strokes of this devouring sword.

4 Oh! call Thy slaught'ring angel home,
And though we merit not such grace,
Compassionate and kind become
To us in this distressed case.
Vouchsafe us hearts that may repent
Those courses which do Thee displease,
And give us wisdom to prevent
The violence of this disease.

5 Let not the shaft which flies by day,
Nor that which terrifies by night,

To slaughter, wound, or to dismay,
Within our dwellings, Lord! alight.
But let Thy saving angel bide
About our persons every hour,
A shelter for us to provide
Against this plague's malignant power.

6 Or if this harbinger of death,
Must in our flesh prepare him room;
Let not the loss of health or breath,
A mischief or a plague become.
And let both death and sickness prove
A means of everlasting bliss;
And from these dangers us remove,
To live where no corruption is.

HYMN LXXII.

For Deliverance from Public Sickness.

When an infectious pestilence breaketh in upon us, it is an extraordinary mercy that we are not all rooted out. Therefore when God removes the same, we are hereby remembered to acknowledge it to His praise.

Sing this as the Paternoster.

LORD! when a nation Thee offends,
And when Thou wouldst correct their lands,
An army still on Thee attends,
To execute Thy just commands;
Yea, famine, sickness, fire, and sword,
Stand ready to fulfil Thy word.

2 And here among us for our sin,
A strong infection lately reign'd;
Whose rage hath so malignant been,
As that it could not be restrain'd
By any care, or art of our,
Or by a less than heavenly power.

3 To Thee therefore our cries we sent,
Thy wonted clemency to prove;
And our misdoings did lament,
That visitation to remove:
And Thou Thine angel didst command,
To stay his death-inflicting hand.
4 For which to Thee, in humble wise,
Both heart and hand, O Lord! we raise;
And have exchanged our former cries
To joyful songs of thankful praise:
Confessing that by Thee we have
Escaped the dungeon of the grave.

HYMN LXXIII.

A Lamentation in time of War.

WAR is the last and worst of those temporal plagues, whereby God scourgeth a wicked nation, and it includeth all other miseries. Therefore, when that judgment is sent forth against us, we are warned hereby so to consider what is fallen upon us, and to become so penitent, that God may be entreated to withdraw that plague.

Sing this as the 51st Psalm.

OF all those judgments which Thy Word,
For sin, O Lord! denounced hath,
None are more dreadful than the sword,
Or more inform us of Thy wrath:
Except it be when men are quite
To sin, without correction left;
Exposed to Satan's worst despite,
Or of a quiet mind bereft.
2 For when by other plagues we smart,
By Thine own hand chastised we be;
And, Lord! so pitiful Thou art,
That mercy still abounds in Thee.

But when our faults Thou dost correct
By tyrannous and cruel men,
A sad event we may expect,
And hope for little mercy then.

3 O God! this dreadful plague of war,
All other earthly plagues includes;
For dearths and all diseases are
Attending where this fiend intrudes.
Oppressions and continual fears,
Wounds, watchings, dangers, and unrest,
Incessant griefs and endless cares,
By warfare kingdoms do molest.

4 War, from the child his parents takes,
And robs the father of his child;
Of old and young it havoc makes,
And thereby matrons are defiled.
War turns the freeman to a slave,
It bringeth nobles to distress;
And maketh cut-throat villains brave,*
With what great princes did possess.

5 It goodly temples overturns,
And acteth ill where good was taught;
The fairest buildings down it burns,
And sets both God and man at nought.
Yea, quite it ruins in one day,
What many ages could not rear;
And bringeth cities to decay,
Which through the world renowned were.

6 Chase Thou, O Lord! this tyrant hence,
Permit Thou not his hand of blood
To bear the scourge of our offence;
But take it to Thyself, O God!
Though many ways we have misdone,
We none have wrong'd so much as Thee;
Therefore, O Lord! by Thee alone,
Corrected for it let us be.

* Or make a display.

7 When but the sounds of war they hear,
The hearts of many so are struck,
That they are overcome with fear;
How then War's presence can they brook!
Lord! let Thy mercy so provide,
That from our coasts he may be chased;
That peace may in our borders bide,
And keep our dwellings undefaced.
8 And, Lord! since war such terrors bring,
Such mischiefs and so much distress,
And since perpetually there springs,
Joy, wealth, and ease, from blessed peace;
Let us endeavour to regain
This peace by what good means we may;
And if the same we re-obtain,
Take heed we fool it not away.

HYMN LXXIV.

A Thanksgiving for Peace.

PEACE is the nurse of plenty, and the means of so many other blessings that God cannot be sufficiently praised for it. This therefore is composed, that we who have enjoyed this blessing more than most other nations, might be more thankful for it hereafter.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

SO cause us, Lord! to think upon
The blessing we possess,
That we may praise what Thou hast done,
And Thy great love confess:
For we whose fields in ages past
With bloodshed were distain'd,
Whilst fire and sword laid others waste,
In safety have remain'd.

2 No armed bands the ploughman fears,
No towers are overturn'd;
No temple shakes about our ears,
No townships now are burn'd.
No father hears his little child
In vain for succour cry:
No husband sees his wife defiled,
Whilst he doth wounded lie.
3 Dear God! vouchsafe to pity those
Who thus distressed be;
That to defend them from their foes,
They may have help from Thee.
For by Thy mercy we obtain'd
These calm and peaceful days;
And for this peace with hearts unfeign'd,
We now do sing Thy praise.
4 As well for our internal peace,
As for that outward rest
Which by Thy favour we possess,
Thy goodness is confess'd.
Oh! take not, Lord, this grace away,
But let it still endure,
And grant Thy mercies make us may
More thankful not secure.

HYMN LXXV.

For Victory.

ALL victory is of God, who is the Lord of Hosts: therefore to Him only belongs the glory of those victories which we shall obtain; and this Hymn remembers us to ascribe all our prevailings to His power and mercy.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

LORD! we magnify Thy might,
By whose prevailing grace and power,
We are preserved from their despite
Who sought that they might us devour.
Thou art our joyful triumph song,
Thou art the comfort of our heart;
To Thee all victories belong,
And Thou the God of armies art.

2 It was alone Thy providence
Which made us masters of the field:
Thou art our castle of defence,
Our fort, our bulwark and our shield.
Thou taught'st our hands and arms to fight,
By Thee undaunted we were made;
By Thee our foes were put to flight,
By Thee the conquest we have had.

3 For on what hand soe'er we went,
Great perils us did round enclose;
Our little strength was almost spent,
And fierce and bloody were our foes,
That hadst not Thou our Captain been,
To lead us on and off again,
This happy day we had not seen,
But in the bed of death had lain.

4 This hymn we therefore sing to Thee,
And pray Thee that as heretofore,
Thou wouldst our gracious refuge be,
And our protector evermore.
Yea, to our foes let it be shown,
How to our cause Thou dost incline;
And make it unto them be known,
That such as are our foes are Thine.

HYMN LXXVI.

For Public Deliverances.

GOD hath vouchsafed unto these kingdoms many public deliverances which ought never to be forgotten, especially those on the fifth of November and 1588. And this Hymn was intended to bring those and such-like oftener to remembrance.

Sing this as the Paternoster.

WITH Israel we may truly say,
If on our side God had not been,
Of us our foes had made a prey,
And we this light had never seen:
The pit was digg'd, the snare was laid,
And we with ease had been betray'd.

2 But our opposers undertook
What they did fail to bring to pass;
For He that all things doth o'erlook,
Prevented what conspired was:
We found the pit, we 'scaped the gin,
And saw their makers caught therein.

3 By favour undeserved shown,
From God this means of safety came,
And by no wisdom of our own;
Oh! let us therefore praise His name:
Oh! praise His name for it was He,
That broke the net and set us free.

4 With praises let our temples ring,
Let on our lips thanksgivings dwell;
Let us unto His honour sing,
And stories of His mercies tell:
While sun and moon do rise or set,
His kindness let us not forget.

5 Oh! let us now redeem the time,
Let us begin to live anew,
Let us repent of ev'ry crime
Whereby displeasure may ensue;
Lest He that plagues from us hath took,
Return them with a double stroke.

6 A true repentance takes delight
To memorize what God hath done;
When passed favours we recite,
It adds more grace to grace begun;
And when such virtues do increase,
They promise everlasting peace.

7 But where ingratitude we see,
And when so wicked we are grown,
That slighted those protections be
Which God hath formerly bestown;
It shall betoken to this land
That her destruction is at hand.

8 Lord! let us not be harden'd so,
Nor let Thine anger so return;
But grant we may our duties do,
And for our sinful follies mourn:
That from our sorrows joy may spring,
And we Thy praises gladly sing.

HYMN LXXVII.

When we are merry-hearted.

SOMETIMES we are more than ordinarily inclined to cheerfulness, and what we should then do we are advised by the Apostle James. And lest our mirth corrupt into vanity, rather than invite us to sing psalms, this Hymn offereth somewhat to consideration, which may preserve and sanctify our cheerfulness.

METHINKS I feel more perfect rest
Refreshing now my mind,
And more contentment in my breast
Than ev'ry day I find.
Such notions there
Begotten are,
And forth such thoughts they bring,
That though I would
My voice withhold,
I cannot choose but sing.

2 Too oft vain musings do dispose
My heart to fruitless mirth,
And fill it with such fumes as those
Which vapour from the earth.
On such a fit
Sometimes I hit,
I know not how nor why;
And as the same
Unlook'd for came,
Even so away 'twill fly.

3 O Lord! if this be such a toy,
Let some well-guided thought
Translate it to a better joy,
Or bring the same to nought.
For such delights
Are like some sights
Which in the dark appear;
At their first view
They comfort show,
At last they make us fear.

4 Let those delights which fancy feigns,*
To please a crazed mind;
And that which folly entertains,
With me no liking find.
But let in me
Increased be,

* Invents.

Those comforts and those joys,
Which do not flow
From things below,
And which no time destroys.

HYMN LXXVIII.

A Lamentation and Petition of the Soul for and against her flesh.

BY this Hymn we are put in mind to be so watchful over the infirmities and corruptions of our flesh, that we take heed lest our sensuality bring soul and body to destruction; and that we beseech God's assisting grace to help the soul to govern as she ought, and to subdue the flesh to the law of grace and reason.

Sing this as the 43rd Psalm.

AH me! where may I seek a friend,
Or where have hopes to find
One that is faithful to the end,
And never proves unkind?
Since mine own flesh, and for whose sake
Myself I oft forget,
Doth with my cruel'st foe partake,
And is against me set.

2 She in whose bosom I have laid,
And who hath slept in mine;
She with whom I have often play'd,
And loved with love divine:
She that made show as if my grief
Her greatest grief would be;
And called me her joy, her life,
Is careless now of me.

3 The more I trust, the more I love,
The more my love I show,

The more unfaithful she doth prove,
The more she works my woe.
Yet still my heart upon her dotes,
And through her wanton wiles,
My reason still she so besots,
That still she me beguiles.

4 Sometime these wrongs I so revolve,
That her I much condemn;
And in my judgment can resolve,
Her fawnings to contemn.
I take her pleasant things away,
Her longings I restrain;
I make her watch, and fast, and pray,
Until she tears doth feign.

5 To see her grieve then grieve I too,
And loving words apply;
Lest to herself she wrongs may do,
Or of the sullens* die.
And she no sooner feels my heart,
Her freedom to restore;
But she begins to play her part
As falsely as before.

6 Teach me, my God! teach me the way
To make her more sincere;
Lest she herself, and me betray
To him whose hate I fear.
For so I love, though plain I see,
Of me she careless is;
That heaven would seem a hell to me,
If her I there should miss.

7 To be my darling she was born,
And nature did provide,
That 'twixt us friendship should be sworn,
Which nothing shall divide:
And therefore, on each other so
Our welfare doth depend,

* Or gloominess.

That if the one to ruin go,
Such is the other's end.
8 Therefore, O Lord! unless Thy love,
Prevent what much I fear,
We to each other foes may prove,
The worst that ever were.
Because if they who love as we,
Their passions guide not well;
On earth each other's plagues they be,
And greater plagues in hell.
9 My God! therefore, Thy help again,
Thy help I do implore,
That I my fleshly part to rein,
May be enabled more.
My soul instruct Thou so to guide,
So make my flesh obey;
That we, true lovers, may abide
In virtue's harmless way.
10 And though all virtues we had got,
Whereof the best may boast,
Unto ourselves, Lord! leave us not,
Lest all again be lost.
For till the flesh be mortified,
Her nature will return;
Though she was partly sanctified,
When she anew was born.

HYMN LXXIX.

Of the Vanity and Insufficiency of Temporal Things.

THAT we may not be overmuch delighted with such things as perish to the loss of our portion in things of most excellency, we are hereby remembered to consider the vanity and insufficiency of temporal things.

Sing this as the Hermit Poor.

WHAT is there, Lord!
Within this lower orb,
Which doth afford
A pleasure or content?
But may disease,
Discomfort or disturb,
Unless Thou please
Their mischiefs to prevent?
No marvel though
The worst do sorrows bring,
Since there is woe
In ev'ry pleasant thing.

2 Wealth bringeth care,
Sometimes as much as want;
Our honours are
Attended with disgrace:
When hopes are best,
Our hearts with fears do pant;
Our daintiest feast
Is marr'd with bitter sauce;
Distrust to lose
The pleasure we possess,
Them overthrows,
Or makes their sweetness less.

3 Our beauties fade
As soon as they are blown;
We weak are made
Ere we are fully strong;
We often dote
When wisest we are grown;
Youth frees us not
From griefs whilst we are young.
No age or state,
Condition or degree,

Can promise that
In which no changes be.
4 That which we sought
With all our pow'rs to win,
As if we thought
Our chiefest bliss it were;
That which esteem'd
Above our lives hath been,
And which hath seem'd
Beyond salvation dear;
That is at last
A thing unpleasing made,
And leaves no taste
Of those contents it had.
5 They who in me
Their chief delights did place,
Now senseless be
That ere so fond they were:
They in whose love
I no less pleased was,
No liking move,
And strangers now they are.
Yea, what with pain
I sought I now do loath;
O God! how vain
Was that, or I, or both.
6 What we despise,
Anon is precious thought;
What we now prize,
Ere long we much disdain;
This day we love
Whom next we set at nought;
And fickle prove,
Yet shamelessly complain.
Their vanity,
Things mortal publish thus;

And certainty,
There's none in them or us.
7 O Lord! since we
And all that here we love,
Things changing be,
Let us on Thee depend.
From things below,
To reach the things above,
Thy servant show,
Which way he should ascend:
And let me there
Live, love, and loved be;
Where pleasures are,
Whose end I shall not see.

HYMN LXXX.

When a dear Friend is deceased.

SOME are so sensible of losing their dearly beloved friends that they are almost swallowed up with grief: therefore this Hymn was prepared to mitigate their sorrow by directing them for consolation to Him in whom they may find again their deceased friends and better comforts than they lost.

Sing this as In Sad and Ashy Weeds.

NOW my dear friend is gone,
Ah me! how faint my heart appears!
How sad, and how alone!
How swoln with sighs, how drown'd with tears!
Fain would I tell,
What griefs, what hell,
Is now within my breast:
But who doth live,
That ease can give,
Or bring me wished rest?

2 Those ears which I would fain
Should once more hear what I would say,
Shall never now again
Unto their heart my thoughts convey:
Nor shall that tongue,
Whose tones were song
And music still to me;
To please or cheer
My drooping ear,
Hereafter tuned be.

3 O dear! O gracious God!
If in ourselves we bliss had sought;
Of passions what a load,
Upon my soul had now been brought!
How had I found,
Within that round
Wherein I should have run!
The joyful end
Which doth befriend
Affections well begun.

4 Had we our love confined
To that which mortal proves to be;
Or had we been so blind,
That we death's power could not foresee;
Where had been found,
When under ground
My dear companion lay,
A fit relief
To cure that grief
Which wounds my heart this day?

5 But while we lived and loved,
In Thee, each other up we stored;
My friend, by death removed,
In Thee, therefore, I seek, O Lord!
My loss by none,
But Thee alone,

Repaired now can be:
What I endure,
Admits nor cure
Nor ease except by Thee.

6 Be Thou to my sad heart
A sweet relief now I am grieved;
Be to it as Thou wert,
When here with me my dearest lived.
That which I loved
Is but removed
To Thee, our perfect bliss;
And that I had
Was but the shade
Of what my darling is.

7 In Thee behold I shall,
In Thee I shall again enjoy,
What Thou away didst call,
And what Thou didst by death destroy.
We by Thy grace
Shall there embrace,
Where friends do never part:
Which now I mind,
Methinks I find
Sweet hope relieve my heart.

8 I feel it more and more
My soul of comfort to assure;
And now for ev'ry sore,
I know and feel Thou hast a cure:
For which my tongue
Shall change her song,
Thy goodness to commend;
And Thou art He
Who still shalt be
My best affected friend.

HYMN LXXXI.

For Deliverance from Temptation.

To be delivered from temptation, is one of the six petitions in the Lord's Prayer, which we daily repeat; and therefore that God may deliver us from the evil thereof, we shall do well to invoke Him by a special invocation according as this Hymn putteth us in mind.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

OW hard is it for flesh and blood,
When lusts the heart assail,
To wish that vice may be withstood,
And virtue still prevail!
How hard is it when we do burn
With evil-kindled fires,
Our eyes from vanities to turn,
Or quench our loose desires!

2 So hard, O Lord! so hard it is,
That few can truly say,
They for Thy timely aid in this,
With true devotion pray.
But rather many are afraid,
When they to pray are moved,
Lest by Thy grace they should be stay'd
From sins too well beloved.

3 Of this if others have been free,
Thy mercy let them bless;
For that this fault hath been in me,
I freely do confess.
And seeing better thoughts I have
Occasion thereupon,
I now assume Thine aid to crave,
Before this mind be gone.

4 Thy grace, O Lord! in me did breed
This motion not in vain;
Oh! let it be the blessed seed
Of an immortal gain.
And grant that getting somewhat loose
From sin's imperious hand,
My heart with willingness may choose
The ways of Thy command.

5 From Satan's baits, from folly's lures,
From ev'ry cause of ill,
Preserve me clean whilst life endures,
In action and in will.
At least when I shall tempted be,
Protect Thy servant so,
That evil overcome not me,
But victor let me grow.

6 Veil then mine eyes till she be past,
When Folly tempts my sight;
Keep Thou my palate and my taste
From gluttonous delight.
Stop Thou mine ear from syrens' songs,
My tongue from lies restrain;
Withhold my hands from doing wrongs,
My feet from courses vain:

7 Teach likewise ev'ry other sense
To act an honest part,
But chiefly settle innocence
And pureness in my heart:
So nought without me or within,
Shall work an ill effect,
By tempting me to act a sin,
Or virtues to neglect.

HYMN LXXXII.

A Thanksgiving for the Gospel.

THE Gospel of Jesus Christ is a means of the greatest blessing which was ever conferred on mankind: therefore, that we might be more thankful for it than we have been heretofore, we are moved thereunto by this Hymn.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

SOMETIME, O Lord! at least in show,
A thankful heart we do profess,
When Thou such blessings dost bestow,
As outward riches, health, or peace;
But for that means which may conduce
Our souls to their true bliss to raise,
We make not very frequent use
Of thankful words, or hymns of praise.

2 When meads are drown'd, or fields are dry,
When sword, or sickness, harm hath done,
To thee for help sometimes we cry,
And thank Thee when those plagues are gone;
But for that blessed means of grace,
Which we have long at full enjoy'd,
In public or in private place,
Few thankful voices are employ'd.

3 How many souls in error's night,
Sit sighing their sad hours away!
Whilst we enjoy the Gospel's light,
And therewithal the wantons play:
How many nations be at strife
For that which we enjoy at will!
How many want that bread of life
Which we do surfeit on and spill!

4 O God! forgive this crying sin,
More wise, more thankful let us grow,

To mend this fault let us begin,
And grace obtain more grace to show:
For corn, and wine, and oils' increase,
A body sound, a witty brain,
A free estate, an outward peace,
Without this blessing were in vain.

5 They who observe the same shall see,
That where these tidings do not sound,
Or where they shall abused be,
Inhuman cruelties abound:
Yea, we who often have been school'd,
For hearing this blest voice in vain,
Shall see our hopes and wisdoms fool'd,
If unrepentant we remain.

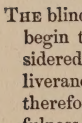
6 Our fears, therefore, dear God! prevent,
Keep Thou Thy gospel in our land;
Our thanklessness let us repent,
And stedfast in Thy worship stand.
For that Thy blessed saving Word,
Is purely preached in our days;
We confess it a mercy, Lord!
Which merits endless hymns of praise.

HYMN LXXXIII.

For Deliverance from Persecution and False Doctrine.

THE blind and bloody times in which our fathers lived begin to be forgotten; at least to be so little considered on, that some endeavour to make our deliverance from them of little moment. To prevent, therefore, the curse likely to follow such unthankfulness, this brief Hymn calls to mind that mercy.

Sing this as the 22nd Psalm.



TIME so cursed once was here,
That error bore the sway;
And would not let the truth appear,
Her falsehoods to gainsay.

But whensoever she was view'd,
Her pureness to disclose,
With fire and sword she was pursued
By her malicious foes.

2 By cruel and ungodly men
The wells of life were hid,
Or by corruption poison'd then,
Or, at the best, forbid;
And they who took the greatest pain
To keep those fountains pure,
Were either doomed to be slain,
Or thraldom to endure.

3 We praise Thee, Lord! that freed Thou hast
This land from such a curse;
We praise Thee that the days are past,
Which those things did enforce.
And humbly we, O God! implore,
Those plagues may not return,
Which vex'd this nation heretofore,
And made our fathers mourn.

4 For senselessness of mercies past,
Unheeded ushers in
That thanklessness which brings at last
Obdurateness in sin;
Then doth obdurateness beget
That damned, scornful pride,
Which will at naught God's mercy set,
And good advice deride.

HYMN LXXXIV.

A Coronation Hymn.

GOD is hereby glorified for the king's exaltation, and implored to perfect his temporal dignity by making it a step to his eternal glory, and by keeping him a patron of piety and virtue.

LORD! let Thy pow'r protect the king,
Make him his trust on Thee to place;
Of Thy large favours let him sing,
And build his glories on Thy grace.
Confirm him on the royal seat,
Whereto advanced him Thou hast;
Let Thy salvation make him great,
Unto Thy truth preserve him fast;
And make, O God! his earthly throne,
An earnest of a heavenly crown.

2 Him over us for good appoint,
Ground all his laws on truth divine;
Let Thy good Spirit him anoint,
And his commands conform to thine.
Of sovereignty give him the globe,
Of peace let him the sceptre bear;
Make holiness his royal robe,
The wreaths of justice let him wear;
And in upright and pious ways,
Observe and serve Thee all his days.

3 Him honour so, and him so crown,
Him so invest, and him so arm,
Him so anoint, him so enthrone,
And by Thy Word him so inform;
That to Thy glory he may reign,
To his content and for our peace;
That wickedness he may restrain,
To virtuous pieties increase:
And that our king, O Lord! and we
May to each other blessings be.

HYMN LXXXV.

A Funeral Song.

THIS Hymn is intended to comfort the living, whose friends are deceased, by putting them in mind of the resurrection, and of the happy rest of those who die in the faith of Christ.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

FORBEAR to shed excessive tears,
Or mourn as hopeless heathens do;
For though this body lost appears,
Assured be it is not so;
For that which now corrupting lies,
In incorruption shall arise.

2 I am the life, our Saviour saith,
The resurrection is through Me;
And whosoe'er in Me hath faith,
Shall live again though dead he be;
For no man shall for ever die,
Who doth upon My Word rely.

3 He that redeemed me doth live,
By faith I know that this is true;
My God this body shall revive,
And in my flesh I shall Him view:
E'en these mine eyes, these eyes of mine,
Shall see His glory brightly shine.

4 We to the world do naked come,
We back again unclothed go,
And it is God alone by whom
We poor are made, or wealthy grow:
And we ascribe unto His name,
Pow'r, praise, and glory for the same.

5 From heaven a voice came down to me,
And this it will'd me to record;
From this time forward blessed be
The dead departing in the Lord;
For, as the Spirit hath express'd,
They from their labours are at rest.

HYMN LXXXVI.

When a Soul is newly departed.

THIS Hymn comforts us in the death of our friends by offering to consideration the miseries of this life, and the happiness of the next. God is hereby praised also for calling the soul departed from this wretched being, and besought to hasten the accomplishment of our felicity by the general resurrection.

Sing this as the 23rd Psalm.

IF joy be made when men are born
To live on earth below,
Why should we vainly weep and mourn,
When up to heav'n they go?
To pains and griefs they hither come,
And when they hence are gone,
Those troubles they are eased from
Which here they did bemoan.

2 Imprison'd in a living grave,
The soul departed lay;
And ease or quiet could not have,
Till call'd it was away.
But we now hope it is at rest
In Him from whom it came,
And of eternal joys possess'd,
For which we praise His name.

3 We praise Thee for that being, Lord!
And for that means of grace,
Which to that soul Thou didst afford
In this inferior place.
And we, moreover, praise Thee now,
That Thou hast set it free
From those afflictions which below
Avoided cannot be.

4 O Lord! be speedy to collect,
And hasten full to make
The number of the souls elect,
That shall of bliss partake.
That we and they who in Thy fear
And faith have lived and died,
In soul and body may appear
Where Thou art glorified.

HYMN LXXXVII.

A Hymn of Instruction for Youth.

THIS is a pious descant upon the 12th chap. of Ecclesiastes, and wherein the young man is put in mind to remember his Creator before decrepit age disables him: it offers to consideration the vanity and transitoriness of the beauty, strength, and pleasure, wherein youth delights.

O those that in folly
Their youth do mispend,
And mind not their Maker
Till life shall have end,
A song of instruction
We now have begun,
To warn them, and learn them,
Destruction to shun.
Lord! send them, to mend them,
The gift of Thy grace;
And reason, to season
A reasonless race.

2 Thou youngling, whose glories
And beauties appear
Like sunshine or blossoms
In spring of the year;
Whose vigorous body,
Whose courage and wit,

Are jolly, and wholly
Unperished yet;
Come near me, and hear me
Things future foretell;
Then learn thou, discern thou,
The way to do well.

3 Mispend not a morning
So lovely, so fair,
A moment may rarest
Perfections impair:
The noontide of lifetime
Yields little delight,
And sorrow on sorrow
May follow ere night.
Receive then, believe then,
What now I declare;
Attend me, and lend me
A diligent ear.

4 Thy beauties and features,
That grace thee this day,
To morrow may perish,
And vanish away:
Thy riches and pleasures,
Now precious to thee,
May leave thee, deceive thee,
And comfortless be.
Now come then, oh come then!
And learn to eschew
Those errors and terrors
Which else may ensue.

5 Thy joints are yet nimble,
Thy sinews unslack,
Thy marrow unwasted,
Yet strengthens thy back:
Youth keepeth diseases
From crazing thy brain,

Blood rilleth and swelleth
In every vein.
Employ then, enjoy then,
This vigour of thine,
In willing, fulfilling,
What God shall enjoin.

6 Believe me, it will not
For ever be so;
Thy sturdy supporters
Will staggering go;
Thy shoulders well shaped,
And strong enough now,
Uncomely, and homely,
And weaker will grow.
Then lengthen and strengthen
Thy gifts by right use,
Possessing each blessing
Still free from abuse.

7 Thy beautiful forehead,
Whereon we may view
Neat smoothness and whiteness,
Enamell'd with blue,
Shall change that perfection,
Which youth yet maintains,
To sallowness, hollowness,
Wrinkles and stains:
Thy liking and seeking,
Then learn to bestow
On pleasures and treasures
That perish not so.

8 Thine ears are now list'ning
For heaven on earth,
And nothing will please them
But music and mirth;
And to thy corruption,
No passage or strain

Seems better or sweeter
Than that which is vain.
Oh! borrow from sorrow
Some penitent dew,
Lest after much laughter
More sadness ensue.

9 Those tresses, whose curling
Thy temples adorns,
Will hassocks resemble
In winterly morns;
And where fresh vermilion
Is mixed with snow,
A sallow and yellow
Complexion will flow:
The fuller the colour,
The fouler the stain;
Then boast not, and trust not
In things that are vain.

10 Thine eyes, whose bright sparklings
Thy lovers admire,
And which with vain longings
Set thousands on fire;
Shall closed in darkness
Unuseful remain,
And never, for ever,
See daylight again:
Then mind thou, oh! mind thou
Thy Maker above;
Observe Him and serve Him,
If safety thou love.

11 Thy mouth, whose fair portal
Both wears and incloses
The colour and sweetness
Of rubies and roses;
Shall so be transformed,
That no man will care,

Perceive or believe
What perfection was there.
Vain creature! thy feature
Then value not so,
Take pleasure, in measure,
As wisdom will do.
12 Thy teeth, that stand firmly,
Like pearls on a row,
Will rotten and scatter'd,
Disorderly grow:
Thy lips, whose neat motions
Great wonders have wrought,
Shall slaver and quaver,
And loathsome be thought:
Then ever endeavour
Those things to eschew,
Whence nothing but loathing
At last will ensue.
13 Thy fancy that sings thee
Vain dreams of delight,
Hereafter will bring thee
A comfortless night;
And thou, who yet heed'st not
How time comes or goes,
With care wilt give ear
To each cockerel that crows.
Thy leisure is pleasure,
Then do not mispend;
Foreslowing,* well doing
Till time hath an end.
14 Then thou who to thousands
Dost gracious appear,
To no man shalt either
Be welcome or dear;
Which when thou perceivest,
Thy life unto thee

* Or delaying.

Unpeaceful, diseaseful,
And loathsome will be:
No power of our
This judgment can shun,
Till duly and truly
Our duties be done.
15 Thy lusts and thy pleasures,
Yet hard to forego,
Will leave thee, and leave thee
In sorrow and woe:
And then in what pleasure
Content canst thou have,
Of what rest be possess'd
But a desolate grave?
Youth's folly, unholy,
Learn therefore to shun,
And ever persevere
In what should be done.
16 For when this life's vapours
Are breathed away,
Thy flesh, now so cherish'd,
Will rot into clay;
And thy best beloved
Thy body may throw,
Where none thereupon
Compassion bestow:
Then leaving deceiving
Contentments to taste,
Prevent and repent
What affected thou hast.
17 A worse thing remaineth
Than yet hath been said,
If real amendment
Too long be delay'd:
The pains which hereafter
On sinners attend,

Last ever and ever,
And never have end.
Then approving and loving
The truth I have sung,
Remember thy Maker,
E'en whilst thou art young.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

For our Benefactors.

WE are hereby put in mind to consider why God is otherwhile pleased to make us beholding to the charity of other men for necessary things; and God is here praised also for this providence, and prayed to reward our benefactors.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm.

WHEN we have all things of our own,
Whereby our wants may be supplied,
Much carelessness is often shown,
And far less thankfulness than pride;
More humble, therefore, me to make,
And that I more discreet may grow,
Things needful I sometimes do lack,
Till others them on me bestow.

2 And when my temper, Lord! I heed,
Though flesh and blood thereat repine,
I find that I did greatly need
This loving providence of Thine:
Yea, peradventure if less poor
In outward things I had been made,
I other ways had wanted more,
And much less comfort might have had.

3 I thank Thee, therefore, that my share
Thou hast committed to their trust

Who so good husbands of it are,
And in their stewardship so just.
Preserve them, Lord! for ever such,
And as my comforters they be,
So when they need, be Thou as much
To them as they have been to me.

4 Their liberality repay
With such endowments of the mind,
And such contentments every way,
That they true blessedness may find.
And, Lord! of Thine especial grace,
This pleased be likewise to grant,
That I in virtues may possess
What I in things external want.

HYMN LXXXIX.

A Hymn against Pride.

PRIDE is one of the spiritual wickednesses which aspires to high places; and is most dangerous, because it usually enters when the house is cleansed from the grosser corruptions that pollute the flesh. If this charm be not strong enough to expel it, use prayer and fasting.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

BEWARE, my heart, thou cherish not
This high aspiring sin,
By which that devil was begot,
Who brought all mischiefs in:
For first by pride those angels fell,
Who not with heaven content,
Inhabit now the depths of hell,
By justice thither sent.

2 Lord! Thou Thyself didst them oppose,
Who lofty-minded be;

Profess'd Thou art a foe to those,
And they are foes to Thee.
Their pride, therefore, Thou dost abase,
Their plumes Thou pullest down,
And set'st the humble in their place
From which their pride is thrown.

3 My God! possession of my heart,
If this foul fiend hath gain'd;
Which I much fear he hath in part,
Through my default obtain'd;
Displace him thence, and let that room
Be hallow'd so by Thee,
That he no more may thither come,
Nor any such as he.

HYMN XC.

Against Fear.

FEAR is a passion which being moderated is very necessary; and if it exceed the mean becomes a plague depriving of many comforts, and beginning our miseries before their time. This Hymn therefore acquaints us with the nature of this passion, and imploreth assistance against the same.

Sing this as the 25th Psalm.

DUE fear becomes us well,
And God ordain'd the same
To be a faithful sentinel,
To watch what perils came.
A heart that feels no fear,
Lies ope to many harms;
And they that over fearful are,
Are kill'd by false alarms.

2 Lord! be Thou pleased therefore,
My heart to temper so,
That I may fear nor less nor more,
Than wise men ought to do:

So being nor amazed,
Nor dull through want of sense,
Nought shall omitted be or caused,
To hinder my defence.

3 By false and servile fear,
Afflictions we begin
Before their time, and mischiefs rear,
Which else had never been:
Yea, what might wear away,
Or be with ease endured;
Grows thereby more than bear we may,
And hardly to be cured.

4 For when the heart of man
Is once thereby possess'd,
No mortal power expel it can,
Or give that party rest:
Thy power, O Lord! alone,
Can from this tyrant save;
That me therefore he seize not on,
Thine aid alone I crave.

HYMN XCI.

Against Despair.

SOMETIMES good Christians, though not overcome of such an evil, are strongly tempted unto despair: therefore that such as feel any motions this way, may be warned and assisted to resist the devil in his first attempts, inclining to this hellish passion, we prepared this Hymn.

Sing this as Te Deum.

WHAT hellish doubt, what cursed fear,
Is that which now begins
Unto my conscience to appear,
And threats me for my sins?

In me methinks I somewhat feel
My heart oppressing so,
That faith and hope begin to reel,
And faint my spirits grow.

2 Assist me, Lord! for I perceive
My ghostly foe intends,
Of that assurance to bereave
Whereon my soul depends.
He whispers to my troubled mind
Suggestions of despair,
And says I shall no mercy find,
Though I to Thee repair.

3 But all untruth in him is found,
And truth itself doth say,
That Thou in mercy dost abound,
And hearest those that pray.
Oh! hear me, Lord! Oh, hear me now!
And since my God Thou art,
Against despair enable Thou
My much oppressed heart.

4 Say to my soul Thou art her friend,
Her comfort and her aid;
From those distresses me defend
Which make me now afraid:
For weak, and sick, and faint, alas!
My faith begins to be;
And, Lord! without Thy saving grace,
There is no hope for me.

5 My sins before my face appear
In their most loathsome dress;
My conscience tells me when and where,
And how I did transgress.
Thy law declares what for my sins
Thy justice did foredoom,
And Satan lays a thousand gins,
That snared I may become.

6 That hell which in my soul I find,
Is to my friends unknown;
The world her own affairs doth mind,
And leaves me oft alone:
And but that I to Thee as yet
Remember to repair,
My passions would in me beget
A merciless despair.

7 Preserve, O Lord! preserve in me,
And all men thus oppress'd,
A hopeful heart to seek from Thee
Our much desired rest:
And still when Satan snares doth lay,
To work our overthrow,
Still frustrate what he doth assay,
And stronger make us grow.

HYMN XCII.

When Oppressors and wicked Men flourish.

MANY godly men, as was David, are much troubled and offended to see tyrants and wicked persons prosper in the world to the oppressing of innocents, &c. Therefore this Hymn is provided to comfort such, and to preserve them patient in times of oppression.

MY heart, why art thou sad,
Why art thou pierced thorough;
And wherefore art thou joyless made
By causeless fear and sorrow?
Or why shouldst thou repine
As helpless and unbless'd,
Because in honour's orb they shine
By whom thou art oppress'd?

2 What though thou hast perceived,
That riot, pride, and folly,
Have of their needful dues bereaved,
Endeavours good and holy?

And what though thou observe
Unworthy men ennobled,
When they which better things deserve,
Are for well-doing troubled.

3 Thereat repine thou not,
Nor this vain fancy cherish,
That righteousness is quite forgot,
Because the wicked flourish:
But with a constant mind,
In doing well persevere;
And profit thou erelong shalt find,
In thy upright endeavour.

4 The righteous for a space
By troubles are depressed,
That so the precious fruits of grace
May be the more increased,
And carnal men obtain
The portions they have choosed,
That they at last may know with pain
What blessings they refused.

5 To seek thou shalt not need,
By searching times preceding,
Or guess what will on them succeed,
By hearsay or by reading;
For if thou patient be,
By sight shall proof be gain'd,
In more than one, or two, or three,
What is for such ordain'd.

6 Perdition they bestride,
Yet can they not perceive it;
Therefore good council they deride,
And injure them who give it:
For which e'en in their height
Of glories and of power,
They see their hope destroyed quite,
And perish'd in one hour.

7 This day, like Pharaoh's host
Poor harmless men pursuing,
Of their large powers they proudly boast,
No sign of terror showing.
Anon with fear enough,
They feel their kingdom falling;
Their plumes and chariot wheels fly off,
And they in mud are sprawling.

8 Then vex no more, my heart,
Because a tyrant thriveth,
And that whilst thou oppressed art,
Thy foe in honour liveth;
But thine own ways observe,
And so let them be framed,
That whatsoever some deserve,
We may remain unblamed.

9 For what will it avail
In courses to persevere,
Whereby men joy but for a while,
And then lament for ever?
Or why should he complain,
Who for a scratch procureth
That health and safety to obtain
Which evermore endureth?

HYMN XCIII.

For Remission of a particular Sin.

THIS penitential ode expresseth a hearty and passionate sorrow for a particular sin, with an humble and earnest desire of pardon; and is offered to help stir up those affections when occasion is offered.

LORD! in sorrow and distress,
To Thee I now draw near;
My late offences to confess
In humble hope and fear.

Mine errors That to Thee
With terrors, Or from Thee,
Perplex I know
And vex Not how
Me so To go.

2 But having heard and often found,
That Thou art He in whom
Compassion always doth abound,
To sue for grace I come.
Nor chide Thou, But hear me,
Nor hide Thou, And clear me;
Thy face Now I
Or grace Thus cry
From me. To Thee.

3 Till fully pleased with me Thou art,
And till I may obtain
A look to reassure my heart,
That Thou art pleased again:
Nor treasure, But double
Nor pleasure, The trouble,
Will ease Which made
Or please Me sad
Me more. Before.

4 What needst Thou, Lord! prolong Thy wrath,
To bar me of my peace?
Enough a guilty conscience hath,
My torments to increase.
It smites me, Relieve me;
It frights me, And give me
O Lord! Thy peace,
Afford To cease
Relief. My grief.

5 I have too often heretofore
Been many ways to blame,
And have obtained evermore
Remission for the same.

Yea, wholly, When blamed,
And fully, And shamed,
Thou hast I might
Released By right
My sin. Have been.

6 Yet, Lord! forgive, forgive again,
Though I unworthy be;
For mercy doth to Thee pertain,
As much as wrath to me.
Remit Thou, The greater
Forget Thou, The debtor,
My crime, Thy praise
This time, He'll raise
Therefore. The more.

HYMN XCIV.

For Remission of Sin in general.

THIS Hymn is a brief confession of sin, and a prayer for pardon for the same. And it was prepared to assist their devotion who need such helps, and to be a remembrancer to those who need them not.

Sing this as the 22nd Psalm.

HOW many, Lord! how foul, how great,
Do my offences grow!
How have I multiplied the debt
Which unto Thee I owe!
Though ev'ry day Thou dost forgive,
And wipe great sums away,
Yet ev'ry day I do perceive
New sums, new scores to pay.

2 A debt my parents left on me
Which far my stock exceeds,
And though it pardon'd were by Thee,
Much trouble still it breeds.

For, thence my flesh occasion takes,
That fancies to admit,
Which of those longings guilty makes,
That active sins beget.

3 And when a sin is once begun,
That sin brings others on;
The punishments or shame to shun,
Which follow'd thereupon:
Till so increased offences are,
And grace defaced so,
That we have neither shame nor fear,
Nor sense of what we do.

4 Lord! that my sins may never come
To this accursed height,
And at the last exclude me from
Thy grace and favour quite;
I come to Thee, while time I have,
And leave and heart to pray,
Discharge for all those faults to crave
Wherein I walk astray.

5 By nature so unsound and base,
My state, my tenures be;
That for a new estate of grace
I now petition Thee;
Even that which my Redeemer bought,
And sealed with His blood;
For though my other deeds be nought,
This deed I know is good.

6 This deed I plead, and by this deed
Would that estate renew,
Which through my deeds is forfeited,
Unless Thou favour show.
Lord! now and whensoe'er I shall
Plead what is mention'd now,
With a release of errors all,
My plea do Thou allow.

7 I guilty am of many crimes,
Which I did foreintend;

And twenty thousand thousand times
I heedlessly offend:
But since myself I do condemn,
And seek my peace in Thee,
Oh let compassion cover them,
That they condemn not me!
8 Blot all my sins out of the book
By my accusers writ;
Upon my follies do not look,
My youthful crimes remit:
My public faults remember not,
My secret failings hide;
And let not mercy be forgot,
Thy servant though Thou chide.
9 Yea, though small feeling of my sins,
My fleshly nature hath,
Till she by some event begins
To feel or fear Thy wrath;
Yet since in spirit I am still
Lamenting for the same,
Impute not unto me that ill
For which I merit blame.

HYMN XCV.

Against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

THIS Hymn craveth assistance against the world, the flesh, and the devil, our most pernicious adversaries. And perhaps the devout use thereof may be a means to make us become so heedful of their natures, that their temptations may be the better avoided.

Sing this as Te Deum.

BLESS'D Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three;
What is there whereof man can boast,
Except Thy love it be?

And save this Anti-trinity,
The world, the flesh, the devil,
What foe on our humanity
Hath power to bring an evil?

2 Those though on them three names they take,
And things distinct appear,
Do but one perfect evil make,
And fellow workers are:
For take but one of them away,
And then the other two,
Accomplish not what else they may
By their damn'd union do.

3 To curb the flesh, and to control
The world and all things there,
Was no great hardship to the soul,
Till Satan did appear;
Yea, Satan and the world had play'd
Their pranks on man in vain,
Had they not by his flesh assay'd
Their purpose to obtain.

4 Without that wanton Delilah,
Our nearest dearest kin,
Their cunning is not worth a straw,
Their hoped prize to win;
And if she may by grace be brought
Her falsehoods to repent,
The other two shall harm us nought,
Whatever they invent.

5 Lord! arm us by Thy triple power,
So charm us by Thy grace,
So watch their practice every hour,
In every secret place;
That they may no advantage have
To take us in their gin;
To fright, to mischief, or deceive,
By tempting us to sin.

6 The world reform, the devil restrain,
The flesh to mortify;
That we the bliss may reobtain
From which they put us by.
Let not our frailties or the spite
Of our malicious foe,
Act more against us than Thy might
And love shall for us do.

7 But since that grace from Thee proceeds
Which doth renew our will,
Lord! ripen it into those deeds
Which Thy commands fulfil:
At least let this our willingness
Accepted be so well,
That Thy imputed righteousness
Our failings may conceal.

HYMN XCVI.

Against Sin and the first suggestions thereunto.

THIS Hymn putteth us in mind to kill the cockatrice in the egg, and not to give willing way to the least appearances or beginnings of evil, lest an unresistable deluge of sin break in upon us.

Sing this as the former.

TAKE heed, my heart, how thou let in,
With approbation or delight,
The first suggestions unto sin,
Or count the smallest error slight:
For entrance if that any shall
Unto those vipers' heads permit;
Without perchance, their bodies all
Soon after in with ease will get.

2 If avarice begin to sprout,
Though first it crave but needful things,
The root and branch it will put out,
From whence all sin and mischief springs:

And they who at the first had thought
A competence alone to crave,
To vast desires at last are brought,
And know not when enough they have.

3 With wanton thoughts if thou shalt play,
Though thou as good as David art,
Adulteries and murders may
Obtain possession of thy heart:
For lustful musings will proceed
To words unclean, and they do soon
Allure to ev'ry loathsome deed
Which by unchastity is done.

4 If sloth begin on us to seize,
At first perhaps it will pretend
But to desire a needful ease,
The tired body to befriend;
Yet, if unheedful we shall grow,
We peradventure may erelong,
Or lose, or hide, or misbestow
Our talents to our Master's wrong.

5 Moreover if we take not care
Aright our liberties to use,
The creatures which our hearts may cheer,
We to our mischief shall abuse:
For he whose robes are always gay,
Doth probably oppress the more;
And he that feasteth ev'ry day
Will give but little to the poor.

6 When to be froward we begin,
A slender fault we reckon that;
Yet anger thereby enters in,
And sometime anger lets in hate:
From hate we quickly do commence
Maliciously inclined to be;
And may become by that offence,
Offenders in the high'st degree.

7 If we our brethren's gifts envy,
We may, as Joseph's brethren did,
Our own endowments lose thereby,
And from bad things to worse proceed:
Yea, those affections which restrain'd
Within their bounds praiseworthy be,
Let loose or overslackly rein'd,
May by degrees our mischief be.

8 Therefore, my soul, fast, watch and pray,
The sins and engines to avoid,
Which to entrap thee in the way,
Thine adversary hath employ'd:
And take thou heed thou let not in,
With approbation or delight,
The first allurements unto sin,
Or count the smallest error slight.

HYMN XCVII.

When our Fancies affright us with Illusions or dreadful Apparitions.

THOUGH few are disposed to sing when they are terrified with fearful visions, yet some have that Christian stoutness; and they who attain not to it may perhaps be strengthened by meditating this charm, either amidst their terrors or before they appear.

BLESS me, O God! and be Thou near
To help me at this dreadful hour;
My heart confirm against my fear,
And guard me by Thy saving power:
I feel my flesh begins to quake,
But Thou my spirit strengthen'd hast,
My heart in Thee dost courage take,
Unto Thy grace it cleaveth fast:
Whereof since I assured am,
My foe thus charge I in Thy name.

2 Foul fiend, avoid and carry hence
Those vain impostures wherewithal
Thou seekest to delude my sense,
And bring my reason into thrall.
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One blessed God in persons three;
Whose favour justly hast thou lost,
Commands thy absence now by me;
Depart, and for thy frightful shows,
Express His wrath unto His foes.

3 By that great God who did not scorn
Our nature, but the same hath took;
By Him that of a maid was born,
By Him whose power thy head hath broke;
By Him that for my ransom died,
By Him that conquer'd death and hell,
By Him who now is glorified
Where all the blessed holies dwell;
By Him I charge that thou forbear
To harm, or put my heart in fear.

4 Depart with all those bugbear sights
Whereby thou dost abuse our sense,
Depart with all the cursed sleights
Whereby thou givest us offence:
Depart with all those crafty gins,
Whereby thy malice doth assay
To tempt us to those damned sins
Which to destruction are the way:
Depart thou to thy herds of swine,
And trouble thou nor me nor mine.

HYMN XCVIII.

For one that hears himself much praised.

As praise is a spur to virtue, so it may poison us with pride and puff us up with self-conceit, if it be not

warily and modestly entertained. Therefore this Hymn showeth with what musings we should prevent such effects when we are commended.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

MY sins and follies, Lord! by Thee
From others hidden are,
That such good words are spoke of me,
As now and then I hear:
For sure if others knew me such,
Such as myself I know,
I should have been dispraised as much
As I am praised now.

2 By me some good perhaps hath been
Perform'd in public view,
But what corruptions are within,
Ashamed I am to show:
My brutish lusts, my secret pride,
My follies yet unshown;
Which from Thy sight I cannot hide,
To others are unknown.

3 The praise, therefore, which I have heard,
Delights not so my mind,
As those things make my heart afeard,
Which in myself I find:
And I had rather to be blamed,
So I were blameless made,
Than for much virtue to be famed,
When I no virtues had.

4 Though slanders to an innocent,
Sometimes do bitter grow,
Their bitterness procures content,
If clear himself he know.
And when a virtuous man hath err'd,
If praised himself he hear,
It makes him grieve and more afeard,
Than if he slander'd were.

5 Lord! therefore make my heart upright,
Whate'er my deeds do seem;
And righteous rather in Thy sight,
Than in the world's esteem.
And if aught good appear to be
In any act of mine,
Let thankfulness be found in me,
And all the praise be thine.

HYMN XCIX.

For one being slandered.

HEREIN the bitterness of a slanderous tongue is perfectly illustrated, and the party grieved is put in mind to whom he should seek for comfort; and by what means he may be best comforted in such an affliction.

Sing this as the former.

O sharp and bitter be the wrongs
Which I do now sustain,
By slanderous and malicious tongues,
That needs I must complain:
The keenest razor cuts not so,
The viper's poison'd sting,
If that it be compared thereto,
Will seem a harmless thing.
2 For these can but the body slay,
The other, more to blame,
Therewith oft likewise takes away
The life of honest fame.
Yea, many times it makes a saint
Impatient to appear;
And in his trials almost faint,
Their stinging words to hear.
3 How then, O God! how can I choose,
But fear or faint outright?

When slanderous tongues my name abuse,
Through malice and despite?
Since though of that I guiltless am
Which to my charge they lay,
My conscience finds I was to blame
As much another way.

4 Lord! hide me from their bitter tongues,
Else hidden let me be
From mine own self and from the wrongs
Which have been done by me.
For I confess that, now and then,
In earnest or in jest,
I utter things of other men
Not fit to be express'd.

5 Sometime through lightness I relate
What love would not reveal,
And pleased am to hear out that
Which malice loves to tell.
Nay, more than once or twice, I fear,
Through envy I have spoke
Invidious things which doubtful were,
And upon trust were took.

6 Repay not, Lord! my guiltiness
According to desert,
Since now mine errors I confess
With true repenting heart:
But let the slanders and disgrace
Which causeless He did bide
Who by no sin defiled was,
My shame and follies hide.

7 So by His meek example taught,
And by His justice clear'd,
These rumours I shall set at naught
Which I have greatly fear'd;
And rather labour to retain
Uprightness in my ways,
Than care to take what fools will feign,
Or what a villain says.

HYMN C.

For one delivered from deserved Shame.

IT is not one of the least mercies to be delivered from open shame, as appears by those who have heaped one sin upon another, and at last laid violent hands on themselves to avoid shame: therefore we ought to be more thankful for this favour, and to remember us thereof this Hymn is intended.

Sing this as the 25th Psalm.

HAD not, O Lord! Thy grace
Vouchsafed my veil to be,
Shame and confusion of my face
Had overwhelmed me;
For though Thy mercies hid
The follies I have wrought,
I do confess those things I did
Which me to shame had brought.

2 For sometimes all alone,
Sometimes with others too,
Those wicked things by me are done
Which few suspect I do.
Nay otherwhile perchance
Of crimes I guilty am,
Whereby my credit I advance,
Whilst others bear the blame.

3 Just cause have I to grieve
That by my secret sin,
I those deceive who do believe
My hands have cleaner been:
And though my fault none know,
Thereat I am so grieved,
That I the shame could undergo,
From guilt to be reprieved.

4 But doubtless to reveal
What Thou dost overpass,
And what Thy mercy doth conceal,
Were to despise Thy grace.
Therefore I do accept,
With meek and thankful heart,
The credit Thou for me hast kept,
Beyond my due desert.

5 And for Thy favour sake,
Vouchsafed in this to me,
I will more heed hereafter take
How clear I ought to be.
Oh! help me to fulfil
This purpose of my mind,
And though I fail to do Thy will,
Lord! fail not to be kind.

HYMN CI.

For one whose Beauty is much praised.

BEAUTY is a temporary blessing, which bringeth advantages and disadvantages, according to their disposition who possess it: therefore this Hymn remembers those who are beloved or commended for that endowment, so to behave themselves that God may receive glory thereby, and that it may not become harmful to themselves or others.

Sing this as the Magnificat.

WELL perceive that God hath limb'd
My brittle body so,
And so my face with features trimm'd,
That thanks, therefore, I owe.
For though myself to overprize,
I apt enough may be;
Yet what I am, by others' eyes,
I somewhat rightly see.

2 I do confess it cheers my mind,
That I those beauties have,
Whereby myself beloved I find,
Where love my heart would crave:
And I suspect the grief had been
Too great for me to bear,
Had I myself so loathed seen
As oft my betters are.

3 Therefore, my God! I were to blame
If Thee I praised not,
For making me the same I am,
And pleased with my lot.
It is no blessing of the least,
Nor unbeseems it me,
That thus in private I confess
What I received from Thee.

4 For beauty is an orator
Which pleads with so much grace,
That to prevail it hath a power
Almost in every place:
It creeping through the lover's eyes,
Takes prisoner now and then
A greater and a fairer prize
Than wealth and wisdom can.

5 I boast of no such braves* as these,
But this I truly say,
It makes me with more joy and ease
To pass my youth away:
And yet I know 'tis but a flower,
Now fair to look upon,
And in the compass of an hour
Defaced quite and gone.

6 Lord! give me grace to prize it so,
And neither more nor less,
As wisdom would, and hallow too,
The features I possess;

* Conquests.

That I may mind how frail and thin
Those outward beauties are,
Which reach not half way through the skin,
Nor long continue there.

7 My reason teach Thou to apply
Her utmost power and wit;
Mine inside so to beautify,
That I Thy love may get.
Let me not proudly tyrannize,
Where I beloved shall be;
Nor those discomfort or despise,
Who less adorned be.

8 Let not my beauties be a mean
Mine own base lusts to feed,
Nor others tempt to an unclean
Or an uncomely deed;
But make my conversation such,
O Lord! I Thee implore;
That they who like my beauty much,
May love my virtues more.

9 So when my fleshly form doth fade,
It shall not grieve my heart,
That things but for a season made,
In their due time depart;
But I shall rather joyful grow,
To feel my soul put on
That which will make a fairer show
Than flesh and blood have done.

HYMN CII.

For one upbraided with Deformity.

To some this is a very great affliction, and they who are sensible of other men's passions will not think it impertinently added, if this Hymn be inserted to comfort such as are upbraided or afflicted through their bodily defects in this kind, and to instruct their despisers.

Sing this as the former.

LORD! though I murmur not at Thee,
For that in other's eyes
I so deformed seem to be,
That me they do despise;
Yet their contempt and their disdain
My heart afflicteth so,
That for mine ease I now complain,
My secret grief to show.

2 Thou know'st, O God! it was not I
Who did this body frame,
On which they cast a scornful eye
By whom I flouted am:
Thou know'st likewise it was not they
Who did their bodies make,
Although on my defects to play,
Occasions oft they take.

3 Then why should they have love or fame
For what they have not done,
Or why should I have scorn or shame
For what I could not shun?
Thy workmanship I am, O Lord!
Though they do me deride;
And Thou by what they have abhorr'd,
Art some way glorified.

4 Therefore since Thou this way hast chose
To humble me on earth,
My imperfections now dispose,
To help my second birth:
Let me in Thee contentment find,
And lovely make Thou me,
By those perfections of the mind
Which dearest are to Thee.

5 Since features none in me appear,
To win a fleshly love,

Let those which prized by others are,
My passions never move;
But quench Thou all those youthful fires,
Which in my breast do burn;
And all my lusts and vain desires,
To sacred motions turn.

6 So though in secret grief I spend
The life that nature gave;
I shall have comforts in the end,
And gain a blessed grave;
From whence the flesh which now I wear,
In glory shall arise;
And fully beautified appear
In all beholders' eyes.

HYMN CIII.

For one legally censured, whether justly or unjustly.

THIS Hymn instructeth us to bear patiently our legal censures, whether justly or unjustly pronounced; because to Godward we are always offenders, though sometimes we are unjustly condemned by men.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

HY should my heart repine at those
By whom I censured am?
Why should I take them as my foes,
By whom I suffer blame?
Were they less just, and I more clear,
Yet righteous were my doom;
Since greater plagues deserved are,
Than are upon me come.

2 If God should bring my secret crimes
And all my faults to sight,

My censure doubled forty times,
Were fifty times too light:
And therefore I with patience bear
The pain upon me brought,
And will hereafter more beware
To do the things I ought.

3 For whether they who urged the laws,
Upright or partial were,
They are not, Lord! th' efficient cause
Of that which I do bear.
Thy are but instruments for Thee,
Thy righteous will to do;
I pardon them, to them and me,
Vouchsafe Thy pardon too.

If the Party be guilty, let this following verse be sung next after the second verse.

Lord! I confess I have abused
Thy justice and Thy grace,
And was deservedly accused,
For what condemn'd I was:
Yet since my faults I do repent,
Accepted let me be;
And having borne the punishment,
The guilt forgive to me.

If the Party be guiltless, let this last verse be left out, and this repeated instead thereof.

I am not guilty of the deed
For which accused I stood,
Yet of correction I had need,
And this may do me good.
Affliction is not sent in vain,
Nor causelessly begins;
But strives to keep off greater pains,
Or to prevent from sins.

HYMN CIV.

After a great Loss.

WE are hereby remembered to take our losses patiently, considering that we deserve not that which is left; and trusting in God's providence and love, we leave all things to His good pleasure without repining.

Sing this as in Sad and Ashy Weeds.

THE talents we possess,
By God's free bounty we enjoy;
And He doth curse or bless,
As well or ill we them employ.
He gives and takes,
As best it makes
To further His intents;
And to fulfil
His blessed will,
Each faithful soul assents.

2 In part I am bereft
Of what His love on me bestow'd;
And yet in what is left,
Great favour He to me hath show'd;
For if my store
Should be no more
Than my deserts have been,
One in distress
More comfortless,
On earth should not be seen.

3 Which when my heart well weighs,
There is no grudging in my mind;
But God I rather praise
For what remaineth yet behind;
Yea, though for all,
He please to call,

I'll freely let it go;
And trust that He,
As need shall be,
Will useful things bestow.

4 Thus am I now inclined,
To me, O God! assistance grant,
That I may keep this mind,
And Thee to friend in ev'ry want:
So whether I,
Sit low or high,
Or shall be poor or rich;
It shall not keep
Mine eye from sleep,
Nor discontent me much.

HYMN CV.

For one that is promoted.

WE may be made heedful and kept mindful hereby, from whom promotion cometh; to what end we should effect it; and with what humility and thankfulness we should possess it.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

BY his endeavours no man may
His own preferment make;
Although he both an eastward way,
And westward courses take:
For having used all his art,
His longings to obtain;
His pow'r, his wisdom, and desert,
Employ'd may be in vain.

2 E'en kings, who are those hills from whom
Promotion seems to flow;
And from whose heights most honours come
To those that are below;

E'en they who, in supremest place,
Preferments use to give;
Can us nor honour or disgrace,
Till God vouchsafes them leave.

3 That therefore, in this place I am,
Whereto I late was raised;
Who should but God, from whom it came,
For that by me be praised?
To whose renown should I my place
And new-got pow'r employ,
But unto His by whose mere grace
This favour I enjoy?

4 Lord! give me wit both to perceive,
And heed all times to take,
That I this grace did not receive
For mine own virtue sake;
Or my ambition to fulfil,
But rather that I might
The better execute thy will,
In doing things upright.

5 Let not my heart be puff'd with pride,
Or brutishly forget
By whom I have been dignified,
And on this height am set;
But make me for it ev'ry day,
So thankful unto Thee,
That from things earthly climb I may,
To those that heav'nly be.

HYMN CVI.

When our Hopes are obtained.

WHEN our hopes are accomplished we are well pleased thereby, and yet are seldom thankful to Him by whom they are obtained, but ascribe overmuch to our own wit or industry: therefore to prevent that ingratitude and impiety, this Hymn is rendered.

Sing this as the former.

MY hope, and those endeavours now
Which I have used therein,
Such good effects begin to show,
As have expected been ;
Therefore my thoughts which many ways
Were busy to that end,
I recollect to sing His praise
Who did my hopes befriend.

2 It was not mine own strength or wit,
Whereby the same I gain'd ;
Deservings which may challenge it,
I have not yet attain'd :
For if my ill deserts were weigh'd
With what hath well been done,
The first would prove, I am afraid,
More heavy ten to one.

3 It is, O Lord ! of Thy mere grace,
That what I have desired,
So happily effected was,
And in due time acquired :
Since Thou art pleased it should be so,
Be likewise pleased in this ;
That nothing which Thou dost bestow,
May be employ'd amiss.

4 And as my virtue did not win
What is conferr'd on me,
So let me not by any sin,
Thereof deprived be :
But whensoever by offence,
I forfeits thereof make,
Vouchsafe to give me penitence,
And me to mercy take.

HYMN CVII.

When our Hopes and Endeavours are made void.

THIS Hymn informeth that when God frustrates our common and vain hopes, we should not be discouraged, but rather be thankful for the comfort they were unto us when we had them, and learn to fix our confidence and hope on God only.

Sing this as the former.

ALTHOUGH that hope is frustrate made
Which lately flatter'd me,
I have not lost the hope I had,
O Lord! my God, in Thee:
Nor were those hopings quite in vain,
Which now seem wholly void;
For while in me they did remain,
They kept my mind employ'd.

2 By that likewise which is bereft,
I have this knowledge won,
That many comforts may be left,
When some one hope is gone;
And that by hopes which profit most,
Disprofits are accrued,
With great disquiet, pains and cost,
If not aright pursued.

3 He that will chase with all his might,
Each hope or new desire,
Is like to him who in the night
Pursues a wand'ring fire:
The last is like to lose his way,
And happy if no worse;
The first if so escape he may,
Shall find an empty purse.
Lord! grant me still, though few succeed,
Some hopes my heart to please;

For to have hopes of what we need,
Is for the time an ease:
Vouchsafe me grace to know how far,
Such hopes may trusted be;
And wit likewise to have a care,
Their failings harm not me.
5 So whether they succeed or not,
This will to pass be brought,
That still some profit will be got,
Though less than first I sought:
And by degrees I shall attain,
To hope in Thee alone;
Who makest no man's hopes in vain,
If Thee he trust upon.

HYMN CVIII.

For Deliverance from private Danger.

So many visible and invisible dangers we are daily liable unto, that without God's continual protection we could be not safe one minute: therefore that we may be remembered to be thankful for our infinite deliverances, this Hymn is made a remembrancer.

Sing this as the former.

A THOUSAND perils ev'ry day,
Ten thousand ev'ry night,
Are over us and in our way,
Which are not in our sight;
And us didst Thou not, Lord! inclose,
And for our safeties watch,
Our earthly or our hellish foes,
Our lives would soon dispatch.
2 From one apparent peril now,
I have been lately freed;

Because compassion Thou dost show,
In ev'ry time of need:
For which, since I no gift can bring
More pleasing unto Thee,
A song of praise my tongue shall sing,
My heart shall thankful be.

3 Oh! let Thine eye be still upon
My purpose and my ways,
Lest by my foes I be undone,
Or by mine own assays:
For I confess that nothing needs
To harm or work me woe,
Save mine own follies, and the deeds
Which I myself may do.

HYMN CIX.

When we are oppressed by extreme Sorrow.

WHEN our souls are much oppressed with sorrow, we vainly seek our consolation in transitory things; and they rather more enrage than assuage our passion: we are hereby, therefore, remembered by what means, and by whom, we shall best be comforted.

Sing this as Te Deum.

MY soul, why dost thou in my breast
With griefs afflicted grow;
Why are my thoughts to my unrest,
In me increased so?
And in thyself by musings vain,
Why dost thou seek for ease,
Since thou still more augment'st thy pain,
By such like means as these?

2 When passion hath enslaved thy heart,
Why seek'st thou comfort there;
When thou deprived of reason art,
What reas'ning cureth care?

The more thy mind by musing thinks
From sorrow's depths to rise;
The further downward still it sinks,
The nearer hell it lies.

3 Let, therefore, hence with speed be thrown
Those thoughts which thee attend,
Before they thither press thee down
Whence no man can ascend:
And let on Him thy musings dwell
Who, in mere love to thee,
Hath dived the depths of death and hell,
That thou might'st eased be.

4 The sorrows He sustain'd were such
As no man's ever were;
His weakest pang had been too much
For strongest hearts to bear.
His bitter passion made Him sweat
No less than drops of blood;
And He, when suff'rings were most great,
Seem'd left of man and God.

5 Yet was not He, as thou hast been,
The cause of His own woe;
But thy transgression and thy sin,
In sorrows plunged Him so.
For shame, therefore, bewail thou not
The scratch which thee hath pain'd,
And leave those mortal wounds forgot,
Which He for thee sustain'd.

6 If His afflictions thou shalt mind,
Thy griefs He will regard,
And ease and comfort thou shalt find
At ev'ry need prepared:
For they who thus affected stand,
And cast their cares on Him,
Have His compassion still at hand,
To help and succour them.

7 Sweet Jesu! for Thy passion sake,
This favour show to me;
Out of my heart the sorrows take
Which therein raging be:
My passion calm, my soul direct,
Her thoughts on Thee to place;
On my much troubled mind reflect
The brightness of Thy face.
8 Yea, let contrition for my sin
So purge out carnal grief,
That joy celestial may bring in
The fulness of relief:
So this my sorrow shall but add
A relish to my joy,
And cause contentments to be had,
Which nothing can destroy.

HYMN CX.

For Deliverance from Sorrow.

GOD'S readiness to afford consolation to all that call on Him faithfully in their sorrows is here acknowledged. His deliverance of us from a particular sorrow is here also confessed to His praise; and He is prayed to vouchsafe us the joys of the Holy Ghost.

Sing this as the former.

EXPERIMENT I now have had
Of what I oft have heard;
That such as overnight are sad,
Next morrow may be cheer'd:
For I that was with grief oppress'd,
And overcharged so,
That I had neither hope nor rest,
Light-hearted now do grow.
2 My drooping soul begins to find
My comforts to increase;

Sweet hopes have repossess'd my mind;
From tears and sighs I cease.
My mournful odes to hymns of praise,
Shall therefore changed be;
And I my voice, O Lord! will raise
In thankful sounds to Thee.

3 For Thou hast cures for ev'ry grief,
Fit salves for ev'ry pain;
And wilt vouchsafe them due relief
Who shall to Thee complain:
To me who lately did lament,
A comforter Thou art;
And hast a cheerful spirit sent
Into my drooping heart.

4 I wish'd for death, and could perceive
In life no hope of ease,
But now content I am to live
Whilst Thou, O Lord! shalt please:
And in my songs I will confess,
Whilst I have tongue to sing,
That all the comforts I possess
From Thee alone do spring.

5 That this new joy may not be lost,
Those joys vouchsafe to me,
Which flowing from the Holy Ghost,
To all the faithful be:
So whatsoe'er external grief
My pilgrimage attends,
I shall within feel that relief
In which all sorrow ends.

HYMN CXI.

For them who are afflicted by the Unkindnesses of their Friends.

FOR them who are of a gentle nature this is a very great affliction; therefore to comfort them who suffer by it, and to take advantage from unkindnesses suffered, to make them sensible of the greater unkindnesses which they offer to Him who suffered for us, this Hymn is prepared.

Sing this as Te Deum.

ALAS! my heart, what meanest thou
With passion thus to ache;
Thy friends' unkindness wherefore now
So sadly dost thou take?
Oh! why afflictest thou thy mind,
For their neglect of thee,
Since to thyself thou art less kind
Than all thy foes can be?

2 The follies which thy conscience knew
Thy ruin would effect,
With greediness thou dost pursue,
And safer ways neglect:
And when thy lovers have advised
What to thy weal pertains,
Their kindness thou hast oft despised,
And scoff'd them for their pains.

3 If they whom thou dost well esteem,
Have ought unkindly done;
Or if but harsh their words do seem,
Thy case thou dost bemoan;
Yet thou forget'st that thou hast wrong'd
Affection far more true;
And One to whom more love belong'd,
Than to all them is due.

4 Thou hast a friend who from thy birth
To thee hath faithful been;
A better never lived on earth,
Nor shall His peer* be seen:
From vile estate He raised thee,
To that which now thou art;
And by His death did set thee free,
When thou condemned wert.

5 To thee great favours He did show,
No other meed† to find,
But that thy weal‡ thou might'st pursue,
And to thyself be kind:
To this intent sweet words He said,
And thee long time did woo,
For thee He wept, and thee He pray'd
Thyself not to undo.

6 Yet froward thou to Him dost prove
Who this affection shows;
Thy heart, thy longings, and thy love,
Thou placest on His foes:
And though He daily seek thy good,
Thy faults forgiving still,
Thou eat'st His flesh, and drink'st His blood,
And bear'st Him small good will.

7 My God! if thus I be to blame,
Which justly I suspect,
No marvel if I grieved am
By those whom I affect;
For why should I from others look
Firm love on earth to find,
Since all my vows I oft have broke
To one so truly kind.

8 Sweet Jesu! let my flinty heart
More tender wax to Thee;
Of Thy afflictions and Thy smart,
More feeling grant Thou me.

* Equal. † Reward. ‡ Benefit.

Yea, let my friends' unkindness bring
Those griefs unto my mind,
Which did Thy heart with sorrow sting,
When man did prove unkind.

9 For when that he who ate Thy bread
Thy precious life betray'd,
When all Thy servants from Thee fled,
When Peter Thee denied;
And when Thy Father hid His face
From Thee in Thy distress,
Ten thousand times more grief it was
Than tongue shall e'er express.

10 Lord! for that great unkindness' sake
Which Thou didst then sustain,
Those thoughts to me more easy make,
Which now my heart do pain:
And since earth's best contentments be
So bitter to my taste,
Teach me to fix my heart on Thee,
Whose love still firm doth last.

11 For if our hearts it almost breaks,
When friends do prove unkind,
What feeleth he whom God forsakes,
What comfort can he find?
Lord! that I never may bewail
This loss, Thy love still deign;
So though all other friendships fail,
I shall not long complain.

HALLELUJAH, OR
BRITAIN'S SECOND REMEMBRANCER,
THE SECOND PART
CONSISTING OF HYMNS TEMPORARY.

THE AUTHOR'S PROTESTATION, PETITION, AND CHARGE CONCERNING THESE TEMPORARY HYMNS.

FORASMUCH as things well intended, and good in their own nature, may be wilfully perverted or misunderstood; and because the great enemy of devotion hath from some of these Hymns, heretofore published, taken occasion to make them unserviceable to others and mischievous to me; yea, and so prevailed, that men contrary in opinion to each other have joined in converting that into a means of my temporal undoing, which I prepared for the spiritual profit of others; I do hereby protest, that I neither approve nor desire to cherish the observation of Jewish, Popish, or of any other superstitious days, times, or seasons: but from the days and times which in our Church and Commonwealth are warrantably and piously observed for the furtherance of our sanctification, or for the better and oftener commemoration of God's mercies. And from those days and times also whereof general notice is yearly taken for civil ends and

purposes, I have rather sought and found opportunities to root out superstition, and to bring to remembrance mercies and benefits, past, present, and in hope, which ought to be more thankfully considered.

Our observation of days, times, and seasons in this Church, is neither Jewish nor Popish; and I unfeignedly believe that if these times of commemoration had not been ordained, fewer by many thousands had heard of those mercies, benefits, and mysteries which we commemorate; and perhaps, if these anniversaries were neglected, many would quite forget them, and the following generations become ignorant of them altogether.

For our Christian festivals, and other observable times, do give unto us occasion to tell, and unto our children the like occasion to ask, why such times are observed; and this was the prime intent and right use, as well of those Jewish Festivals which were observed by Divine right, as of the Days of Purim, and of such other as were ordained by civil constitution; and I am undoubtingly persuaded, that the morality of those observations continues though their ceremonial part be abrogated; yea, I believe they are so exemplary to us, that we are obliged by their example to take all pertinent and convenient occasions from days, times, and every other good opportunity, to commemorate God's mercies and improve our own piety.

I beseech my readers, therefore, by the band of Christian charity, that these meditations may not be made unprofitable unto them by their prejudicating, or suspecting my intentions; or the consequences of these temporary Hymns, to be in any degree guilty of promoting superstitious observations. And I charge them by the fear of

God, and as they will answer it before His judgment-seat, that they make not these meditations unserviceable to others by begetting, through unjust censures, doubts or scruples in weak and devout Christians without a cause.

GEO. WITHER.

HYMN I.

For the Day present, or the Last Day.

THE last shall be first, and the first shall be last; for as the day present is the first of those that are to come, so it is the last of those which are past, and may be to us the last day of all: we have therefore made it an occasion to remember us of that Last Day which no man shall escape.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

SO much who knows that he can say,
His last this minute shall not be?
Or who can tell but that this day,
Will be the last his eye shall see?
And therefore, how far off soe'er
The world's last day from us we place,
The morrow next it will appear,
To him that hath fulfill'd his race:
And sorrow's changes he shall ring,
Or joy's blest hallelujahs sing.

2 How dull! how blind! how mad! therefore,
Are we who now this day enjoy,
And are not sure of one day more,
If we this time shall misemploy!
If we God's voice refuse to hear,

Now us He calls on to repent,
Anon, perhaps, we shall with fear,
Beyond the sounds of grace be sent,
To be confined where damned souls
And Satan rages, roars, and howls.

3 If daily we in sin wax old,
And ev'ry day grow more to blame,
Our Judge how shall we then behold,
When heaven and earth are in a flame?
And if our heart no pleasure takes
To hear Him when in peace He comes,
How shall we bear it when he speaks
In wrath our everlasting dooms;
And says in his inflamed ire,
Depart into unquenched fire?

4 Lord! whilst this day of grace doth shine,
Whilst Thou dost speak to us in love,
So let us mark each word of Thine,
That faithful hearers we may prove:
So let us walk, so let us work,
Whilst this fair daylight is possess'd,
That when death's evening waxeth dark,
Our flesh in hope may sweetly rest,
Until that mortal night be done,
And day immortal is begun.

5 And when time's veil is rent away,
Whereby eternity is hid,
When Thou shalt all things open lay,
Which here we thought, or said, or did;
Among time's ruins bury so
Our failings through our tract of time,
That from these dungeons here below
We to celestial thrones may climb;
And there to our eternal King,
For ever hallelujah sing.

HYMN II.

For the Lord's Day or Sunday.

THIS day God created the light, and distinguished day from night. Upon this day of the week Christ rose from death, and upon this day sent down the Holy Ghost upon His disciples, &c.; and as upon this day God rested from the work of regeneration, therefore the old Sabbath was translated to this day, with every duty which is essentially, and not ceremonially, pertaining thereunto.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm.

GREAT Lord of time, great King of Heav'n!
Since weekly Thou renew'st my days,
To Thee shall daily thanks be given,
And weekly sacrifice of praise:
This day the Light, Time's eldest born,
Her glorious beams did first display;
And then the evening and the morn
Obtained first the name of day.

2 The depth, with darkness black empall'd,
That out of which the world was made,
And which deep waters Thou hast call'd,
Upon this day beginning had:
And as upon this day it was
On which creation was begun,
So on this day Thy work of grace
In ev'ry part was fully done.

3 For on this day Thy Christ arose,
And victor over death became;
This day He conquer'd all His foes,
And put them to perpetual shame:
Upon this day it pleased Thee
Thy sacred Spirit down to send,

That men with gifts might furnish'd be,
Upon Thy gospel to attend.

4 This day, therefore, we set apart
For holy rest and holy rites,
And ev'ry sanctified heart
To celebrate this day delights:
No common works thereto belong,
Except much need requireth so,
Nor will we in a common song,
Present the service which we owe.

5 Therefore, that now to Thee, O Lord!
The fitter off'ring bring I may,
Thus to Thine honour I record,
And sing the blessings of this day:
So let me sing, so mind them still,
And all my life so thankful be;
That when my course I shall fulfil,
Thy grace may draw me up to Thee.

6 Discretion grant me so to know
What Christian Sabbaths do require,
And grace my duty so to do,
That I may keep Thy law entire:
Not doing what should not be done,
Not things omitting which are due;
Nor overburd'ning any one
With Sabbath rites unjust or new.

7 Yea, let me rest my body so,
That to my soul I do no wrongs;
Nor in devotion heedless grow,
What to my body's rest belongs:
But both in soul and body, Lord!
Let me so sanctify this day,
According to Thy holy Word,
That I may rest in Thee for aye.

HYMN III.

For Monday.

ON Monday God made the airy firmament, whereby mankind and every living creature upon earth enjoyeth all the common benefits of nature; and which this Hymn partly commemorateth to the praise of God, for His merciful providence in this day's work.

Sing this as the former.

HIS morning brings to mind, O God!
The making of that airy sphere,
And spreading of that sky abroad,
Whereby we now surrounded are:
It was that fabric which Thy hand
Vouchsafed on this day to frame,
To bound the waters underland
From those which are above the same.

2 This airy firmament both keeps
All breathing creatures here below,
From suffocation by those deeps,
And means of breathing doth bestow:
To us this firmament conveys
Those dews and show'rs which oft we need,
And all those pleasant summer days
Whence profits or delights proceed.

3 Yea, by this firmament we gain
The vision of refreshing light,
And thereby do as well obtain
The use of hearing as of sight:
For this day's workmanship, O Lord!
I praise Thee now, and humbly pray
That I may thankfully record
Thy daily blessings ev'ry day.

HYMN IV.

For Tuesday.

GOD is magnified in this Hymn for separating the land from the waters, and for graciously furnishing the earth with herbs and trees for man's use: for this was that work whereby God manifested His power and providence upon this day of the first week.

Sing this as Te Deum.

WHEN land and sea that mixed were
In one confused mass,
Did first distinguished appear,
As on this day it was;
A creature useful then began
The waters first to be,
And then a dwelling fit for man,
The land was made by Thee.

2 Thou didst likewise the ground command
All fruitful trees to breed,
And cause to spring out of the land
Each herb that beareth seed:
The profit which arises thence,
On man Thou didst bestow;
And he hath reaped ever since
The fruits that yearly grow.

3 This day, therefore, Thou praised art
For Thy preparing grace,
In setting land and sea apart,
To give us dwelling-place:
For what the garden or the field
Doth for our use afford,
And for what woods or orchards yield,
I praise Thee too, O Lord!

4 And, Lord! I pray Thee, since the land
Is fruitful still to me,

And faithful unto Thy command,
Let me be so to Thee:
Yea, since those works are all confess'd
Right good which Thou hast wrought,
By me let one good work at least,
This day to pass be brought.

HYMN V.

For Wednesday.

THE heavens were upon this day first adorned with stars, and with those two great luminaries whereby days and nights, times and seasons, are guided and distinguished: and to praise God for these, and for those many blessings of pleasure, profit, and convenience, thereby enjoyed, this Hymn was composed.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm.

THIS day the planets in their spheres,
And those fair stars which night by night
Have shined so many thousand years,
Received their being and their light:
Upon this day were first begun
Those motions, Lord! by which we know,
How days do pass, how years do run,
And how the seasons come and go.

2 The sun was then ordain'd by Thee
To rule the day, and give it light;
The moon and stars were made to be
The guides and comforts of the night.
For these, therefore, Thy praise I sing,
And for the blessings which to man,
The sun, the moon, or stars do bring,
Or brought since first the world began;

3 For interchange of nights and days,
For winter, summer, spring, and fall;
For all of these I give Thee praise,
For Thou gav'st being to them all:
When sun, or moon, or star, I view,
Let them so make me think on Thee,
That as days, weeks, and years renew,
I may renew my thanks to Thee.

HYMN VI.

For Thursday.

THE waters upon this day of the first week were made fruitful in fish and fowl, for an addition to man's profit. Upon this day our blessed Redeemer began His most bitter passion for our sins; this day He instituted the Sacrament of His Last Supper; promised the Holy Ghost our comforter; prayed for us; uttered many divine precepts, counsels, and caveats* for the instruction and consolation of His Church; all which are here commemorated.

Sing this as the 22nd Psalm.

LORD! that there might no vacant place
In all this world be found,
But that the riches of Thy grace
Might ev'rywhere abound;
This day the waters had command,
Both fish and fowl to breed;
That sea and air as well as land,
Might help in time of need.
2 And as if all these dainties, Lord!
For us too little were,
Which land, and sea, and air afford,
Enlarged Thy bounties are:
For as upon this day, O Christ!

* Intimation, or notice.

Thou gavest Thyself to be
The bread of life to ev'ry guest
That shall believe in Thee,
3 Thy promise on this day was made
The Holy Ghost to send;
This day we many counsels had
From Thee our blessed friend:
The evening likewise of this day
Began Thy bloody sweat,
And Thee that night he did betray
Who feasted on Thy meat.
4 Therefore in ev'ry week of days
I just occasions find,
Thee for this fifth day's works to praise,
And keep the same in mind.
Lord! let me always mindful be
To praise Thee to my pow'r;
Since I have cause to think on Thee,
And thank Thee ev'ry hour.

HYMN VII.

For Friday.

THE beasts of the earth, and all creeping things, were made upon this day; mankind this day received being from the dust of the earth; and upon this day of the week, the Son of God suffered on the cross for our salvation; all which are to God's glory, commemorated in this Hymn.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

THE sixth day's light may weekly bring
Such things of moment still to mind,
That hymns and songs of praise to sing,
I many just occasions find:

For ev'ry little worm I see,
And ev'ry beast I look upon,
Remembrances are made to me
Of that which on this day was done.

2 As on this day these first were made,
As on this very day likewise,
That root whence I my being had,
Out of the dust did first arise:
And though our grandame was the same
Which beasts and worms to light did bring,
Man by God's grace this day became
Chief Lord of each created thing.

3 This day, moreover, when by sin,
Possessions, honours, life, and all,
For ever forfeited had been,
God had compassion on our fall:
And that we might not be undone,
Without all hope to cure our loss,
Upon this day His only Son
Did suffer for us on the cross.

4 This day the scorn, the spite, the pain,
Which I deserved to endure,
My blest Redeemer did sustain,
That I might saving health procure:
This day with nails His flesh was torn;
This day the spear did wound His side;
This day He wore a crown of thorn;
This day for me my Saviour died.

5 Lord! let the mercies of this day,
No day hereafter be forgot;
Let not an hour quite pass away
Wherein Thy servant minds them not:
At least vouchsafe that whilst I live,
I may record them once a week;
And let this Hymn occasion give,
That other men may do the like.

HYMN VIII.

For Saturday.

UPON this day, God rested from the works of creation; upon this day Christ rested in the grave after He had finished the painful works conducing to the restoration of mankind: therefore meditations tending to the praise of God, in the commemoration of these mysteries, which are the effect of this Hymn.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

HE that can in a moment's space,
Build worlds as He shall please;
And needeth neither time nor place
To work or take His ease:
This globe to furnish and to frame,
Did six days' leisure take;
And having finished the same,
A resting day did make.

2 When likewise His chief creature was
By Satan's wiles undone;
He limited the work of grace
A certain time to run:
And He who did regenerate,
The selfsame day did rest,
Which He who all things did create
Had for that reason bless'd.

3 Within His grave upon this day,
Our Saviour did repose,
And took the sting of death away
When He from thence arose:
This day the rigour of the law
Began to be allay'd,
And that which kept in servile awe,
Now makes us not afraid.

4 Upon this day each Jewish rite,
Both death and burial had;
Their Sabbath was abolish'd quite,
And ineffectual made;
For why should we the types embrace,
Or in their shades abide,
When their true substance comes in place,
Which they but typified?

5 The Father's rest this meaning had,
That while time's course did last,
Here no new creatures should be made,
When six days' works were past:
The resting of His blessed Son,
Declares that never more
Should either suffer'd be or done,
Offenders to restore.

6 Lord! let me also now begin
A holy rest to make;
Let me from all the works of sin
My rest for ever take;
Let so my lusts be mortified,
In Christ so bury me,
That I with Him who for me died,
To life may raised be.

7 As long as either weeks or days
To me shall be renew'd,
Let that which may advance Thy praise,
Be still by me pursued:
And when the evening and the morn
My last of days hath made,
Let me in peace to Thee return,
From whom I being had.

HYMN IX.

For Days of Public or Private Humiliation.

IN private or public fasting days, some are desirous to express their spiritual passions in holy song; and because many men's affections are best moved to a zealous performance of such devotions, by a mournful melody, these following meditations are prepared for that purpose.

Sing this as the former.

SOUL spirits may our hearts possess,
As Christ Himself did say,
From which no man can us release
Unless he fast and pray:
And so both sins and plagues there be,
Whose cure we may despair,
Until, O Lord! we come to Thee
By abstinence and prayer.

2 Not that our suff'rings, suits, or cries,
Can merit what they crave,
But that we may the better prize
The pity we would have:
And that by such a discipline,
Our flesh the better may
Submit unto those laws divine,
Which all men should obey.

3 For what, O Lord! avails it Thee,
If we repent or not?
If we or full or fasting be,
What profit hast Thou got?
That Thou art pray'd, that Thou art praised
The good is ours alone;
And that to joy we may be raised,
Thou sometime let'st us moan.

4 Our pain Thou tak'st no pleasure in,
Or to behold our tears;
But that they might prevent the sin
Which bringeth endless cares:
To see Thy people feast or sing,
And merry still remain,
To Thee much more delight would bring,
If they could sin refrain.

5 Since Thou so gracious art, O Lord!
So graceless why are we;
And why so backward to afford
More pleasing fruits to Thee?
Oh! grant since Thou requirest nought
From us but for our bliss,
That nought may more of us be sought,
Than thanks to yield for this.

6 Forgive then all that is misdone,
Neglected, or missaid;
Remove the judgments now begun,
Keep off the plagues delay'd:
And that Thy mercy justly may
Our fears and fall prevent,
Sincerely let us ev'ry day
Our daily sins repent.

7 For swine-like, to the miry bog
If we again return,
Or to our vomit like the dog,
In vain we fast and mourn:
Nay worse will our estate become,
For when expulsed sin
Re-enters to a cleansed room,
It sev'nfold guilt brings in.

8 With us, Lord! let it not be so,
But more upright each day,
More sanctified let us grow,
More wary in our way;

That we may pass our future days
Without offence or blame,
In holy mirth and songs of praise,
In honour of Thy name.

HYMN X.

Another for the like Times.

THIS Hymn contains an humble confession of our guiltiness in the breach of the whole moral law; and in our own abuse of the law of grace also, with an earnest desire that God would have mercy upon us.

PLUNGED in grief, and in distress,
Humbly we intend, O God!
Our transgressions to confess
In a sadly sounding ode.
At Thy footstool we appear,
Grieved for our follies past;
And until our suits Thou hear,
No refection we will taste:
Heed with gracious eyes, we pray,
Our condition, Lord! this day,
And wipe all our sins away.

2 Thou, O God! e'en Thou art He,
Who from Egypt mystical,
When as there enslaved were we,
Freely didst redeem us all:
For which grace a vow we made,
Thee to serve as God alone;
Yet we other gods have had,
And forgot what Thou hast done.
We as deities adored
Things more fit to be abhorr'd;
Yet have mercy on us, Lord!

3 Though we know that on Thy foes

Dreadful plagues Thou dost inflict,
And that Thou art kind to those
Who Thy just commands respect;
Yet of Thee our fancy feigns
Likenesses which like Thee not,
And ideas in our brains,
To Thy wrong are oft begot:
Idol-makers we have been,
Our chief zeal we spend therein,
Lord! have mercy on our sin.

4 In Thy name we were baptized,
And Thy name, O Christ! we bear,
But that grace we have not prized
As thereby obliged we are:
We have took on us in vain
That great name which we profess;
And yet seem in hope to gain
Thy acceptance ne'ertheless:
Many ways we are to blame,
By profaning of Thy name;
But, O Lord! forgive the same.

5 In our hearts it was impress'd,
Though corruption blurs it now,
That we should to man and beast
Times of needful rest allow:
And lest froward nature might
This great moral take away,
To preserve that common right,
Hallow'd was the seventh day:
But this great precept we deprave,
This great law we broken have,
And for this we mercy crave.

6 We our parents honour not,
As Thy precepts do command,
Neither those who us begot,
Nor the fathers of this land:

Nay, our ghostly parents oft,
Who in us would grace beget,
For their love are jeer'd and scoff'd,
And their words at nought are set:
Of this fault we now have sense,
Oh! forgive that great offence,
Lest Thy justice root us hence.

7 We of murders are not clear,
Though no blood our hands have spilt;
For in us those passions are
Which have drawn on us that guilt:
Hate and wrath in us are found,
Cruel thoughts and sland'rous tongues,
Which ofttimes our neighbours wound,
With no less than murd'rous wrongs:
Doubled-dyed in blood are we;
For, O Christ! we murder'd Thee;
Yet now pardon'd let us be.

8 We adulterers have been,
Lustful hearts and wand'ring eyes,
Make us many ways unclean,
Which no sight but thine espies;
Both by deeds and words unchaste
Soil'd in soul and flesh we are,
And have greedily embraced
Pleasures which unlawful were:
Cleanse us, Lord! from ev'ry spot,
Youthful sins remember not,
But oh! let them be forgot.

9 Many ways we rob and steal,
More than ev'ry neighbour knows,
And with few so justly deal
In performance as in shows:
By deceit or else by force,
On our brethren's right we seize,
And although they bring a curse,

Stolen waters greatly please:
But now, Lord! we do repent;
Therefore what Thy justice meant,
Let Thy mercy still prevent.

10 Falsehood we have testified,
When the truth we should have said;
God and man we have belied,
And the righteous cause betray'd:
Whence to others often springs
Not loss temporal alone,
But in everlasting things
Some are by our lies undone.
Lord! we now lament these wrongs,
Therefore pardon what belongs
To false hearts and lying tongues.

11 Thanklessly we have repined
At what is on us bestown;
And in others' lots we find
More delight than in our own.
And such longings are the cause
Of increasing our offence;
Yea, the breach of all Thy laws,
And all folly flows from hence:
Lord! with grace our hearts inspire,
To confine each loose desire,
Or to quench that hell-bred fire.

12 We have broke before Thy face,
Not Thy law of works alone,
But against Thy law of grace
We have oft and much misdone:
In an humble fast, this day,
At Thy feet we therefore fall:
Hear us, heed us, Lord! we pray,
And forgive our errors all;
Let this day of penitence
Blot out ev'ry past offence,
And remove Thy judgments hence.

HYMN XI.

For a Day of Public Rejoicing.

IT is usual upon days of rejoicing to express more folly than thankfulness to Him who hath vouchsafed the cause of our exultation: therefore to rectify that oversight, and to direct our mirth to the glory of God, this Hymn is provided.

Sing this as the Magnificat.

LORD! Thou hast fill'd our hearts with joy,
And that hath moved our tongues,
Their tuneful voices to employ
In singing praiseful songs:
Rejoicings in our dwellings are,
With mirth our cups are crown'd,
And shouts of gladness ev'rywhere
Throughout our streets do sound.

2 Lord! whence comes all this merriment,
Whence flows it but from Thee,
From whom all pleasant things are sent
To those that thankful be?
Our faithful hopes Thou hast made good,
Thou hast made void our fears;
Our foes' desire Thou hast withstood,
And dried up all our tears.

3 Let not this joy by fires and bells,
By noise alone be known;
By feasts or healths, but some way else,
And better ways, be shown:
Yea, since Thy mercy from on high
This joy on us bestow'd;
Let works of mercy sanctify
The gladness we have show'd.

4 Let us to those that are distress'd
A word of comfort speak;

Relieve the needy and oppress'd,
Add strength unto the weak:
So God will change our outward mirth
To such internal joy,
That nothing whilst we live on earth
Our comfort shall destroy.

HYMN XII.

For the Birthday of any Man or Woman.

THEY who observe their birthdays, which many anciently have done and some yet do, may hereby be remembered of such meditations as are pertinent to this Anniversary; and God may be thereby the more often praised for our temporal being.

Sing this as the former.

LORD! on this day Thou didst bestow
A breathing life on me;
This day an actor here below,
I first begun to be:
And but few rounds the sun hath made,
Since I that now am here,
No portion of an essence had,
Except in Thee it were.

2 But now there is a part of me,
And, Lord! from Thee it springs,
That shall both named and number'd be
With everlasting things:
And that which time doth wear away,
Time's ruin will restore,
To be rejoin'd thereto for aye,
When time shall be no more.

3 We now are Thy probationers,
And as we run this race,

The life which is to come prefers
To honour or disgrace:
And they which here the pathway miss
That unto virtue tends,
Shall find no means nor hope of bliss,
When this brief lifetime ends.

4 Another year is now begun,
And yet I do not see
How for the time which forth is run,
I can account to Thee:
For I confess I have misspent,
My longings to fulfil,
The times which unto me were lent
To execute Thy will.

5 And in the days which are behind,
Behind if any be,
What profit can I hope to find,
What will they pleasure me?
Since though time past I might redeem,
So much that work will cost,
As, first or last, my time will seem
In hazard to be lost.

6 Lord! let this day of my first birth,
Occasion yearly give
To keep me mindful, why on earth
My being I receive:
And of my second birth, likewise,
So mind Thou me thereby,
That I to life may not arise,
A second death to die.

7 But let this day and all the days
Which I hereafter view,
Employed be to give Thee praise,
To whom all praise is due:
And thus let no man say of me,
When I to dust return,
Oh! well with him now would it be,
If he had ne'er been born.

HYMN XIII.

For the Fifth of November.

THIS day we commemorate the admirable deliverance of this Kingdom from the terrible destruction and massacre, intended by the damnable powder treason to have been executed this day of the year; and from which God, upon this day, graciously preserved prince and people, by discovering the same. To His praise for that deliverance this Hymn is dedicated, and may be most movingly sung in dialogue wise.

Voice 1.

WHEREFORE are the songs of praise
Which now ev'rywhere do sound?
Since among the solemn days,
This of old hath not been found.

V. 2. This is that known day wherein
Fiends, ascending from below,
Raised by the Man of Sin,
Sought to slay us at a blow.

Both. Taught by their infernal sire,
Britain's fall they did conspire,
Both by sulphur and by fire.

V. 1. Wherefore do the people sing,
As when they in triumph are,
If so sad, so vile a thing,
For this day designed were?

V. 2. God that is this island's guard,
Did this day contrive it so,
That the net for us prepared,
Brought the mischief on our foe.

Both. And this day which hell and Rome
Thought to make our day of doom,
Their confusion did become.

V. 1. Who were they who had the hopes
To effect so black a deed?
V. 2. Twelve Apostles of the Popes,
True professors of his creed.
V. 1. For begetting such a birth,
To those monsters what befell?
V. 2. Death deserved here on earth,
And what else we cannot tell.
Both. If repentance found no grace,
They are howling in the place
Where their plot first brooded was.
V. 1. How was their damn'd purpose known,
Ere their ends they could effect?
V. 2. By a writing of their own,
Which God made them misdirect.
V. 1. When was that base plot foreseen,
And where was that peril found?
V. 2. When it should have acted been
In a dungeon under ground.
Both. None but God could set us clear
From a danger and a fear
So in secret and so near.
V. 1. God, and none but God, indeed,
Could have saved a nation so;
V. 2. None but God at such a need
Could have hinder'd such a blow.
V. 1. None but God shall therefore share
In the honour of the same;
V. 2. None save they who traitors are,
Will refuse to praise His name:
Both. Lord! our souls desirous be,
To ascribe all praise to Thee,
And Thy love confess will we.

HYMN XIV.

For the King's Day.

THE first day of the King's is yearly solemnized in this kingdom; partly that the people might assemble to praise God for the benefits received by their Prince, and partly to desire God's blessing upon him and his government; which duties being well performed in due time would prevent the mischiefs which attend on tyranny and rebellion.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

LORD! when we call to mind those things
Which we should ask of Thee,
Rememb'ring that the hearts of kings
At Thy disposing be;
And how of all those blessings which
Are outwardly possess'd,
To make a kingdom safe and rich,
Good princes are the best:

2 When this we mind, Thy name to praise
Our hearts inclined are;
For Him, O Lord! whom Thou didst raise,
The royal wreath to wear:
And we intreat that He may reign
In peaceful safety long,
Thy faith defender to remain,
And shield Thy truth from wrong.

3 With awful love and loving dread,
Let us observe him, Lord!
And as the members with their head,
In Christian peace accord;
Then fill him with such princely care,
To cherish us for this,
As if his heart did feel we are
Essential parts of his.

4 Let neither party struggle from
The duties it should own,
Lest each to other plagues become,
And both be overthrown:
For o'er a disobedient land
A tyrant Thou wilt set;
And they who tyrant-like command,
Rebellion shall beget.

5 When that ill spirit once is rear'd
Which tyranny doth teach,
Or when that devil hath appear'd
Which doth rebellion preach;
In vain to either party then,
Their dangers we foreshow;
Or plead the laws of God or man,
For blind and mad they grow.

6 With wilful fury they run on
To execute their will;
Not caring what be said or done,
Or whom they rob or kill:
And settled peace we seldom see
Return to them or theirs,
Till rooted from the land they be
By sickness, death, or wars.

7 Permit not, Lord! so sad a doom
Upon these realms to fall;
And that on us it may not come,
Remit our errors all:
Yea, let the party innocent,
Some damage rather take,
Than by self-will or discontent
A greater schism to make.

8 Teach us who placed are below,
Our callings to apply,
And not o'er-curious be to know
What things are done on high:

Teach him uprightly to command,
Us rightly to obey,
That both in safety still may stand,
And keep a lawful way.
9 When kings' affairs we pry into,
Ourselves we oft beguile;
And what we rather ought to do,
Is left undone the while;
Whereas if each one did attend
The course wherein they live,
And all the rest to Thee commend,
Then all should better thrive.
10 Our minds, O Lord! compose Thou thus,
And our dread Sovereign save;
Bless us in him, and him in us,
That both may blessings have:
Yea, grant that many years we may
This Hymn devoutly sing,
And mark it for a happy day
Wherein he first was King.

HYMN XV.

For the Day of the Solemnity belonging to the Knights of the Garter.

THIS Hymn was composed for the festival belonging to the Knights of the Garter, solemnized upon the day anciently dedicated to St. George the Martyr: it encourageth to brotherly love and unity, by a divine illustration alluding to that in the 133rd Psalm.

SEE, brethren, what a pleasing bliss
It is our lives in love to lead;
It like that precious ointment is
Which once anointed Aaron's head,
And thence along his beard did flow,
E'en to his garment-skirts below.

O Lord! this chrism sweet
Pour on our Sovereign's crown,
Till thence unto his feet
The same shall trickle down.

2 Lord! like those droppings let it prove
Which did on Hermon's top distil,
And like the dews which from above
Descended once on Sion's hill,
For peace and plenty flourish there,
Wherever these diffusions are:
Lord! therefore let them fall
On ev'ry noble hill;
And ev'ry humble dale
With peaceful plenties fill.

3 Our Sovereign is as Hermon hill,
His princes are as lower heights,
When graces down on him distil,
On them a blessing also lights;
And thence they further downward flow,
Refreshing those that are below:
Let thus for ever, Lord!
Thy grace diffused be;
And let us all accord
In truly serving Thee.

HYMN XVI.

For Anniversary Sermon Days.

DEVOUT persons have to sundry places left means to procure Anniversary Sermons to be there preached, on such or such days of the year; and perhaps it might further their founders' good intentions, if this Hymn were then sung.

Sing this as the 23rd Psalm.

THE sun hath since we last were here,
Quite through the zodiac run;
And on this day another year
Is happily begun:
To God, therefore, this anniverse,
In honour of His name,
With heart and voice we do rehearse,
And praise Him in the same.

2 For, Lord! if thanks men owe to Thee
For those who give them bread,
Sure Thou for them shouldst praised be
By whom our souls are fed:
And we desire this due to pay
For them who did prepare
The means whereby we meet this day
Thy blessed Word to hear.

3 Bless Thou this means, and suffer not
Thy voice to sound in vain;
Let not those lessons be forgot
Which to our weal pertain:
But so let us improve this grace,
Which yearly is conferr'd,
That we leave off that lawless race
In which we long have err'd.

4 For days and years if we still add
Unto a wicked course,
We shall proceed from being bad,
To be a great deal worse;
And ev'ry day and year wherein
Thy grace Thou tender'd hast,
Shall help to aggravate our sin,
And to condemn at last.

5 This to prevent, let what we hear,
And have this day been taught,
Somewhat improve us, ere this year
About again be brought:
That neither this day's pious gift,
Nor Thy good seed be lost,
But rather by our Christian thrift
Repay this pains and cost.

HYMN XVII.

For Anniversary Marriage Days.

SOME married persons take delight, either alone or with a neighbour or two, to commemorate yearly the day of their marriage; and for that private commemoration this Hymn is prepared.

Sing this as the 25th Psalm.

ORD! living here are we
As fast united yet,
As when our hands and hearts by Thee
Together first were knit;
And in a thankful song
Now sing we will Thy praise,
For that Thou dost as well prolong
Our loving as our days.

2 Together we have now
Begun another year,
But how much time Thou wilt allow,
Thou mak'st it not appear:
We therefore do implore,
That live and love we may
Still so, as if but one day more
Together we should stay.

3 Let each of other's wealth
Preserve a faithful care,
And of each other's joy and health,
As if one soul we were:
Such conscience let us make,
Each other not to grieve,
As if we daily were to take
Our everlasting leave.

4 The frowardness that springs
From our corrupted kind,
Or from those troublous outward things
Which may distract the mind;
Permit Thou not, O Lord!
Our constant love to shake,
Or to disturb our true accord,
Or make our hearts to ache.

5 But let these frailties prove
Affection's exercise,
And that discretion teach our love
Which wins the noblest prize:
So time which wears away,
And ruins all things else,
Shall fix our love on Thee for aye,
In whom perfection dwells.

HYMN XVIII.

For an Anniversary Funeral Day.

BECAUSE there are some whose passionate affections make them resolve to keep private anniversaries in memorial of dear friends deceased, this Hymn was intended to direct them to those musings which at such times will make their commemorations more pious and more profitable; if it be a woman which is commemorated, let the word *her* be used instead of *him*.

Sing this as In Sad and Ashy Weeds.

THE day is now return'd
Which in memorial of my friend,
When first for him I mourn'd,
To set apart I did intend;
'Tis now a year
Since for my dear,
This yearly rite was done;
And I as yet,
Do not forget
My losses to bemoan.

2 I must indeed confess,
That though to love still true I am,
My passions now are less,
And that my grief is not the same;
For time assures
More perfect cures
When sorrow woundeth man,
Than all the pow'rs
Of herbs and flow'rs,
Or human reason can.

3 Thy name, O God! I praise,
That Thou by time hast eased me so,
For doubtless length of days
Without Thy mercy lengthens woe:
When Thou dost please
From pain to ease,
We in a night return;
And when we grieve,
Thou must relieve,
Or we shall ever mourn.

4 That yearly rite, therefore,
Which to my friend my passion vow'd;

Shall honour him the more,
If on Thy praise it be bestow'd,
And if this day
Will pass away
In thankful thoughts of Thee,
Which once I meant
To have mispent
In griefs that fruitless be.

5 Nor is my friend forgot,
Though thus I turn from him to Thee;
The less I love him not,
Though now I sing Thy love to me:
Whilst Thee I mind,
In Thee I find
My friend again revived;
When him alone
I think upon,
I for one dead am grieved.

6 The virtues of this friend
Within myself let me improve,
And to that noble end,
Cause his memorial me to move;
For if we stray
From their just way
Whom we in life approved,
Those whom we seem'd
To have esteem'd,
We never truly loved.

7 Lord! I am drawing near
To his estate whom I bemoan;
Yea, nearer by a year
Than when this duty last was done:
And still I come
The further from
The state I did deplore,
As nearer to

That state I grow
Which equals rich and poor.
8 Vouchsafe, O God! I pray,
That hence removed when I shall be,
In Thee behold I may
All those that were beloved of me;
Yea, let none here
To me be dear,
But those whom I shall find
Enjoy that love
In heaven above
Which they on earth should mind.

HYMN XIX.

For the Spring-time.

GOD Almighty in the spring-time reneweth the blessing of the year, for the sustentation and refreshment of our bodies; and this Hymn teacheth by what meditations we should sanctify the blessings of this season to God's glory, and the refreshment of our souls.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

ALTHOUGH he knows it putrifies,
Who can so faithless be to doubt,
His body shall from death arise,
When time's widest wheel is whirl'd about?
Since ev'ry time in which the sun,
His yearly progress doth renew,
And round about the zodiac run,
We many resurrections view.
2 The leafless branch, the branchless root,
The seed that lifeless seem'd to be,
And lies contemned under foot,
Becomes a lively springing tree:

Yea, that which was no other thing
But dung, or dust, or mud, or slime,
Takes warmth and motion from the spring,
And lives at least all summer-time.

3 Why pine we then when we perceive
The winter of an ill success,
Of every means doth us deprive,
That should our daily need redress?
Since we behold each bush and bough,
That storms or frosts had plucked bare,
Gets leaves again with blossoms now,
And in their season fruit may bear.

4 That which the winter wasted had,
The spring beginneth to restore;
The promise which long since God made,
Observe He will for evermore:
The times of harvest and of seed,
Of summer, winter, spring and fall,
Each other duly shall succeed,
Whilst heaven and earth continue shall.

5 The groves which lately naked stood,
A comely suit of green do wear;
The meaner plants do freshly bud,
The meads with flow'rs embroider'd are:
The sun our daylight doth prolong,
The flocks their younglings forth do bring,
The heat begins to wax more strong,
The birds in ev'ry bush do sing.

6 To Him, therefore, who year by year
Vouchsafeth to remember us,
And for our profit ev'rywhere
Reneweth His good creatures thus:
To Him be praise; and I implore,
That as increased His blessings be,
So grace and virtue more and more
May ev'ry day increase in me.

HYMN XX

For Summer-time.

In this Hymn God is praised for the blessings which He vouchsafeth by the summer-season, and wherein the year is in the height of His glory, that by good meditations the pleasures and profits thereof may be sanctified and made comfortable unto us.

NOW the glories of the year
May be viewed at the best,
And the earth doth now appear
In her fairest garments dress'd:
Sweetly smelling plants and flowers
Do perfume the garden bowers;
Hill and valley, wood and field,
Mix'd with pleasures, profits yield.

2 Much is found where nothing was,
Herds on ev'ry mountain go,
In the meadows' flow'ry grass
Makes both milk and honey flow;
Now each orchard banquets giveth,
Ev'ry hedge with fruit relieveth;
And on every shrub and tree
Useful fruits or berries be.

3 Walks and ways which winter marr'd,
By the winds are swept and dried;
Moorish grounds are now so hard,
That on them we safe may ride:
Warmth enough the sun doth lend us,
From his heat the shades defend us;
And thereby we share in these,
Safety, profit, pleasure, ease.

4 Other blessings, many more,
At this time enjoy'd may be;

And in this my song therefore,
Praise I give, O Lord! to Thee:
Grant that this my free oblation
May have gracious acceptation,
And that I may well employ
Ev'rything which I enjoy.

HYMN XXI.

For Autumn.

GOD is here praised for the mercies and benefits vouchsafed unto us in autumn, wherein we reap the chief reward of our outward yearly labours: and it becomes us, once at least, in so profitable a season to remember so gracious a benefactor.

Sing this as the Lord's Prayer.

WHAT spring and summer did produce,
Now in perfection doth appear;
For autumn ripen'd hath for us
The fat and sweetness of the year;
And offers up a timely crop
To him that labour'd long in hope.

2 The youthful freshness of the spring,
And summer's beauties are decay'd,
Yet we have now more cause to sing
Than if they longer time had stay'd;
For though the blossom pleasures had,
It is the fruit which makes most glad.

3 Preserved from nipping frosts and storms,
From starving droughts and chilling rains,
From blastings, and from weeds and worms,
A goodly portion yet remains;
Which, if we lose it not by sin,
Stands ready to be gather'd in.

4 O Lord! Thy holy name we bless,
That such fair likelihoods we gain,
Those needful profits to possess
For which we have bestow'd our pain:
Let nothing interpose to mar
The good whereof we hopeful are.
5 Permit not that which we acquire,
Impair'd or spoiled to become
By vermin, floods, thieves, frosts, or fire,
Or by ill husbandry at home;
Nor let us wastefully destroy
What we discreetly should enjoy:
6 But let the harvest of this year
So warn us how the latter end
And harvest of our life draws near,
That we our callings may attend;
Employ aright what we receive,
And thanks for all Thy blessings give.

HYMN XXII.

For Winter.

WINTER is an emblem of old age; and this Hymn remembers that from this season we take occasion to be mindful of our latter end, and to meditate such other things also as may be brought to our consideration by this unpleasant season.

NOW the earth begins to mourn,
And hath lost her summer pride,
Her fair dressings, lately worn,
Now are wholly cast aside,
And the trees that clothed were,
Fruitless, leafless, naked are.
2 Pleasures from our groves are gone,
No delights the meadows yield,

Little profit now or none
Comes from valley, hill, or field;
For the greatest wind that blows
Threat'neth floods, or frosts, or snows.

3 Earthly things thus pass away,
And in compass of a year,
Of a month, a week, or day,
Many changes do appear;
That in love we might not grow
With our trifles here below.

4 They who while the spring doth last,
Or while summer doth remain,
Or ere harvest quite be past,
By their labours nothing gain;
May in winter those things need
Which their flesh should clothe and feed.

5 They who spend their youthful prime
In unprofitable ways,
And fool out their healthful time,
Till the winter of their days;
Shall be sure when they are old,
To be hunger fed and cold.

6 Or if these this plague escape,
Live they shall, still clothed and fed,
To incur their worse mishap,
Who lament when they are dead;
And their sentence to abide
Who their talents lose or hide.

7 Praise, O God! I give to Thee,
That I likely means have got
Of those things that needful be,
Now the season yields them not;
And possess a warm abode,
When discomforts are abroad.

8 Still vouchsafe me so Thy grace,
That I still endeavour may,

Whilst I have both time and place,
To prevent an evil day;
And what may not shunned be,
To endure, Lord! strengthen me.

HYMN XXIII.

For Ember Weeks.

THESE are our public fasts, kept at the four seasons of the year, that by a Christian humiliation we might move Almighty God to vouchsafe the needful blessings of the season, to strengthen our constitutions against the humours then predominant, and to be pleased that they who are called to the ministry of the Gospel, may be faithful and fit labourers for His vineyard. For the Lord's Day next every of these Fasts are the times which were anciently appointed, for laying hands on such as were called to that office.

Sing this as the Lord's Prayer.

HOU dost from ev'ry season, Lord!
To profit us advantage take;
And at their fittest hours afford,
Those gifts for which requests we make:
At winter, summer, fall, or spring,
Thou dost confer each needful thing.

2 A part, therefore, from each of these
Religiously hath been reserved,
By pray'rs and fastings to appease
That wrath which often is deserved;
Lest else Thou for our many crimes,
Destroy the blessings of the times.

3 Vouchsafe that our devotions may
With true sincereness be perform'd;

And that we may not for one day,
But all our lifetime be reform'd;
And mortify each lust and sin
Which we have loved and lived in.

4 Our constitutions temper so,
That whatsoever humours reign,
They nor impair nor overthrow
That health which we might else retain;
Or if the season sickness brings,
Lord! comfort us in other things.

5 And since these Churches do appoint
These times their pastors forth to send,
Lord! let Thy Spirit them anoint,
That they Thy flocks may well attend:
Yea, Lord! let those who called be,
And those that call be bless'd of Thee.

6 Inform the one, O blessed Lord!
Whom they should for Thy service choose,
Confirm the other by Thy Word,
And so to both Thy grace infuse,
That both in words and works they may
Persevere in a blessed way.

HYMN XXIV.

For Rogation Week.

THIS is called Rogation of Rogando, and from the public supplications then made; for about that time princes go forth to war, the hope of plenty is in the blossom, the air is most subject to infection, voyages by land and sea are undertaken, and many other things require that public supplications should be made. It is our custom also in many places to visit our parish boundaries, that contentious suits may be thereby prevented, and if in such neighbourly perambulations, this or the like meditations were publicly sung as we walk through the fields, it would not be an unprofitable practice.

Sing this as the Lamentation, or the Ten Commandments.

LORD! it hath pleased Thee to say,
That when we prayed in Thy name,
And prayed as we ought to pray,
We should from Thee obtain the same:
We therefore humbly pray Thee now,
That to the suits which we do make,
Thou pleased wouldst be Thine ear to bow,
And hear us for Thy mercy sake.

2 Let not the seasons of this year,
As they their courses do observe,
Engender those contagions here
Which our offences do deserve:
Let not the summer worms impair
The bloomings of herb, flow'r, or tree,
Nor blastings or distemper'd air
Destroy those fruits that hopeful be.

3 Domestic jars expel Thou far,
And be so pleased our coasts to guard,
That horrid sounds of inbrought war
Within our confines be not heard:
Continue, likewise, here Thy Word,
And make us thankful, Lord! we pray,
That famine, pestilence, and sword,
Have been so long withheld away.

4 As we are heedful to observe
The certain limits of our grounds,
And outward quiet to preserve,
Walk yearly round our parish bounds:
So let us take a comely care,
Our souls' inheritance to know,
That no encroachments may be there
Obtained by our subtle foe.

5 What pleasant groves! what goodly fields!
What fruitful hills and dales have we!
How sweet an air our climate yields!
How stored with flocks and herds are we!
How milk and honey overflow!
How clear and wholesome are our springs!
From ravenous beasts how safe we go!
How free from poisonous creeping things!

6 For these, and for our grass, our corn,
And all that springs from blade or bough;
For all those blessings which adorn
Wood, stream, or field, this island through:
For all of these Thy praise we sing,
And humbly we petition too,
That we to Thee fruits forth may bring,
As unto us Thy creatures do.

7 So in the sweet refreshing shade
Of Thy protection sitting down,
The gracious favours which we had,
Relate we will to Thy renown;
Our children too when we are gone,
Shall for these mercies honour Thee,
And famous make what Thou hast done
To those which after them shall be.

HYMN XXV.

For the Advent Sundays.

THE Advent Sundays are so called, because at those times the several advents, or comings of Christ, were commemorated; and the people were instructed concerning those advents; and what they are this Hymn showeth.

Sing this as the Lord's Prayer.

WHEN Christ, our Lord, incarnate was,
Our brother then He came to be;
When into us He comes by grace,
To be our spouse then cometh He;
And comes, when He shall come again,
To judge both dead and living men.

2 Despair will then all those confound,
That His first comings disregard;
And those who till the trumpet sound
Are misemploy'd and unprepared:
Yea, cursed pleasures they will prove,
Which out of thought these comings drove.

3 The Jews abjected yet remain,
Because His advent they denied;
The foolish virgins knock'd in vain,
Because they did not oil provide;
But they still safe and blessed are
Who for His comings do prepare.

4 Lord! so prepare us for that feast
Which keeps our Saviour's birth in mind,
That He with us may be a guest,
And we with Him acceptance find,
When that great advent shall appear
Which wicked men and devils fear.

5 Oh! come, Lord Jesu, come away!
And though the world it shall deter,
Let that Thy kingdom come, we pray,
Whose coming carnal men defer;
And let us wait for, with delight,
That advent which Thy foes doth fright.

HYMN XXVI.

For the Nativity of Christ.

THIS day is worthily dedicated to the memorial of our Saviour's Nativity, by which unspeakable mystery the Godhead and Manhood appeared admirably united in one person, without confusion of natures, or possibility of separation, to the inexpressible benefit of mankind; and of that mystery somewhat is touched in this Hymn.

AS on the dawning of this morn,
To shepherds blessed angels told,
Where in a stable He was born
Whom neither earth nor heav'n can hold,
And Bethlehem streets as on this day,
Of these most happy tidings rung,
A troop of angels in array,
A hymn of glory also sung:
Chor. With angels thus, therefore, sing we,
To God on high all glory be;
His favour let mankind obtain,
And let on earth His peace remain.

2 Hereby we great advantage had,
Us to exalt He low was laid,
To strengthen us He weak was made,
To clothe us He was disarray'd:
Our flesh He took to cure our guilt,
Our griefs He felt to give us rest,
To save our lives His blood was spilt,
Our curse He bore to make us bless'd:
Chor. With angels thus, therefore, sing we,
To God on high all glory be;
His favour let mankind obtain,
And let on earth His peace remain.

3 The bush did flame yet burned not,
The fleece was moist where fell no rain,
A son was on a maid begot,
Which did a virgin still remain;
Her seed hath broke the serpent's head,
Whereby our bruises now are heal'd;
The lamb had of the wolf no dread,
And God and man are reconciled.
Chor. With angels thus, therefore, sing we,
To God on high all glory be;
His favour let mankind obtain,
And let on earth His peace remain.

HYMN XXVII.

Another for the same Day.

SINCE the Godhead vouchsafed so to honour the Manhood as to become united thereunto, we are by this Hymn remembered not to despise those who are of the same nature with us, but rather humbly to descend to others for their good; and to endeavour the reparation of our nature by striving to conform it unto Christ.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

SINCE all of us near kinsmen be,
Descended from one stem,
Why brutishly inclined are we
Our brethren to contemn?
He that both heaven and earth did frame,
Our nature did not scorn;
But being God, a man became,
And of a maid was born.
2 This, men and angels wonder'd at,
As with good cause they may,

This, therefore, to commemorate,
We set apart this day:
This day we make an anniverse,
That favour to record,
And to our children to rehearse
The mercies of the Lord.

3 That moment whereon God decreed
To do as he foresaid,
Enabled was the woman's seed
To break the serpent's head:
And Jesus Christ to satisfy
For our accused crimes,
Vouchsafed both to be born and die
At His appointed times.

4 By Him newborn so let us be,
To sin so let us die,
That we may live with Him where He
Is now enthroned on high:
As He the Godhead for our sake,
With Manhood did array,
On us His nature let us take
As fully as we may.

5 Whereto we nearest shall attain,
When we do mercy show,
And strive those longings to restrain
Which flesh and blood pursue:
We are assured, O Saviour Christ!
Thine incarnation may
Our nature hereunto assist;
Assist, therefore, we pray.

HYMN XXVIII.

For the Circumcision, or New Year's Day.

OUR Church solemnizeth this day, in memorial of our Saviour's Circumcision; that, taking notice how

soon He began to shed His blood for us, and to smart for our sins, we might be the more thankful for the same; and be provoked to repentance, by considering how easy a Sacrament He hath left for our initiation into His Church, instead of that bloody one.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

CHRIST! this day Thy flesh did bleed,
Mark'd by the circumcising knife,
Because the law for man's misdeed
Required that earnest of His life:
Those drops presaged that show'r of blood
Which in Thine agony began,
And that great show'r foreshow'd the flood
Which from Thy side next morrow ran.

2 Lord! let Thy smart make us repent,
And circumcised hearts desire,
Yea, by that milder Sacrament
Which follow'd this Thy grace inspire:
For he that either is baptized,
Or circumcised in flesh alone;
Is but as one uncircumcised,
Or as an unbaptised one.

3 The year we now anew begin,
And outward gifts received be;
Renew us also, Lord! within,
And make us new year's gifts to Thee:
So let us with the passed year
Our old affections lay aside,
That we new creatures may appear,
And in Thy faith and fear abide.

HYMN XXIX.

For Twelfth Day, or the Epiphany.

THIS day is celebrated in remembrance of the admirable manifestation of our Saviour's birth, and we therefore call it the Epiphany, or Manifestation. It was first discovered from heaven by angels, and a heavenly host; to the Gentiles by a star in the east; He was afterward manifested by the vision of the Holy Ghost descending on Him like a dove, and by a voice from heaven; He was also manifested by His doctrine and miracles.

Sing this as the Lord's Prayer.

THE first which brought the blessed news
That Christ on Him our nature took,
Were certain shepherds of the Jews,
Which did by night attend their flock:
That they might verified behold
What by their prophets was foretold.

2 The second means whereby, O Christ!
The world of Thee inform'd became,
Was by a star which in the east
Inform'd the Gentiles of the same;
That heathen men might learn to see,
The book of creatures shows them Thee.

3 A voice and vision from above,
And many wonders wrought below,
This wondrous news did further prove,
And have to all confirm'd it so,
That faithless if we now appear,
We worse than Jews and ethnics* are.

4 Lord! let Thy pastors and Thy grace
Our guiders and directors be,
As angels and a star once was
To aid in manifesting Thee;

* Pagans.

And let us Thee confess, O Christ!
Our King, our Prophet, and our Priest.

5 With Bethlehem shepherds let us feast
Our souls with joy, that found Thou art,
And with the wise men of the East
Let us express a joyful heart;
The song of angels let us sing,
And presents of thankgiving bring.

6 Tears which from true repentance drop,
Instead of myrrh from us receive;
For incense which they offer'd up,
Unfeigned praises let us give;
And bring for gold each pious deed
Which doth from saving faith proceed.

7 And as the wise men never went
To visit wicked Herod more,
So finding Thee, let us repent
The course we follow'd heretofore;
And let us homeward learn to go
That way which Thou shalt please to show.

HYMN XXX.

For the Day of the Purification.

THE blessed Virgin Mary having fulfilled the days of her purification, according to the law, presented both her Son and her appointed offspring in the Temple: this anniversary is to commemorate her exemplary obedience, and the presentation of our Saviour.

Sing this as the Lord's Prayer.

NO doubt but she that had the grace
Thee in her womb Lord Christ to bear,
And did all woman-kind surpass,
Was hallow'd by Thy being there:

And sure the birth could not pollute
Where holiness became the fruit.

2 Yet in obedience to Thy law,
Her purifying rites were done;
That we might learn to stand in awe,
How from Thy discipline we run:
For souls they have unpurified,
Where due obedience is denied.

3 Oh! keep us, Lord! from judging vain,
What by Thy Word Thou shalt command:
Let us nor censure nor complain
On what we do not understand;
And guide Thy Church that she may still,
Command according to Thy will.

4 With pious uniform consent,
Let us Thy praises ever sing,
And keep that seamless robe unrent,
For which profaneness lots would fling:
Preserve us in Thy love and fear,
From our pollutions always clear.

5 And as Thy blessed mother went
That holy and beloved maid,
Thee in Thy Temple to present,
With perfect human flesh array'd;
So let us unto Thee be brought
With heavenly graces fully fraught.

6 Yea, let Thy Church our mother dear,
Within whose womb newborn we be,
Before Thee at her time appear,
To give her children up to Thee:
And, Lord! receive as hallow'd things
Her and that offering which she brings.

HYMN XXXI.

For the Time of Lent.

THIS observation was first instituted partly to commemorate our Saviour's miraculous fasting, whereby He satisfied for the gluttony of our first parents; partly to cool the blood which at this time of the year is subject to be inflamed to the endangering of our health; but it was chiefly ordained to prepare us rightly to meditate the Passion of our Saviour, which is usually commemorated at the end of our Lent. The abstinence from flesh at this season, is only a civil ordinance for the better increase and preservation of the creatures upon the land, for our temporal profit.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

HY wondrous fasting to record,
And our unruly flesh to tame,
A holy fast to Thee, O Lord!
We have intended in Thy name:
Oh sanctify it so, we pray,
That honour may redound to Thee;
And so dispose us, that it may
To our advantage likewise be.

2 Let us not grudgingly abstain,
Nor secretly the gluttons play;
Nor openly for glory vain,
This useful discipline obey:
But let us fast as Thou hast taught,
Thy rule observing in each part,
With such intentions as we ought,
And with true singleness of heart.

3 So Thou shalt our devotions bless,
And make this discipline to be
A means those lustings to suppress,
Which hinder us in serving Thee:

And though our strictest fastings fail
To merit of themselves Thy grace,
Yet they to make for our avail,
By Thy deservings may have place.

4 True fastings helpful oft have been,
The wanton flesh to mortify;
But they take off no guilt of sin,
Nor can we merit aught thereby:
It is Thine abstinence, O Christ!
And Thine alone that merit must;
For when our works are at the best,
We perish if in them we trust.

HYMN XXXII.

For the Annunciation.

THE Church dedicates this day to commemorate the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, who was about this time of the year saluted by the angel Gabriel: it mindeth us to praise God for the inexpressible mystery of our Saviour's conception, which was the happy news brought unto His mother by that angel.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm.

UR hearts, O blessed God! incline
Thy true affection to embrace,
And that humility divine,
Which for our sakes vouchsafed was.
Thy goodness teach us to put on,
As with our nature Thou wert clad;
And so to heed Thy favours done,
That we may praise Thee and be glad.

2 For Thou didst not alone depute
Thy holy angel from above,
An humble virgin to salute
With an embassage of Thy love;

But Thou these glories laying by,
Which none hath pow'r to comprehend,
Didst also then most wondrously
Into that virgin's womb descend.

3 Vouchsafe Thou, likewise, Thy respect
To our despised and low degree;
And, Lord! oh do not us neglect,
Though worthy of contempt we be:
But by Thy messengers prepare,
And hallow so our hearts, we pray,
That Thou may'st be conceived there,
And that faith's fruits bring forth we may.

HYMN XXXIII.

For Palm Sunday.

PALM Sunday is called so, because it commemorates the day wherein Jesus Christ rode in triumph to Jerusalem, His way being strewed with garments and branches of the palm-tree. It was, indeed, the day of proclaiming Him King, though few considered it, as the Friday following was the day of His coronation; and worthily are these mysteries remembered this day.

Sing this as the Magnificat.

WHEN Christ unto Jerusalem,
To suffer, meekly rode,
The ways and streets were then for Him
With palm and robes bestrow'd;
And though the steed He did bestride
Was but a silly ass,
Hosanna to the King, they cried,
As He along did pass.

2 His glory and His royal right
Through poverty did shine;
And show'd, in earthly pomp's despite,
A majesty divine.

For though His greatest foes did frown,
He exercised His power,
Till He Himself did lay it down
At His appointed hour.

3 Possession of His house He got,
The merchants thence expell'd;
Yea, though the Priests did rage thereat,
He there His lectures held;
And they in wit or faith were dull
Who doubted what he was,
When deeds they saw so powerful,
By weakness brought to pass.

4 Lord! when to us Thou drawest nigh,
Thee let us learn to know;
And to receive Thee joyfully,
Though mean in outward show.
Yea, though the rich and worldly-wise,
When we Thy praise do sing,
Both us and Thee therefore despise,
Declare Thyself our King.

HYMN XXXIV.

For Thursday before Easter.

ON this day Christ instituted the Sacrament of His Last Supper; washed his disciples' feet; prayed for them and all the faithful; instructed, warned, exhorted, counselled and comforted them before His approaching death, and resurrection, &c. In commemoration of these, and other pertinent circumstances preceding His passion, we do yearly observe this day.

Sing this as the Lord's Prayer.

HOLY sacrament this day,
To us thou didst, O Lord! bequeath,
That by the same preserve we may
A due memorial of Thy death;

And that we might thereby to Thee
Mysteriously united be.

2 Thy holy supper being done,
Thou washedst Thy disciples' feet,
Thereby informing every one
What lowliness for those is meet,
Who Thy disciples would be thought,
Thy practice following as they ought.

3 This day thou didst moreover spend,
To counsel, comfort, and to pray,
That Satan might not gain his end,
While death removed Thee away:
Then, as by Thee it was foresaid,
That night Thy servant Thee betray'd.

4 Yea, they that night from Thee did fly
Who promised constant to abide;
Even he who vowed for Thee to die,
With oaths and curses Thee deny'd:
To show that we soon fall from grace,
If in ourselves our trust we place.

5 Sweet Jesus! teach us to conceive
What grief thou felt'st when Thou didst hear
Thy vowed friend his faith to leave,
And in Thy presence Thee forswear;
That we our vows may better keep,
And for our past denials weep.

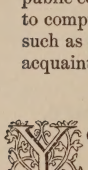
6 Lord! every passage of this day
Within our hearts engrave thou so,
That we thereby remember may
Our duties faithfully to do;
And let our love, O God! to Thee,
In life and death unchanged be.

HYMN XXXV.

For Friday before Easter.

This day we memorialise the insufferable Passion of Jesus Christ, who about this time of the year, and on this day of the week, was despitefully crucified by Pilate and the Jews: every day we ought to meditate the same. But this day most congregations meet in a public commemoration thereof, to provoke each other to compunction of heart, and to give an occasion to such as are heedless or ignorant thereof, to be better acquainted therewith.

Sing this as the 51st Psalm.



OU that regardless pass along,
And are unmindful of this day,
Give ear unto my doleful song,
And heedful be what now I say;
A tragic story sing I shall,
Which nearly doth concern us all;
The like was never heard before,
Nor shall be told for evermore.

2 The noblest prince that e'er wore crown,
Beyond all baseness was abused;
The truest friend that e'er was known,
Worse than the cruel'st foe was used:
He, that offended not in aught,
By deed, by word, or by a thought,
Tormented was for all the crimes,
Of present, past, or future times.

3 They for whose grief He sadly wept,
Pursued His life who sought their good;
To mischieve* Him strict watch they kept,
And thirsted for His precious blood:
Yet He continued loving still,
To them repaying good for ill;

* To do him mischief.

Yea, them when He might have o'erthrown,
To save their lives He gave His own.
4 They who most friendship should have shown,
With deep unkindness pierced His heart;
He made His dear affection known,
And they despised His desert;
For Him they snares and engines laid,
With shows of love they him betray'd,
And swords and staves, as to a thief,
They brought to apprehend their chief.
5 Him they exposed to all disgrace,
They buffet Him for just replies,
They spit their filth into His face,
Against Him falsehoods they devise;
For being silent Him they blame,
For speaking truth they do the same;
They jeer, they scorn, they Him revile,
And He sits quiet all the while.
6 His garments then from Him they stripp'd,
So sad a sight was never seen,
And their true Prince with rods they whipp'd,
As if a bondslave He had been:
In purple then they clothed Him,
And for a princely diadem,
They crown'd Him with a wreath of thorn,
And called Him their King in scorn.
7 To view Him in so sad a plight,
In them it could no pity breed;
But they rejoiced at the sight,
And in their malice did proceed:
Away with Him, away, they cried,
And call'd to have Him crucified;
Yea, rather than they Him would save,
Unto a murderer life they gave.
8 A weighty cross upon His back,
Late rent with wounds, they rudely laid,

Which He to bear did undertake,
Till Him that burden overweigh'd;
The Son of God, the life of men,
Unto that cross they nailed then,
And in the view of all the throng,
By His torn hands and feet He hung.

9 Could I in words His pain relate,
As to my heart the same appears,
Each hearer would be moved thereat,
To shed, at least, a shower of tears;
For, when His torments were at height,
They still pursued Him with despite,
And still, whate'er they did or said
To torture Him, for them He pray'd.

10 He was abused or left of all,
Some did His pious works deride,
To comfort Him some gave Him gall,
Some flouted when to God He cried:
Few seem'd so touched with His grief
As was one tender-hearted thief,
And he who to conclude His smart
Did thrust a javelin to His heart.

11 Although His love immortal were,
It was our flesh that then He wore,
Which could not endless torments bear;
Thereon their spite prevail'd therefore.
And then the Lamb, foretypified
By that which for young Isaac died,
Gave up the ghost, and so defray'd*
Our debt, which we could ne'er have paid.

12 His death, though much it moved not man,
Did make the sun his light restrain,
The fixed earth to quake began,
The temple-veil was rent in twain;
It caused the hardest rocks to crack,
The closets of the dead it brake,

* Cancelled.

And of their graves they did arise,
And show themselves to mortal eyes.
13 Then did His foes begin to fear,
Which fear in some despair begot;
Some were amazed, some hopeful were,
Some raged, and relented not.
His friends, whose faith this trial shook,
Renew'd lost hopes, new courage took,
Yet feared more than they believed,
Till Him revived they perceived.
14 Let all of us who present be,
With loving hearts this Prince embrace,
For by His death alive are we,
And by His pains we gained grace:
In Him whom Pilate crucified
All this was truly verified;
In Him, therefore, so let us live,
That life eternal He may give.
15 Our sins did help, as on this day,
With whips and thorns to make Him smart;
They help to take His life away,
Our want of love did wound His heart;
And though the Jews' despite we blame,
We were partakers in the same.
Oh! let us now partake no more
In their offence, as heretofore.

HYMN XXXVI.

For Easter Day.

THIS day is kept in memorial of our Saviour's blessed Resurrection, whereby the Church as members with their head, began a joyful triumph over sin, death, and the devil. And this annual commemoration was thought helpful, both to stir up thankful rejoicings in those to whom this is known, and to be a means also to make some take knowledge of it who are yet strangers to these mysteries.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm without the Chorus.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
And therein joyful we will be;
For from the black infernal shade,
In triumph back return'd is He:
The snares of Satan and of death
He hath victoriously undone,
And His opposers forced He hath
His triumphs to attend upon.
Cho. This is the day the Lord hath made,
Come, let us now therein be glad.

2 The grave, which all did once detest,
And thought a dungeon full of fear,
Is now become the house of rest,
And no such terrors harbour there;
For Christ our Lord hath took away
The horrors of that loathsome den,
And, since His resurrection-day,
The faithful find no fears therein.
Cho. This is the day the Lord hath made,
Come, let us now therein be glad.

3 His bitter mocks, His painful smart,
Hath praise and ease for us procured;
And to our joy we may convert
What He with broken heart endured.
His body now is made a food,
Our fainting spirits to refresh,
And we are by His precious blood
Refined both in soul and flesh.
Cho. This is the day the Lord hath made,
Come, let us now therein be glad.

4 His wounds that were both deep and wide,
To us the caves of refuge are;
There from pursuers we may hide,
And 'scape our life's destroyer there.

Now know we that, as was foretold,
His flesh did no corruption see,
And that hell wanted strength to hold
So strong and blest a Prince as He.
Cho. This is the day the Lord hath made,
Come, let us all therein be glad.
5 Oh! let us praise His name, therefore,
Who this renowned conquest won,
For we had else for evermore
Been everlastingly undone.
Whereas embolden'd now we grow,
Triumphantly to say or sing,
O hell! where is thy conquest now?
And where, O death! is now thy sting?
Cho. This is the day the Lord hath made,
Come, let us now therein be glad.

HYMN XXXVII.

For Ascension Day.

AFTER our Saviour was risen from the dead, and had many times showed Himself to His disciples, He ascended visibly up into heaven in their presence: in memorial of which ascension, and to praise God for so exalting the human nature, we celebrate this day.

Sing this as the 117th Psalm.

O God, with heart and cheerful voice,
A triumph-song we sing,
And with true thankfulness rejoice
In our almighty King.
We to His glory will record,
Who are but dust and clay,
What honour He did us afford
On his ascension-day.
2 The human nature, which of late
Beneath His angels was,

He called up from that estate
Unto a higher place.
For at man's feet all creatures bow,
To him they subject be;
And at God's right hand throned now,
In glory sitteth He.

3 Our Lord and brother who put on
Such flesh as this we wear,
Before us up to heaven is gone,
Our places to prepare:
Captivity was captive then,
And He doth from above
Send ghostly presents down to men,
For tokens of His love.

4 Each door and everlasting gate
To Him hath lifted been,
And in a glorious wise thereat
Our King is enter'd in:
Whom if to follow we regard,
With love and leave we may,
For He hath all the means prepared,
And made an open way.

5 Then follow, follow on apace
Our Captain to attend,
In that supreme and blessed place
Whereto He did ascend;
And for His honour let our voice
A shout so hearty make,
That heaven may at our joy rejoice,
And hell's foundation shake.

HYMN XXXVIII.

For Pentecost, or Whitsunday.

At the Jews' Pentecost, which was the fiftieth day after their Pasche,* and the Resurrection of Jesus

* Passover.

Christ, the Holy Ghost, our Comforter, was miraculously sent down upon the disciples, in a visible form; replenishing them with spiritual gifts, for the edification of His Church. We therefore observe this day in remembrance of that mystery.

Sing this as the former.

WE do acknowledge Thee, O Lord!
Upright in all Thy ways,
And that the firmness of Thy word
Well merits endless praise.
For as by Thee it was made known,
Before Thou hence didst go,
Thou sent'st thy Holy Spirit down,
Thy favours to bestow.

2 While Thy disciples in Thy name
Together did retire,
The Holy Ghost upon them came
In cloven tongues of fire;
That in their calling they might be
Confirmed from above,
As Thou wert, when He came to Thee
Descending like a dove.

3 Whereby they who unletter'd were,
And fearful till that hour,
Inspired with prudence did appear,
And fortified with power.
Yea, gifts He gave so manifold,
That since time's round begun,
A wonder never hath been told
Which did exceed this one.

4 Oh, let this blessed Spirit, Lord!
To us Thy servants here,
A portion of that grace afford
Which doth in Thine appear:
To us Thy dove-like meekness lend,
That humble we may be,

And by Thy pure white wings ascend,
Our Saviour Christ to see.
5 Like cloven tongues vouchsafe, we pray,
So to descend again,
That saving grace we publish may,
And preach down sin in men:
Yea, let Thy sanctifying fire
Inflame us from above,
Burn up in us all vain desire,
And warm our hearts with love.
6 Be pleased likewise to bestow
On us Thy sacred peace,
That unity may stronger grow,
And our debates decrease:
Which peace if any do contemn,
Reformed let them be;
That we may, Lord, have part in them,
And we and they in Thee.

HYMN XXXIX.

For Trinity Sunday.

AFTER the Arian heresy had troubled many with doubts concerning the mystery of the blessed Trinity, it seemed convenient to some churches that one day should yearly be set apart, both to commemorate and instruct us concerning this mystery. To which end we observe the Sunday next after Whitsunday, and others, the Sunday next before the Advent.

Sing this as the Lord's Prayer.

THEY, O thrice Holy Three in One
Who seek Thy nature to explain,
By means to human reason known,
Shall find their labour spent in vain,
And that they might contain as well
The British ocean in a shell.

2 More, therefore, than we may conceive,
We will not curious be to know,
But rather, when Thou bid'st believe,
Obey, and let vain reasoning go.
For far more sure faith's objects be,
Than those which reason's eyes do see.

3 Yet as by looking on the sun,
Though to his essence we are blind,
And by the course we see him run,
We may of him true notions find;
So what thy brightness doth conceal,
Thy Word and works in part reveal.

4 Most glorious Essence, we confess
In Thee, whom by faith's eyes we view,
Three Persons, neither more nor less,
Whose workings them distinctly show;
And sure we are those persons Three,
One God, and but one Godhead be.

5 The sun a motion hath, we know,
That motion shows to us his light;
The heat proceedeth from those two,
Each works its proper works aright:
The motion draws out time a line,
The heat doth warm, the light doth shine.

6 But though this motion, light, and heat,
Distinctly by themselves we take,
Each in the other hath its seat,
And but one sun these three do make;
For whatsoe'er the one will do,
It worketh by the other two.

7 So in the Godhead there is knit
A wondrous threefold truelove knot,
And perfect union fastens it,
Though flesh and blood conceive it not;
And what is by One Person done
Is wrought by all the Three in One.

8 Their works They jointly do pursue,
Though They their offices divide,
And though, as things distinctly due,
Some attributes may be applied;
For One in substance They are still,
In virtue one, and one in will.

9 Eternal all these Persons be,
And yet eternal there's but One;
So likewise infinite all Three,
Yet infinite but One alone.
And neither anything doth miss
Which of the Godhead's essence is.

10 In Unity and Trinity,
Thus, O Creator, we adore
Thine everpraised Deity;
And Thee confess for evermore,
One Father, one begotten Son,
One Holy Ghost, in Godhead one.

HYMN XL.

For All-Saints' Day.

THIS day we commemorate the mystery of the Communion of Saints, which shall be made perfect when the Holy Trinity, the angels and all the holies and blessed elect of God shall be incorporated into a joyful, and unspeakable, and inseparable union, in the kingdom of heaven, which the Almighty hasten. *Amen.*

Sing this as the former.

NO bliss can so contenting prove
As universal love to gain,
If we, with full requiting love,
Could such affection entertain;
But such a love the heart of man
Nor comprehend nor merit can:

2 For though to all we might be dear,
Which cannot in this life befall,
We discontented should appear,
Because we had not heart for all;
That we might all men love, as we
Beloved would of all men be.

3 For love in loving joys as much
As love for loving to obtain;
The perfect love is alway such,
And cannot part itself in twain,
Or love receive, but where it may
With truest love true love repay.

4 Love cannot in itself be two,
The object of true love, therefore,
An unity is, which cannot grow
To be in essence two or more.
In rivals' loves no love is known,
And love divided loveth none.

5 By love in fraction vex'd are we
Whilst here on earth we do remain,
And if in heaven such love could be,
Sure heaven would be a place of pain,
And saints, perhaps, would jealous prove
Of God's or of each other's love.

6 But He whose wisdom hath contrived
His glory with our full content,
Hath from Himself a means derived,
Our love's distractions to prevent;
One body of all saints He makes,
And for His bride that one He takes.

7 So every member doth obtain
Full love from all, returning too
Full love to all of them again,
As members of one body do!
None jealous, but all striving how
Most love to others to allow.

8 For as the soul is all in all,
And all through ev'ry member too,
Love, in that body mystical,
Is as the soul, and fits it so:
Uniting them to God as near
As to each other they are dear.

9 The love they want to entertain,
Such overflowing love as His,
He adds, which they return again,
To make up love which perfect is;
That He may His own love employ,
And both find perfect love and joy.

10 The seed of this content was sown
When God the spacious world did frame,
And ever since that seed hath grown,
To be an honour to His name.
And when the saints are sealed all,
This hidden truth unseal He shall.

11 Meanwhile, as when woods, hills and seas,
In landscape shadow'd forth we show,
And therewithal our fancies please,
Though we their substance do not view;
So, contemplation's map may show
Dim sights of that which we shall know.

12 And though our hearts too shallow be
That blest communion to conceive,
Whereof in heaven we shall be free,
Let us on earth together cleave;
Since none shall taste that blessing there,
But they who live in union here.

13 There all those angels we admired,
With every saint since time begun,
Whose love and sight we have desired,
Shall joined be with us in one;
And we and they, and they and we,
To God Himself espoused shall be.

14 Oh! therefore let us watch and pray,
With lamps and oil still so prepared,
That on the Lamb's great marriage-day,
We be not from this wedding barr'd;
But find a free admittance there,
Where God and all His holies are.

HYMN XLI.

For St. Andrew's Day.

THIS day we praise God for the benefit which His Church obtained by the calling and ministry of His apostle Andrew: and we are hereby remembered so to observe his readiness to follow and preach Christ, that we may be stirred up to imitate the same.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

HILST Andrew, as a fisher, sought
From pinching want his life to free,
Christ call'd him, that he might be taught
A fisherman of men to be.
And no delay therein he made,
Nor questioned his Lord's intent;
But quite forsaking all he had,
With Him that called gladly went.

2 Would God we were prepared so
To follow Christ when He doth call,
And could as readily forego
Those nets which we are snared withal.
Yea, would this fisherman of men,
Might us by his example move
To leave the world, as he did then,
And by our works our faith approve.

3 But precepts and examples fail,
Till Thou, O Lord! Thy grace inspirest;

Vouchsafe it, and we shall prevail
In whatsoever Thou requirest:
Yea, we shall then that good perceive
Which in Thy service we may find,
And for Thy sake be glad to leave
Our nets, and all our trash behind.

HYMN XLII.

For St. Thomas' Day.

WE set apart this day to praise God for the ministry of His apostle St. Thomas, and that occasion may be thereby given to strengthen our faith, by an annual commemoration of that part of the evangelical story which mentioneth as well this apostle's doubtings as the confirmation of his faith, by a sensible demonstration of Christ's resurrection.

Sing this as the Lord's Prayer.

WHEN Christ from death to life did rise,
And Thomas heard that wonder told,
He said he would not trust his eyes,
Though Him they living should behold,
Till with his fingers he had tried
His pierced hands and wounded side.

2 His gracious Master did permit
The proof his frailty sought to take,
That others might assurance get
Of that whereof he doubts did make;
And we more strength by him have got
Than by their faith who doubted not.

3 O blessed God, how wise thou art!
And how confoundest Thou Thy foes!
Who their temptations dost convert
To work that end which they oppose;
When Satan seeks our faith to shake,
The former he the same doth make.

4 Still when to sin he tempteth us,
To his confusion let it be;
To our advantage turn it thus,
And let it bring us home to Thee;
Yet let us hate and shun all sin,
As if our mischief it had been.

HYMN XLIII.

For St. Stephen's Day.

STEPHEN was one of the seven deacons mentioned in Acts vi. and the first martyr of Jesus Christ. He powerfully maintained the Gospel by dispute, and sealed the truth with his blood: for which God is glorified by this day's observation, and others by his exemplary constancy remembered.

Sing this as the former.

LORD! with what zeal did Stephen breathe
Thy truth to such as him withstood!
How stoutly did he meet his death,
To seal Thy Gospel with his blood!
This constancy Thy grace hath crown'd,
And by so dying, life he found.

2 Much love did in that saint appear,
When for his murderers he sued;
And faith had made his eyesight clear,
When Thee enthroned in heaven he view'd!
In torments he true patience kept,
And died as if he had but slept.

3 With his hot zeal our hearts inflame,
So kind, so constant let us be,
In life so let us praise Thy name,
In death so let us look on Thee;
And when our sleep in death we take,
With him to life let us awake.

HYMN XLIV.

For St. John the Evangelist's Day.

WE solemnize this day to praise God for His blessed evangelist and beloved disciple John, who was one of the most powerful instruments of the Church's illumination and consolation; for by him the divinity of Christ, and the most comfortable mysteries of our redemption are most evidently witnessed.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

BY his example teach us, Lord!
For whom we honour Thee this day,
His witness of th' incarnate Word,
Continue in thy church for aye.
As he, likewise, beloved was,
And therefore leaned on Thy breast:
So let us, Lord! enjoy Thy grace,
And on Thy sacred bosom rest.

2 Breathe into us that life divine,
Whose testimony he intends;
About us cause Thy light to shine,
That light which no man comprehends.
And let that ever-blessed word,
Which all things did create of nought,
Anew create us now, O Lord!
Who are by sin to ruin brought.

3 Our sins we heartily confess,
Thy pardon, therefore, let us have;
Thy saving faith we do profess,
Us to Thy fellowship receive:
And as to us Thy servant gives
The means to know and honour Thee;
So let, O Lord! our words and lives,
Both lights and guides to others be.

HYMN XLV.

For Innocents' Day.

IN honour of the Almighty Providence this day is observed by our Church, who upon this day memorializeth our Saviour's preservation from Herod's cruelty when he slew the innocent children in Bethlehem, and the parts adjoining: and we are thereby put in mind, how vainly the devil and his members rage against God and His decrees.

Sing this as the former.

HAT rage, as David foredeclared,
Which did the Gentiles' fury show,
By Herod then fulfilled was
When blameless innocents he slew:
And madly they pursued in vain
What they had cursedly contrived,
For He whom Herod would have slain,
Him and his malice overlived.

2 Still, thus vouchsafe Thou to restrain
All tyrants, Lord! pursuing Thee;
Let ill conceptions thus be slain,
That Thou in us preservedst mayst be:
So whilst we shall enjoy our breath,
We of Thy grace our songs will frame,
And as those infants by our death,
We hope to glorify Thy name.

3 Those many suffer'd death for One,
That One for them and others died;
And what they felt in act alone,
He did in will and act abide:
Lord! grant that what Thou hast decreed,
In will and act we may fulfil;
And though we reach not to the deed,
From us, O God! accept the will.

HYMN XLVI.

For the Conversion of St. Paul.

Paul having been a cruel persecutor, was extraordinarily called to be an apostle to preach the faith which he had persecuted; and of a wolf became a pastor, and the most laborious in the vineyard of Christ; which mercy of God is here commemorated to His praise and for our comfort.

Sing this as the former.

A CONVERT and conversion strange
Was made when Saul a Paul became;
And, Lord! for making such a change,
We praise and glorify Thy name:
For whilst he went from place to place
To persecute Thy Church and Thee;
He was reclaimed by Thy grace,
A preacher of Thy truth to be.

2 Lord! when from Thee we go astray,
Or injure truth by blinded zeal,
Vouchsafe to stop us in that way,
And then Thy will to us reveal:
Disclose that brightness from above
Which proves the sensual eyesight blind,
And from our eyes the scales remove
That hinder us Thy way to find.

3 And as Thy blessed servant Paul,
When Thy disciple he became,
Exceeded Thy apostles all
In painful preaching of Thy name;
So grant that we, who have in sin
Exceeded others heretofore,
The start of them in faith may win,
Love, serve, and honour Thee the more.

HYMN XLVII.

For St. Matthias's Day.

THIS day is observed in memorial of God's justice, manifested in discovering and punishing Judas Iscariot for abusing his apostleship; and for His mercy in electing Matthias, a faithful pastor, in his room: it gives us occasion also, to consider what hangs over their heads who abuse their divine calling.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

WHEN one of Thine did false become,
And his high place abuse,
Thou left'st him, Lord! and in his room,
Didst just Matthias choose:
So if within Thy Church this day
Unfaithful pastors dwell,
To them repentance grant, we pray,
Or them with speed expel.

2 Though horned like the lamb they show,
Though sheep-like clothed they be,
Let us their dragon language know,
And wolvish nature see;
And cause Thy lots to fall on those,
Thy flocks to undertake,
Who shall their manners well compose,
And thereof conscience make.

3 Let us, likewise, his fall so heed
Whose place Matthias got;
And with such loving awe proceed,
That we deny Thee not:
For titles be they ne'er so high,
Rare gifts or sacred place,
Shall no man's person sanctify,
Without Thy special grace.

HYMN XLVIII.

For St. Mark's Day.

THIS day is appointed to praise God for the glad tidings of His Gospel, delivered to the Church by His blessed evangelist Mark; by whose testimony that saving truth is confirmed and illustrated unto us.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm.

FOR those blest penmen of Thy Word,
Who have evangelized of Thee,
We magnify Thy name, O Lord!
And thankful we desire to be:
The welcome news Thy Gospel brings,
With joyful hearts we do embrace,
And prize above all earthly things,
That precious earnest of Thy grace.

2 This matchless gem that we may buy,
Let us with gladness cost bestow,
Our vain self-love let us deny,
And let the world's false honours go:
Although from heaven an angel come
To preach another gospel here,
Let us not entertain the same,
Nor lend thereto a willing ear.

3 Lord! we are now affected thus,
But in performance we are frail;
Too crafty is our foe for us,
And, if Thou help not, may prevail:
Enable us to judge and know,
When we new doctrines do receive,
If they agreeing be or no,
To what a Christian should believe.

HYMN XLIX.

For St. Philip and Jacob's Day.

THE Church upon this day taketh occasion to offer to our consideration, some of those mysteries of saving faith which were delivered unto her by the ministry of the apostles Philip and Jacob, that we might the better bear in mind their counsels, and be thankful unto God for them.

Sing this as the former.

BY Thee were Thy disciples taught,
What they, O Christ! should do;
What, likewise, to believe they ought,
Thy Spirit show'd them too:
The truths which unto them were shown,
Have been disposed of thus;
They unto others made them known,
From those they came to us.

2 Thus they have taught, and thus we say,
And therein will abide;
Thou art the life and truthful way,
Which unto life doth guide:
By Thee the Father we have known,
Whom Thou descendest from;
And unto Him, by Thee alone,
We hopeful are to come.

3 This Thou to Philip did impart,
And this our faith shall be;
That Thou within the Father art,
And that He dwells in Thee:
Of whom whatever we in faith,
And in Thy name require,
We shall obtain, Thy promise saith,
As we ourselves desire.

4 Now, therefore, Lord! of Thee we crave,
That we more fruit may show
Of that which we received have,
And much more thankful grow:
That so the truth we have believed
May not be taken from
These kingdoms, but be here received
Until Thy kingdom come.

HYMN L.

For St. Barnabas' Day.

BARNABAS, together with St. Paul, was by the Holy Ghost extraordinarily separated for the ministry of the gospel, and confirmed in the apostleship, by the ordinary discipline of laying on of hands; for which we take occasion to praise God upon this day.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

RICH gifts and graces manifold,
To many Thou, O Lord! hast lent,
Of late and in the days of old,
To teach us faith and to repent:
Thy prophets Thou didst first ordain,
And they as legates did appear;
Then with an apostolic train,
In person Thou awhile wert here.

2 For legier* when Thou went'st away,
The Holy Ghost Thou didst appoint,
Who for Thy service to this day,
From time to time did some anoint:
So likewise brought it was to pass,
That to confirm what had been taught,
An army royal pressed was
Of martyrs who Thy battles fought.

* Legate.

3 For those and him, for whom we thus
Are met to praise Thy name this day,
We give Thee thanks, as they for us,
Before we were, to Thee did pray:
And by this duty we declare
An evidence that they and we,
Though we in times divided are,
Have one communion still with Thee.

HYMN LI.

For St. John Baptist's Day.

JOHN called the Baptist, by whose ministry the people were prepared to receive Christ, was prophesied of before his coming: and this day is appointed both to praise God for the same, and to remember us by his example to prepare our hearts for the entertainment of our Saviour.

Sing this as the Lord's Prayer.

BECAUSE the world might not pretend
It knew not of Thy coming day,
Thou didst, O Christ! before Thee send
A crier to prepare Thy way;
Thy kingdom was the news he brought,
Repentance was the way he taught.

2 And that his voice might not alone
Inform us what we should believe,
His life declared what must be done
By those who shall Thy faith receive;
His doctrine, therefore, let us heed,
And in his holy path proceed.

3 Let us not haunt vain pleasure's courts,
With fruitless toys to feed the mind;
Nor moved be with false reports,
Like reeds that shake with ev'ry wind;

And let our lives, though less austere,
At least be sober and sincere.

4 Clad in repentant cloth of hair,
Let us, O Christ! to seek out Thee,
To those forsaken walks repair
Which by Thy saints affected be;
And that our lives we may amend,
With true repentance us befriend.

5 Instruct us how to feed upon
The honey of Thy Word divine;
The dainties of the flesh to shun,
Her cups of soul-bewitching wine:
And on our loins let us have care
The belt of temperance to wear.

6 So Thy forerunner, Time's last day,
By his example shall prepare
Within man's heart both place and way,
To give Thee entertainment there;
And Thou to us, and we to Thee,
Shall, when Thou comest, welcome be.

HYMN LII.

For St. Peter's Day.

WE observe this day to honour God, in the pious memorial of His blessed apostle St. Peter, and that it might remember us not to presume on our own strength, by considering his failing, and falling from his over peremptory asseveration: we may learn also by his example, to bewail our escapes with tears of penitence.

Sing this as the 1st Psalm.

HOW watchful ought we to become!
How zealously to pray!
That Thee, O Lord! we fall not from
Upon our trial day!

For if Thy great apostle said,
He would not Thee deny,
Yet Thee that very night denied,
On what should we rely?

2 Of our ownselves we cannot leave
Our pleasures for Thy sake;
No, nor one virtuous thought conceive,
Till us Thou able make:
For we not only Thee deny
When troubles do increase,
But oft from Thee we likewise fly,
When pleasures we possess.

3 Oh! let those prayers us avail
Which were for Peter deign'd;
That when the foe shall us assail,
His purpose be not gain'd;
Yea, fix on us those powerful eyes
Which moved him to lament,
That we with tears and bitter cries
Our follies may repent.

4 And grant that all who him succeed,
To oversee Thy fold,
Thy sheep and lambs may guide and feed,
As they of duty should:
No doctrine teaching, saving what
Truth warrants them to preach;
And in their lives confirming that
Which they are bound to teach.

HYMN LIII.

For St. James's Day.

THIS day we glorify God for His apostle James, who was one of the two for whom their mother desired that they might sit, the one at His right hand, and

the other at His left hand in His Kingdom; and by occasion of that petition, they and others are taught what they should rather desire to obtain.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

THEY who their father had forsook,
And follow'd Christ at His command,
By human frailty overtook,
Did for preferment seem to stand;
But by their Master they were taught
What fitteth an apostle's care;
What should by them be rather sought,
And what their chiefest honours are.

2 By them we see much folly grows,
Where virtues their best rooting take;
And that the man which wealth foregoes,
May not ambition quite forsake:
And fear we may that sin resides
In many persons at this day,
Who chosen are for lights and guides,
To show to other men their way.

3 To Thee, therefore, O Lord! we pray,
That humbleness in us may dwell,
To charm that fiend of pride away,
Which would Thy graces quite expel:
Vouchsafe Thou chiefly those to keep
From this delusion of the foe,
Who are the pastors of Thy sheep,
And should each good example show.

4 For they who still pursuing be
That greatness which the world respects,
Their vanity do neither see,
Nor feel Thy Spirit's good effects:
By them profaneness doth increase,
By them disunion is begun,
By them the Church is robb'd of peace,
By them the world will be undone.

5 He, therefore, that will stop the rent
Which his ambitious aims hath made,
Like this apostle, must repent
The vain desires which he hath had:
For he which to perform that place
With lowliness himself applies,
Endowed is with special grace,
And shall to highest honours rise.

HYMN LIV.

For St. Bartholomew's Day.

THIS day is consecrated to the honour of God, in the pious memory of His apostle St. Bartholomew; and that, as appears by a portion of Scripture appointed to be read this day, we might take occasion to praise our Redeemer for the many wonders wrought by His apostles, to the edification of His Church, and to the confusion of her foes.

Sing this as the Lord's Prayer.

EXCEEDING gracious favours, Lord!
To Thy apostles have been shown;
And many wonders by their word,
And in Thy name by them were done;
The blind could see, the dumb could talk,
The deaf did hear, the lame did walk.

2 They all diseases took away,
The dead to life they did restore;
Foul spirits dispossessed they,
And preach'd Thy gospel to the poor;
Whereby the truth still stronger grew,
And her opposers overthrew.

3 Oh! let their works for ever be
An honour to Thy glorious name;
And by Thy pow'r vouchsafe that we,
Whom sin makes deaf, blind, dumb, and lame,

May hear Thy word and see Thy light,
And speak Thy truth and walk upright.

4 Each mortal sickness of the soul,
Let Thy apostle's doctrine cure,
Let it expel that spirit foul
Which makes us loathsome and impure;
That we who dead in sin have lain,
The life of saving faith may gain.

HYMN LV.

For St. Matthew's Day.

ST. MATTHEW was from the office of a custom-gatherer, which was odious to the Jews, called to be an apostle, and became one of the evangelists: this day, therefore, is made observable and set apart that God might be therein praised for the favour vouchsafed to the whole Church by His ministry.

Sing this as the former.

LET no uncomely censures pass
Upon those callings men profess;
A publican St. Matthew was,
Yet God's elected ne'ertheless;
And was unto the Church of Christ
Apostle and evangelist.

2 For God, who not a whit respects
Profession, person, or degree,
The saints impartially elects
From ev'ry sort of men that be;
That all might unto Him repair,
And no more of His love despair.

3 For those men, therefore, let us pray,
Who seem uncalled to remain;
Not judging them quite cast away,
God's favour never to obtain;

Since He by them, perhaps, doth prove
Our patience and our Christian love.

4 And for ourselves let us desire
That avarice we then may shun,
When God that service doth require
Whereby His heavenly will is done:
And let the remnant of our days
Be spent in setting forth His praise.

HYMN LVI.

For the Day of St. Michael and all Angels.

THIS day we glorify God for the ministration of His holy angels, and for the assistance and protection which He by them vouchsafeth us against the secret assaults and temptations of our spiritual adversaries: St. Michael is by St. Jude termed an archangel, by Daniel he is called chief of the princes, and some do think that this angel is Christ.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm.

O praise, O God! and honour Thee
For all Thy glorious triumphs won,
Assembled here this day are we,
And to declare Thy favours done:
Thou took'st that great archangel's part,
With whom in heav'n the dragon fought;
And that good army's Captain wert,
Which cast him and his angels out.

2 We gain'd thereby the firmer peace,
Less are our dangers, less our fears,
And to Thy glory's great increase,
Thy kingdom's pow'r the more appears:
Yea, now his malice and despite,
Who in Thy presence heretofore,
Accused us both day and night,
Shall terrify our souls no more.

3 In honour of Thy blessed name,
This hymn of thanks, therefore, we sing;
And to Thine everlasting fame
Of praise, heav'n's arched sphere shall ring:
With praise for Thy essential might,
With praise for all those angels too
Who Thy victorious battles fight,
And here on earth Thine errands do.

4 For many of that glorious troop,
To bring us messages from Thee,
Have pleased been from heaven to stoop,
And clothed with human shape to be:
Yea, we believe they watch and ward
About our persons evermore,
From evil spirits us to guard,
And we return Thee thanks therefore.

HYMN LVII.

For St. Luke's Day.

THIS day we celebrate God's praise for the great privileges vouchsafed to His Church by the blessed evangelist Luke; a physician both for body and soul, and the first and best ecclesiastical historiographer: he was a constant companion of St. Paul, and an example of Christian perseverance to all posterity.

Sing this as the former.

IF those physicians honour'd be
Who corporal diseases heal,
Sure worthy double praise is he
Who seeks both soul and bodies weal:
Both ways this blessed saint excell'd,
Both ways in life he was approved;
And by his Gospel hath reveal'd
What many soul-bred pains removed.

2 To do him honour this beside,
A blessed witness hath declared,
That firm in faith he did abide,
When others from the truth were scared:
Thereof the glory, Lord! be Thine;
For him Thy grace enabled thus;
And he received those gifts divine,
To benefit himself and us.

3 By his example, therefore, Lord!
Uphold us that we fall not from
The true profession of Thy Word,
Nor by the world be overcome:
And grant his holy Gospel may
Yield cordial comforts to the soul,
To drive those maladies away,
Which make it faithless, faint, and foul.

HYMN LVIII.

For St. Simon and Jude's Day.

THIS day we honour God for His two apostles, Simon called Zelotes, and Jude the brother of James, as is manifested by a portion of Scripture appointed to be read on this day; and by which we are put in mind that we continue in brotherly love, and in that estate of grace to which we are called.

Sing this as the 23rd Psalm.

NO outward mark have we to know
Who Thine, O Christ! shall be,
Until our Christian love doth show
What soul pertains to Thee;
For some a faith can counterfeit,
And likely virtues feign;
But till true charity they get,
Their faith and works are vain.

2 Love is that sum of those commands
Which Thou to Thine didst leave;
And for a mark on them it stands
Which never can deceive:
For when our knowledge foolish turns,
When shows no show retain;
When fiery zeal to nothing burns,
Then love shall firm remain.

3 By this were Thy disciples knit,
And joined so in one,
Their true love knot could never yet
Be broken or undone:
Oh! let us, Lord! inserted be
Into that sacred knot,
And be so knit to them and Thee,
That sin undo us not.

4 Yea, lest when we Thy grace possess,
We therefrom fall away,
Or turn it into wantonness,
Assist Thou us, we pray;
And that we may the better find
What heed is to be learn'd,
Let us the fall of angels mind,
As holy Jude hath warn'd.

HYMN LIX.

For troublesome and dangerous Times.

No kingdom is always free from troublesome and dangerous times: therefore Hymns of consolation, and such as may move to penitence, or preserve the mind patiently contented with God's visitations in that kind, are necessary for uncomfortable seasons, and will, no doubt, be both liked and used by some.

Sing this as, We praise Thee, O God!

NOW are the times, these are the days,
Which will those men approve
Who take delight in honest ways,
And pious courses love:
Now to the world it will appear,
That innocence of heart
Will keep us far more free from fear,
Than helmet, shield, or dart.

2 A cunning politician's brain,
A wealthy merchant's purse,
A princely style, a portly train,
Though with a public curse;
In grace to be with lords and kings,
And of their slaves admired,
A while ago seem'd glorious things,
And most to be desired.

3 But fully ripe now sins are come,
And bring those plagues foretold,
Which make the times grow perilsome,
Good conscience passeth gold;
And they the bravest lots possess
Which may on earth be had,
Who by an inward happiness
Are safe and fearless made.

4 As lions they courageous are,
Now mischiefs most increase;
And though still dreadful news they hear,
Their courage doth increase:
For now they see Him drawing nigh,
And hast'ning to requite
Their insolence and tyranny
Who did in wrongs delight.

5 And why should innocency grieve,
That lived it hath to see

Fulfilled what it did believe,
And could foretel should be?
Yea, why should it be discontent,
That God hath verified
His threat'nings by a sad event,
On those who truth deride?
6 What can it lose now broils increase,
Or fear in times of blood;
Which was oppress'd in times of peace,
And ill received for good?
Since none doth grudge to see his field
Stubb'd up and set on fire,
That useful fruits the soil may yield,
Instead of bush and briar.
7 The best which could have hoped been
By long abused rest,
Was that our follies and our sin
Should more have been increased:
For though some have bewail'd the time,
And reformation sought,
But few do sorrow for their crimes,
Or mend themselves in aught.
8 Yea, few had either fear or sense
Of justice in their ways,
Or favour'd much that innocence
Which giveth peaceful days,
We therefore are afflicted thus,
And God hath poured now
A vial of His wrath on us,
That we might wiser grow.
9 Like those Egyptians if we be,
Whose hearts obdurate grow,
All His old plagues in store hath He,
Our follies to pursue;
But by returning unto Him,
We yet may 'scape the smart,

That without mercy falls on them
Which have a harden'd heart.
10 Lord! this effect vouchsafe to grant
In these our troublous times;
Let our lost peace which now we want,
Reclaim us from our crimes:
So whether we shall die or live,
Till better days we see;
This troublous time we shall perceive
A time of grace to be.
11 For pestilences, deaths, and war,
To them who shall repent;
Not evil but good angels are,
For their amendment sent:
And righteous men sometime by these,
In love are taken from
Those worse and those more dreadful days,
Which must on others come.
12 Prepare and fit me, Lord! therefore,
With meek and humble mind,
To meet Thy judgments at the door,
And take the lot I find;
And if I shall be one of those
Who for example sake,
Must suffer by these public woes,
On me Thy pleasure take.
13 But, Lord! remember mercy still,
Thy sword through justice draws;
Yea, though to bring this public ill,
My sins in part were cause;
Remember too, that I am one
(A sinner though it be)
Who grieves for what I have misdone,
And put my trust in Thee.

HYMN LX.

Another for the like Times.

THE faithful are by this Hymn put in mind of that security which may be obtained, by depending on God in times of public calamity; and remembered also thereby to strengthen their faith by earnestly seeking God's assistance and protection, in such times of peril and fear.

Sing this as the 25th Psalm.

NFORM'D we are, O Lord!
That they who trust in Thee,
And can depend upon Thy Word,
Shall free from danger be:
To those Thou shalt become
A strong defensive tower,
To save when times are perilsome,
From him that would devour.

2 The shaft which kills by day,
On them shall not alight;
The plague which doth at midnight slay,
Shall do them no despite:
Howe'er the planets move,
Whatever their aspects
May seem to threaten from above,
They shall have good effects.

3 Their feet unharm'd shall tread
The viper, worm, and asp;
With angry lions without dread
Or danger they shall grasp;
From foes they shall be safe,
Though great their haters be,
And at their fury they shall laugh,
Though them enraged they see.

4 When death on ev'ry side
Ten thousands takes away,

They shall by faith be fortified,
And live without dismay;
Yea, full they shall be fed
When hungry times appear,
And shall of nothing stand in dread
When they sad rumours hear.
5 Lord! thus Thou dost befriend,
When times of trouble be,
Thy faithful servants who depend
Unfeignedly on Thee:
On me, Lord! this high grace,
Vouchsafe Thou to bestow;
For at this time and in this place
Are fears and perils now.
6 Let not my many crimes,
Which have assistance brought
To bring Thy judgments on these times,
Now bring my hopes to naught;
But let me so repent
My courses lewd and vain,
That in this public punishment
I private grace may gain.
7 So constant make my heart,
Whatever news I hear,
That from no duties I depart
By an unmanly fear:
Nor by a carnal doubt
Those Christian hopes forego,
Whose loss may tire my patience out,
Or saving faith o'erthrow.
8 But, Lord! let me remain
To Thee so reconciled,
That soberness I may refrain,
Though all the world grow wild:
Be Thou my blessed lot
When outrage doth increase,

And to their fury leave me not,
That are the foes of peace.
9 Preserve this hopeless place,
And our disturbed state,
From those that have more wit than grace,
And prudent counsels hate;
Yea, let the plagues they cause,
On those alone descend,
Whom neither grace nor vengeance draws,
Their manners to amend.
10 If any sprouts* of mine,
Shall these ill times outgrow,
To keep them, Lord! for ever Thine,
The life of grace bestow:
And rather let them die
In want and with disgrace,
Than live on earth to multiply
A wicked princely race.
11 Yea, whatsoever care
Or troubles we are in,
Preserve in us a conscience clear
From ev'ry wilful sin:
And in Thy faith and love
So firm let us abide,
That by these troubles we may prove
Like silver seven times tried.
12 If this I shall obtain,
As I believe I shall,
Though fire and brimstone down it rain,
It should not me appal:
For when each earthly thing
Burns round me in a flame,
I Hallelujah hope to sing,
In honour of Thy name.

* Offspring.

FINIS SECUNDÆ PARTIS.

THE THIRD PART,

CONTAINING HYMNS PERSONAL.

TO THE READER.

THESE times are so captious, that we otherwhile displease, even when we do courtesies; if we prevent not mistakings by some excuses or compliments: therefore, without a prologue, I dare not proceed to the next part or volume of hymns, lest I might seem burdensome in their number; for some have already given me occasion to suspect that objection.

That which I can say for myself, if I need say anything, is this: I thought I could not have taken too many occasions to praise God: So I think yet; and of this mind I shall continue. I am persuaded also, that they who think these Hymns too many will weary themselves as little in the use of them, as if they had been fewer, and that such as are devoutly affected would not have been tired, if I had prepared a greater number.

They who are acquainted with the Liturgies in the Greek Churches can assure them, that they have had more hymns by some hundreds than I have yet divulged; and most men of discretion very plainly perceive that the chauntries of the world, the flesh, and the devil have more than a

thousand songs for every one which I have prepared for our Christian quires. And now I call that to mind, I am almost angry that any man should think these Hymns were over numerous, and will therefore say no more to excuse their multitude.

I confess I am, for aught I know, or have yet heard, the first that did compose personal hymns in this kind; and perhaps, therefore, as it usually fares with new inventions, they will not seem so plausible as Occasional and Temporary Hymns; which have been very anciently in use: yet I am persuaded, that when they are better known, no discreet reader will either disapprove them, or judge them to be any of those novelties which are justly despicable or impertinent.

I conceived it a good means to insinuate into persons of every calling and degree, some of those musings and considerations, which are necessary to be remembered. This way as I thought instruction might be received with most ease, with least offence; and I am confident, that purposely or casually, some advantages of good consequence both for amendment of manners and increase of piety, will arise from these Personal Hymns. In this confidence I leave them to your perusal, and humbly beseech God, that they may be our profit and His praise.

Geo. Wither.

HYMN I.

For a Briton.

WE that are Britons enjoy many peculiar privileges, and have obtained sundry blessings and deliverances famously observable: we are therefore obliged to a special thankfulness, not only as we are Christian men, but as we are Britons also; and this Hymn intends the furtherance of that duty.

ALELLUJAH now I sing,
For my heart invites my tongue
To extol my God, my King,
In that blessed angel song:
And as I enabled am,
I will sacrifice to God
Thanks in this whole island's name,
In a joyful praiseful ode;
You that loyal Britons be,
Hallelujah sing with me.
Cho. Hallelujah sing with me,
You that loyal Britons be.

2 On her coasts our Maker smiles,
And vouchsafed her the rule
Over all the floods and isles,
From the Midland Straits to Thule:
Plenty doth her valleys fill,
Health is in her climates found,
Pleasure plays in ev'ry hill,
And these blessings peace hath crown'd:
Hallelujah therefore sing
Till the shores with echoes ring.
Cho. Till the shores with echoes ring,
Hallelujah therefore sing.

3 When that blessed light arose
Which dispelled death's black shade,

She was of the first of those
Who thereof was partner made:
And although she seem a place
To the frozen zone confined,
Yet the longest day of grace
In her happy coasts hath shined:
Sing let us to God therefore,
Hallelujah evermore.

Cho. Hallelujah evermore,
Sing let us to God therefore.

4 That no foreign foe may seize
Her dear children evermore,
Ditch'd and wall'd with rocks and seas,
Her beloved borders are:
God Almighty so provides,
That likewise to guard her lands,
She hath clouds, and wind, and tides,
Calms, and storms, and shelves, and sands;
Now, therefore, my song shall be,
Hallelujah, Lord! to Thee.

Cho. Hallelujah, Lord! to Thee,
Now, therefore, my song shall be.

5 When we had a darkness here
Worse than what th' Egyptians had,
When we more in bondage were,
And to Babel slaves were made;
God renew'd again the light,
And the freedom which we lost,
That for thanks enjoy we might
What our fathers' lives had cost:
Therefore, while I have a tongue
Hallelujah shall be sung.

Cho. Hallelujah shall be sung,
Therefore, while I have a tongue.

6 When our Deborah* arose,
And God's Isr'el judged here;

* Queen Elizabeth.

When confederated foes
Did invincible appear;
Spain's proud Sisera had thought
To have sunk us with his weight,
But the stars against him fought,
And made famous eighty-eight:
Hallelujah, therefore, cry,
Till heav'n's vaulted roof reply.
Cho. Till heav'n's vaulted roof reply,
Hallelujah, therefore, cry.

7 When of harms we dreamed not,
But at rest securely lived,
By a damned powder plot,
Rome our ruin had contrived;
For by thunders from below,
Had not God forbad the doom,
We had perish'd at a blow,
And but few had known by whom;
Hallelujah, therefore, sound,
For the grace which then we found.
Cho. For the grace which then we found,
Hallelujah, therefore, sound.

8 When by riot and excess
We those times of dearth deserved,
Which did bring us to distress,
And in danger to be sterved;
Once God sent beyond belief,
Fruits where none did plant or sow,
And at other times relief,
Ere we saw the same in show;
To our great and gracious King,
Hallelujah, therefore, sing.
Cho. Hallelujah, therefore, sing,
To our great and gracious King.

9 When for our contagious crimes
Sicknesses have raged here,

Such as few preceding times
Therewithal acquainted were;
When a pestilential breath
Made us from each other fly,
Threatening universal death,
God had pity on our cry:
Therefore, while we breathing be,
Hallelujah sing will we.
Cho. Hallelujah sing will we,
Therefore, while we breathing be.

10 Worst of wars, domestic war,
'Twixt our nations was begun,
Spreading threats and terrors far,
Of more mischief then was done:
Here it march'd as if it said,
Britain, speedily repent,
Else my fury yet delay'd,
Thee and thine ere long will rent:
Therefore, trumpets, fifes, and drums,
Hallelujah well becomes.
Cho. Hallelujah well becomes,
Warlike trumpets, fifes, and drums.

11 When a general offence
Had almost to ruin brought,
Law, religion, state, and prince,
And a schism among us wrought;
Yea, when snares for us were laid,
And when avarice and pride
Had our freedoms nigh betray'd,
God protection did provide:
Hallelujah, therefore, sound,
Till it reach the starry round.
Cho. Till it reach the starry round,
Hallelujah we will sound.

HYMN II.

For a Sovereign Prince.

WE presume not to instruct Sovereign Princes, but have only composed in a brief Hymn a few of those many things which are pertinent to their considerations; and perhaps an humble piety may by this occasion, otherwhile invite their Excellencies to express their devotions in this or some other Hymn.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

BY me or by my father's house
Deserved it could not be,
That I, or any one of us,
Obtained this degree;
But God who dealeth forth His own
As Him it liketh best,
On me those honours hath bestown,
Whereof I am possess'd.

2 Great hazards many undergo
Such titles to acquire,
Yet neither find content below,
Nor means of rising higher:
What, therefore, can I less repay
To Him whose gift it is,
Than otherwhile to sing or say,
Some such-like hymn as this?

3 Let me, O Lord! my diadem
Unto Thy glory wear,
And be a blessing unto them
Who my liege people are;
Let not Thy favours make my heart
To swell with wanton pride,
Or from those precepts to depart
Which ought to be my guide.

4 But teach me still in mind to bear
From whom this place I had,
And that e'en they my brethren are,
Whose ruler I was made:
Yea, cause me evermore to heed
That I and they are thine,
Although to serve the public need,
Their goods and lives are mine.

5 Since ev'ry subject's cause to me
Should equally be dear,
In justice let the poor man be
As precious as the peer;
And lest men snares for me may make
At my chief council-board,
Lord! let me daily counsel take
From Thy truth-speaking Word.

6 Those traitors chase out of my court
Who dare pervert the laws,
Or cause me by a false report
To wrong an honest cause;
And let Thy judgments them devour,
How strong soe'er they stand,
Who shall abuse my royal power
To hinder Thy command.

7 Within my realm let no man dare
My statutes to gainsay,
And let me live as much in fear
Thy laws to disobey:
So I and they whom Thou on me
For subjects hast bestown,
Shall in each other blessed be,
And keep sedition down.

8 Preserve to me my royal dues,
And grace vouchsafe me still,
My just prerogatives to use,
According to Thy will:

That evil men may fear my frown,
The righteous comfort find,
And I obtain a better crown,
When this must be resign'd.

HYMN III.

For a Subject.

SUBJECTS are apt to complain if they seem to suffer by their Sovereigns; but few examine what cause they themselves are of their own grievances; as few are thankful for the benefits received by good princes; for prevention whereof this Hymn is tendered.

Sing this as the former.

SOV'REIGNTY though some obtain
Who use their pow'r amiss,
Yet when the same they shall obtain,
Thy gift, O God! it is;
And those whom Thou dost raise thereto
We therefore should obey
In all that subjects ought to do,
To suffer or to pay.

2 When tyrants over us are set,
They for our sins are sent;
And righteous princes we shall get
When we our faults repent:
But whether good or bad they be,
Thy rod and sword they bear;
And we in them shall honour Thee,
If still we loyal are.

3 Our stubborn hearts, O Lord! incline
This duty to fulfil;
To ev'ry substitute of Thine
Subject our froward will;

But teach us chiefly to beware,
We grieve nor injure those
Whose prudence, justice, love, and care,
Protects us from our foes.

4 Let us afford them all supplies
Which their affairs may need,
Admitting no such tales or lies
As may suspicion breed:
But let us praise where praise is due,
And when they merit blame,
Not prove like Noah's cursed son,
Divulgers of their shame.

5 So they our piety shall bless,
When they their error see;
And Thou, O God! wilt give us peace,
Because we loyal be:
For when a people conscience makes
Their sovereign to obey,
God makes him gracious for their sakes,
Or takes him soon away.

HYMN IV.

For a Magistrate.

THE corruption of magistrates is the more frequent through defect of some to remember them of their duties: therefore, because it is not safe, nor thought comely, for every one to undertake that office, we have added this Hymn, that they might otherwhile be thereby remembrancers to themselves.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

FULL well that person it beseems,
Who should reform the sinner's way,
To rid his eyes of motes and beams,
And live as blameless as he may:

For he that lewd examples shows,
The rod of rule in vain doth bear;
And with his left hand overthrows
What with his right hand he doth rear.

2 If justly I reproved may be
For that which I in others blame;
It is a double sin in me,
That meriteth a double shame:
Or if I should for friend or foe,
For bribe, for favour, fear, or hate,
In doing justice partial grow,
As great a plague is due for that.

3 A bribe hath pow'r to fool the wise,
Pride scorns to hear the poor man's moan,
Lust putteth forth discretion's eyes,
Hate cannot see when wrong is done;
Self-love prefers her proper cause,
Fear will his dearest friend betray,
Ambition will pervert the laws,
And sloth all duties will delay.

4 From these things, Lord! preserve me clear,
And from their proud and foolish wit
Who at offenders scoff and jeer,
When on the judgment-seat they sit:
And this, moreover, I desire,
Me from their baseness still defend,
Who dare to public place aspire,
That it may serve a private end.

5 With wisdom so my mind endue,
That I my passions may subject,
And by example always show
What things in others I expect:
With courage arm likewise my heart,
That having laudably begun,
I do not cowardly depart
From persisting what should be done.

6 And teach Thou me to temper so
Fair means with discipline severe,
That mercy may with justice go,
And in correction love appear:
Yea, so meek-hearted make Thou me,
That when offenders I condemn,
My heart may feel how sad they be,
And suffer grief in judging them.

HYMN V.

For a Member of the Parliament.

It is necessary that the rule whereby things are to be regulated should be straight; and therefore, law-makers ought to be wise and upright men, lest the chief remedy of our evils be made worse than the evils themselves. To the members of our High Court of Parliament this is well known; yet this Hymn shall perhaps, be a means to remember some of them of that which they know.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

THEY no mean place of trust receive,
Who by free choice have gain'd
That faculty legislative
Which I have now obtain'd;
For they have ample pow'r from those
By whom they chosen be,
In temporal things to bind and loose
As they just cause do see.

2 Whoe'er, therefore, they be that shall
Ambitiously affect,
To fill such rooms before those call
Who freely should elect;
Whoe'er those be, they more presume
Than justice doth permit,

And more unto themselves assume
Than reason judgeth fit.

3 Whoe'er, likewise, for private ends,
For favour, fear, or hate;
To harm his foes, to please his friends,
Or save his own estate:
Yea, whosoe'er his dearest blood,
Or those by him begot,
Prefers before the common good,
This trust deserveth not.

4 Lawgivers personate a part
Which doth in them require
A prudent brain, an upright heart,
A rectified desire:
For who believes that they can give
To others laws upright,
Who lewdly talk, profanely live,
And in vain things delight?

5 Imprudent legislators may
Much greater mischiefs cause,
And innocency more betray
Than they that break the laws:
For he that many laws doth break,
May wrong but one or two,
But they which one bad law shall make,
Whole kingdoms may undo.

6 Inspire me, Lord! with grace, therefore,
With wisdom and stout zeal,
And with uprightness, evermore
To serve the common weal:
And so to serve, that their offence
At all times I may shun,
Who serve it so as if the prince
And kingdom were not one.

7 He that with one of these partakes
Unto the other's wrong,

What goodly show soe'er he makes,
Will injure both ere long:
Yea, whatsoever such pretend,
Whate'er they swear or say,
They will be traitors in the end,
And one or both betray.

HYMN VI.

For a Member of our Convocations, or National Synods.

IT is the greatest bondage next that of sin and the devil, to be enslaved by doctrine or discipline repugnant to the Word of God, and injurious to the Christian liberty: therefore, though I presume not to prepare a Hymn worthy to be sung by so reverend an assembly, yet I think it no arrogance to make tender of this Meditation to be, otherwhile, privately sung, or considered by some members thereof.

Sing this as the Lord's Prayer.

SINCE by election I am sent,
To be admitted one of those
Who shall that body represent
Which hath a power to bind and loose;
That for this work I fit may be,
Lord! let Thy Spirit hallow me.

2 Here let me lay each aim aside
Which to so vain a purpose tends
As to advance our clergy pride,
Or serve our avaricious ends;
And me from those things keep Thou far,
By which corrupted synods are.

3 As much as in my pow'r it lies,
Let me out of Thy Church exile

Not only those old heresies
Which former ages did beguile,
But with a prudent zeal pursue
Those errors, likewise, which are new.

4 Let me preserve that sweet accord
Which in such counsels ought to be,
Make Thou the canon of Thy Word
In every cause a guide for me;
And let it rule my words and ways,
Whatever human reason says.

5 Confirm in me a holy care
To keep Thy outward service pure
From rites that superstitious are,
Or which contempt thereto procure;
That whilst will worship I do shun,
I may not to profaneness run.

6 For no man's pleasure let me stop
The Christian freedoms grace bestows,
Nor giveth flesh a larger scope
Than pious prudency allows;
But grant me wisdom, Lord! to know
When things indifferent are not so.

7 And me and them, who in this place
To do Thee service now are chose,
Inspire, O God! with ev'ry grace,
Which to Thy saints Thou dost dispose;
That all the canons we decree,
May Thy good Spirit's dictates be.

HYMN VII.

For a Courtier.

COURTIERS are so frequently vicious, that some think it impossible they should be virtuous. By the use of this Hymn, the scandal of that censure may be abated, and the honour and honesty of well-deserving courtiers may be the better preserved.

Sing this as the 23rd Psalm, or Te Deum.

THOUGH princes' courts defamed are,
As blurr'd with ev'ry sin,
Yet men whose virtues blameless were,
Have famous courtiers been:
In Pharaoh's house, chaste Joseph's ways
Obtain'd a good report,
And Obadiah lived with praise
In wicked Ahab's court.

2 Wise Daniel dared the truth to say
Where flatt'ry did abound,
Within the breast of Mordecai
An honest heart was found:
And many more of glorious name,
Have love with honour gain'd;
And kept in court a spotless fame,
Where evil princes reign'd.

3 The calling, therefore, or the place
Makes not our manners ill,
But rather want of heed and grace
To certify the will;
And no occasion, place, or time,
Wants means a snare to lay,
Ill habits to beget in him
That heedeth not his way.

4 Him had not Obadiah served,
By whom poor Naboth bled,
The prophets had been slain or starved,
Whom he in secret fed:
And should all good men shun that king
Which doth in vice delight,
His lands to ruin it would bring,
And root out virtue quite.

5 Lord! as Thou dost my will renew,
Renew my reason too;

And grace vouchsafe me to pursue
What I am bound to do:
Let nor oppression, lust, nor pride,
Which rife in courtiers grow,
Allure my heart or feet aside
From what I purpose now.

6 So, though the place in which I live
As bad a name had got
As that which heretofore did grieve
The soul of righteous Lot;
I shall from ev'ry crying sin,
Abide in court as free
As they who being cloister'd in,
Securer seem to be.

HYMN VIII.

For a Master or Mistress.

IT is a great happiness to have good servants to ease our labours; we are hereby, therefore, put in remembrance to be thankful for that blessing when we have it; and how to behave ourselves toward our servants. If a woman sing it, let her change the word *master* into *mistress*.

Sing this as the 100th Psalm.

N that a master I was made,
God's favour doth to me appear,
And sure this grace I never had,
Injuriously to domineer;
But rather that with better ease
I might my calling undergo,
And thankfully Him seek to please
By whom I am befriended so.

2 How great a bliss do many share,
Without regard what they enjoy,
That they their heavy loads to bear,
The limbs of others may employ!
And that their pleasures to purvey,
As well as for their daily meat,
Their servants travel out the day,
And labour both in cold and heat!

3 Lord! cause me thankfully to mind
This gracious bounty of Thy hand,
And to be merciful and kind
To them whose bodies I command:
Let me remember that we are
One flesh and branches of one stem,
And that as well as I they bear
His image who redeemed them.

4 When frowardness in them I see,
When they without a cause repine,
When negligent or false they be,
Or prodigal of what is mine;
Let me by these their failings view
How in Thy service I offend,
How many ways I am untrue,
And wink at them till I amend.

5 Far be it from me to detain
My servant's hire, or to deny
Due rest, or when he shall complain,
To grieve him with a harsh reply;
But since Thy servant, Lord! I am,
To them so gracious let me be,
That, though I often merit blame,
Thou may'st be merciful to me.

HYMN IX.

For a Servant.

THAT servants may be kept from discouragement in their inferior calling, and stirred up to discharge their duties with cheerfulness and singleness of heart; this Hymn, or some other such-like meditations, may be very pertinent to those that are servants.

Sing this as the former.

DISCOURAGE not thyself, my soul,
Nor murmur though compell'd we be
To live subjected to control,
When many others may be free:
For though the pride of some disdains
Our mean and much despised lot,
We shall not lose our honest pains,
Nor shall our suff'rance be forgot.

2 To be a servant is not base,
If baseness be not in the mind;
For servants make but good the place,
Whereto their Maker them assign'd:
The greatest princes do no more,
And if sincerely I obey,
Though I am now despised and poor,
I shall become as great as they.

3 The Lord of heav'n and earth was pleased
A servant's form to undertake;
By His endurance I am eased,
And serve with gladness for His sake:
Though check'd unjustly I should be,
With silence I reproofs will bear,
For much more injured was He
Whose deeds most worthy praises were.

4 He was reviled, yet naught replied,
And I will imitate the same;

For though some faults may be denied,
In part I always faulty am:
Content, with meek and humble heart,
I will abide in my degree,
And act an humble servant's part,
Till God shall call me to be free.

5 Eye service I resolve to shun,
And when my duty can be known,
It shall as faithfully be done,
As if the profit were mine own:
So whensoever I shall need
The service of another's hand;
He shall in heart, in tongue, in deed,
Be faithful unto my command.

6 But whatsoever else I find,
This will befal to me at least,
That I shall keep a quiet mind,
To give my weary body rest:
And when those works despatch I shall,
Wherein I must this life employ,
My Lord and Master me will call
To be a partner of his joy.

HYMN X.

For a Gentleman.

MANY boast of their gentility, who degenerate from their worthy ancestors, and neglect that which is the essence of nobility. To abate this folly where it is found, and to cherish true worth in the virtuous gentry, we have offered this Meditation.

Sing this as the 23rd Psalm.

IT is the common guise of such
Who least deserving be,
Of their descents to prattle much,
Or vaunt of their degree;

As if they merely were begot
To act no other part
Than blazing of their grandsire's coat,
Or telling his desert.

2 Of inward rest and outward health
Some fools themselves bereave;
That they may honour'd names or wealth,
Unto their children leave;
Who, many times, when they possess
What others did provide,
Consume it all in idleness,
In riot, lust, or pride.

3 Yea, that which their dear souls might cost
Who first enrich'd their name,
May to their seed be worse than lost,
And end their line with shame:
For most who rich or noble grow
By that which others won,
The value of it seldom know,
Till all again be gone.

4 The ancient marks of gentle blood
Were well to be employ'd,
To love and follow what was good,
And evil to avoid:
For which God so did bless the race
Descended from their stem,
That many ages in one place
He hath continued them.

5 But now each other to outvie
In wickedness of life,
In pride or prodigality,
Is practised in chief:
For which God's wrath so roots them out,
That sign is hardly seen,
Before two ages wheel about,
That they on earth have been.

6 Or if their monuments have been
Allow'd a longer date,
It is to memorize the sin
Which ruin'd their estate;
That others heeding in their way,
And what therein ensued,
The more sincerely labour may
With grace to be endued.

7 O Lord! incline me to delight
In real virtues more,
Than those achievements to recite
Which my forefathers wore;
And those whom I in birth exceed,
Let me endeavour well,
That them in ev'ry noble deed
I may as much excel.

8 As Thou Thy blessings dost increase,
Increase Thy grace in me,
With ev'ry real worthiness
Becoming my degree:
That to myself or to my kin
I bring nor grief nor shame,
But live to be, as they have been,
An honour to my name.

HYMN XI.

For a Knight of the Garter.

THIS Hymn was composed for the Knights of the Garter, to be sung in their Chapel at their Festival: it showeth how their honours and civil triumphs may be directed to the honour of God, and to the more dignifying of their honourable Order of Knighthood, &c.

Sing this as Te Deum.

ALL praise and glory that we may,
Ascribe we, Lord! to Thee
From whom the triumphs of this day,
And all our honours be:
For of itself nor east, nor west,
Doth honour ebb or flow,
But as to Thee it seemeth best
Preferment to bestow.

2 Thou, Christ! art that victorious Knight
Whose order we possess,
And our Saint George to whom in fight
Our cries we do address:
The dragon which Thou foil'dst is he
That would Thy Church devour,
And that fair princess, Lord! is she
Who 'scaped by Thy pow'r.

3 Thou art that Husbandman, whose care
Makes rich our barren soil;
Thou art that valiant Man-of-War,
Who keeps our coasts from spoil:
Vouchsafe that we who by a band
More bound than heretofore,
May to Thy faith's defender stand
Fast friends for evermore.

4 Since by our Sovereign chose we are
This order to put on,
And since we hieroglyphics wear
Of that which Thou hast done;
Lest we forget it let these tell
Why they by us are worn,
And inwardly inform as well
As outwardly adorn.

5 So shall our order unto none
A vain invention seem,
Nor our solemnities be done
Without their due esteem:
And they who have the saint mistook,
On whom we do rely,
Shall know we only Thee invoke,
When we Saint George* do cry.

HYMN XII.

For Parents hopeful of Children.

IN this Hymn parents are instructed how they should be affected toward their children; what endowments they should most desire for them, and what patrimony they should most labour to procure them.

Sing this as the 1st Psalm.

THE propagation of our kind,
Our nature moves us to,
Yet few of us can rightly mind
The end of what we do:
Like brutish creatures most fulfil
What flesh and blood desires,
But think not, either good or ill,
Of that which God inspires.

* George is a name or attribute applied to God, John xv. 2: My Father, saith Christ, ὁ γεωργους εστι, is the George, or husbandman; and the story of St. George rescuing a lady from a dragon, is an allegory setting forth the Church's deliverance from the devil by her celestial champion Jesus Christ; and by this application we avoid the scandal which may else be taken by a seeming to invoke the assistance of some other divine power beside God Almighty, when in our warlike expeditions we cry, as the English custom is, God and St. George.

2 And when our children reach the birth,
Of most received they are,
Like sons and daughters of the earth,
In whom no spirit were;
For to their flesh more love we bear
Than to that blessed spark
Which being gone, their bodies are
Like dunghills in the dark.

3 If they be fair and straightly limb'd,
Great pleasure we can take;
To keep their bodies neatly trimm'd,
Much needless work we make:
That rich or noble they might be,
No labours we do spare;
And if of these no hope we see,
We seem oppress'd with care.

4 But of the soul, that heav'nly seed,
So careless many seem,
As if it were not worthy heed,
Much less of their esteem:
And had not God, from whom it came,
His holy Church prepared
To be a mother to the same,
Full hardly had it fared.

5 Bless'd Father of that blessed part,
My just request receive,
Who beg of Thee with yearning heart
For that which now I crave;
Let from my loins no fruit descend
That happy shall not be,
By perseverance to the end,
In dearly loving Thee.

6 I beg not for them wit or wealth,
Nor long nor easy life;
Nor beauty, honour, strength nor health,
Nor husband, child, nor wife;

These for themselves let them request,
And those requests acquire,
As they in proof to them are best
In furthering this desire.

7 Though nature longs for somewhat more,
Lord! let Thy will be done;
I cannot now for aught implore
Not granted to Thy Son:
Some other time, perhaps, I may
For other things entreat;
And that obtain for which I pray,
Because Thy love is great.

HYMN XIII.

For Parents having Children.

PARENTS by this Hymn of praise and prayer, are by the example of holy Job, put in mind to offer daily sacrifices for their children; a sacrifice of praise for the comfort they have of them, and a sacrifice of prayer for their prosperity.

Sing this as the former.

OB'S custom well deserveth praise,
Who for his children's sake,
Observed solemn offering days,
Their peace with God to make:
And whether feast or fast they shall,
The very same to do,
Is now as comely for us all,
And still as needful too.

2 Of praise and prayer, therefore, to Thee
An offering, Lord! I give;
Accepted let my praises be,
And my requests receive:

I thank Thee that a parent's name,
Thy servant yet enjoys,
And that the comforts of the same
No sad mishap destroys.

3 I praise Thee for the hopes I hold
Of blessings yet to come,
Which, if Thy mercy fail me should,
My sins might bar me from;
And I beseech Thee not to heed
With an aspect severe,
The many sins which in my seed
May to Thy sight appear.

4 From those ill customs which beget
Habituated sins,
From those ill counsels which do let
The works that grace begins;
From those lewd mates who poison youth,
By sweeting vice's baits;
Lord! keep my children by Thy truth,
From these and their deceits.

5 From Satan's wiles through ev'ry age,
Protected let them be;
From crying sins, from passion's rage,
Preserve them also free;
And of the world's prosperities,
Bestow on me and mine
Nor more nor less than may suffice
To keep us always thine.

HYMN XIV.

For Parents who have lost their Children.

THIS consolatory Hymn may be useful for parents, who being deprived of all their children are nigh oppressed with grief; for they are hereby remembered that, all casualties considered, they may have as much cause to rejoice as grieve.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

QUITE lost are now mine airy joys,
Once promised by a fruitful womb;
For my dear issue death destroys,
And full of grief I am become:
Those eyes whereon I loved to look,
The voices which made glad mine ear,
Are out of sight and hearing took,
And shall no more delight me here.

2 I am a plant whose leaves are cropp'd,
Whose pleasant fruit is pluck'd away;
Whose hopeful branches down are lopp'd,
And left without a living spray:
To call me father none is left,
My songs to mournful tunes are made,
And all the pleasures are bereft
Which in a child I might have had.

3 Yet all rejoicing is not gone,
For in my sorrows comforts be,
Because the soul which I bemoan,
Is found of God, though lost to me:
And as those hopes are frustrate made
Wherein I would have took delight,
Even so the fears I should have had,
Prevented are and put to flight.

4 By want, by sickness or disgrace,
By folly or by wilful sin,
My seed in this unsteady place
To me great sorrows might have been:
But I, who now do hope the best,
And see the worst that can succeed,
From all such fears am now released,
And from ten thousand doubtings freed.

5 This, likewise, adds to my content,
That while I militant shall be,
God His triumphant Church augments,
By thereto making use of me:
I, therefore, with a ready will,
And with an humble heart resign
To Him, His pleasure to fulfil,
My seed, myself, and all that's mine.

HYMN XV.

For such as are Barren.

BARRENNESS is objected by some as a reproach, and many are much discomforted thereby: this Ode hath for their comfort, therefore, briefly expressed such things as may be helpful to prevent, or mitigate their disconsolation.

YOU that in children fruitful are,
Upbraid ye not the barren womb;
As though the carnal seed you bear,
Should make you happy to become:
Nor let it much afflict thy heart,
Who canst not of that blessing boast,
As if, because thou childless art,
The best contentments quite were lost.

2 In thinking so we are beguiled,
For bliss depends not thereupon;
Though Hannah joyed in her child,
By children Eli was undone;
Nay, she that bare the blessed birth,
Though in so suffering blest she were,
Had many sorrows here on earth,
Occasion'd by the child she bare.

3 If to prolong their carnal care
A bliss therein essential had,

Then Cain more bless'd than Abel was,
And Cham a blessed man was made:
Then he whom ravens came to feed,
And he that was by him foreshown,
Had left behind them carnal seed,
And this way blessed should have grown.

4 Yea, He that us by grace begot,
Did carnal fruitfulness neglect,
And, therefore, sure it profits not
The best perfections to effect:
Nay, many times it rather lets
That happiness which here is sought;
For man sometimes a child begets
By whom to ruin he is brought.

5 When outward things away are worn,
They shall to us become as dear
Whom others have begot or borne,
As these whom we beget or bear;
And he effects a greater good
Who gives to one a ghostly birth,
Than he who gets of flesh and blood
Enough to people all the earth.

6 I, therefore, will not grieve nor pine,
That in the flesh I barren seem;
But seek an offspring more divine,
And covet fruit of more esteem:
My mind hereafter I will give
The seed of grace to entertain,
And that blest issue to conceive
Which needs not to be born again.

7 The bread my children should have eat,
The cloth I purposed they should wear,
May be the needy orphans' meat,
And robes for them who naked are:
The tendance which they should have had,
Upon the sick may be bestown;

And others may be happy made,
By what, perhaps, had marr'd mine own.
8 Yea, peradventure to this end
The womb is closed unto me,
That I on God might more attend,
And parent to His children be;
Wherein if I perform His will,
He that knows what befits us best,
Shall then in me His words fulfil,
Who said the barren should be bless'd.

HYMN XVI.

For Children having Parents living.

CHILDREN consider not as they ought the many benefits which they enjoy by their parents: therefore, to beget in them thankfulness, dutifulness, and a serious heedfulness of the blessing possessed by the life of their parents, this Hymn is tendered to their use.

Sing this as the 4th Psalm.

AMONG those blessings which on me,
Thou dost, O Lord! bestow,
For that my parents living be,
Least thanks I do not owe:
Because things needful they provide,
My body to sustain,
And my unruly youth to guide,
Take hourly care and pain.
2 As happy made in them I am,
In me so bless Thou them,
That them I neither grieve nor shame,
Nor their advice contemn;
But them so let me still obey,
And so in grace increase,

That long with comfort live they may,
And end their days in peace.
3 The being which to me they gave,
Do thou for me requite;
And that well-being let them have
In which they shall delight:
As in my childhood kind they were,
Though often I transgress'd,
So with such frailties let me bear,
As may old age molest.
4 My body was in them begun,
Their souls and mine in Thee;
When, therefore, this life's round is run,
Divided let's not be:
But in Thy path so teach our feet
To travel without blame,
That we at last in Thee may meet,
From whence at first we came.

HYMN XVII.

For Orphans.

IN this Hymn orphans are taught so to consider their loss and disadvantage in being deprived of their parents, that it may stir them up to a firm dependance on God, and to be thankful for His merciful providence.

Sing this as the former.

BUT that I may on Thee, O Lord!
And on Thy help depend,
Because I have Thy gracious word
Poor orphans to defend;
I should become so overpress'd
With sorrows or with fear,

That of safe being or of rest
Small hope would now appear.
2 For they who should from wrong protect,
And needful things purvey,
Yea, they who should my course direct,
Are taken quite away;
And snares, oppressions, and deceits,
Are multiplied so,
That of their force or of their sleights*
I still in danger go.
3 To Thee, therefore, in my distress
My voice advanced I have,
Thy former mercies to confess,
And future help to crave:
For merely of Thy love it was
That I am undestroy'd,
And that I thus confess whose grace
Is thereunto employ'd.
4 O Lord! my guardian be Thou still,
Fill Thou my parents' room;
To do me good and keep from ill,
My parent now become:
And when Thy children called are
Their heritage to take,
Let me among them have a share,
For Thy dear mercies' sake.

HYMN XVIII.

For a Lover in general.

MOST make a jest of that natural affection which is termed love; yet in the well ordering of that passion depends the temporal happiness or unhappiness of most men and women: this Hymn was therefore composed to instruct and remember lovers how to moderate that affection and to invoke divine assistance.

* Devices.

Sing this as the 51st Psalm.

TAKE heed, my heart, for in my breast
I kindled feel a warm desire,
Which if not order'd or suppress'd,
May prove at length a baneful fire;
Therewith to play though few do fear,
Yet they who safely 'scape the same,
By pow'r divine preserved are,
As were the children in the flame.

2 If, as men call it, love it be,
Love is, methinks, too much my foe,
In taking sleep and rest from me,
Who know no cause it should do so:
In other thoughts I spend the day
Than heretofore I mused upon;
Mine hours I often sigh away,
I pleasure take to be alone.

3 And though some this disease deride,
Great floods of tears the same hath cost;
Some have been shamed, some have died,
And some thereby their wits have lost:
Therefore that I may take no harm
Whilst in my heart such passions dwell,
With faith in God I sing this charm,
And He, I hope, will speed it well.

4 Lord! since in me a youthful heat
Those kindly motions hath begun,
Which nature doth in us beget,
And human reason cannot shun;
Grant me Thy gracious aid, I pray,
And for my safeguard so provide,
That what I cannot quite allay,
I may through Thy assistance guide.

5 To understand, instruct my wit,
How far I may my fancy please;

Or how far forth I should admit
A future pain for present ease:
Let not my heart be made a prize
To them who true affections wrong,
To wanton smiles or lustful eyes,
Or to a tempting syren's tongue.

6 Let me be neither fool'd nor catch'd
By honour, wealth, or painted skin,
Nor with unseemly years be match'd,
Nor with an evil-famed kin:
But choose Thou forth for me a mate
Which truly may my equal be
In birth, in years, and in estate,
Or have what wants supplied by Thee.

7 Yea, let me my affections place
Where like affection may be found;
Where virtue may be join'd with grace,
And both with equal voice be crown'd:
That Thou mayst in our love delight,
And that we may by love ascend
In our affections to that height
And to that love which hath no end.

HYMN XIX.

For Lovers being constrained to be absent from each other.

THOUGH this and the like passions are little heeded, and less pitied by such as think themselves wise; yet through want of counsel and means to direct or qualify such affections, many inconveniences follow, which might be prevented by this or some such meditations as are tendered in this Hymn.

NOW that thou and I must part,
And since parting is a pain,
Which in ev'ry loving heart
Will in love's despite remain;

Charms of grief let us provide,
Whilst together we abide;
And as gladly as we may,
Strive to sing our care away.

2 Dearest, weep not, sigh not so,
For it is nor time nor place
That can much divide us two,
Though it part us for a space;
Neither shall be left alone,
When asunder we are gone;
I in thee, and thou in me,
Shall for ever dwelling be.

3 In our flesh indeed we find
Sense of that which we shall miss,
But it is within the mind
Where the essence of it is;
Minds may with each other stay
When their bodies are away;
And since ours the same can do,
Whither from thee can I go?

4 If thou fear lest death may bar
From that meeting we desire,
Know that thou and I, my dear,
Shall thereby be brought the nigher;
Since in God our hearts have met,
Death our meetings cannot let,
Nor can love like ours begun,
Be in life or death undone.

5 Therefore, now no more lament
What avoided cannot be,
But in Him remain content
Who endear'd me first to thee:
To His arms I thee bequeath,
To be found in life or death;
Where till I review thy face,
Rest, my dear, in His embrace.

HYMN XX.

For Lovers tempted by carnal Desires.

FROM those carnal suggestions whereby wantons are encouraged to fulfil unchaste longings, occasion is here taken to cherish in true lovers rather such affections as beget and continue an everlasting love.

COME, sweet heart, come, let us prove,
Whilst we may, the joys of love;
To each other let us give
All our longings whilst we live;
For what most we fear to lose,
Slowly comes and swiftly goes;
And the pleasure we delay,
May be lost anon for aye.

2 Those fair lamps which trim the skies
Daily set and daily rise,
But when we have lost our light,
Everlasting is our night;
We shall see nor torch nor star
To inform us where we are;
Therefore, come, come, let us prove,
While we may, the joys of love.

3 Thus the carnal dotard sings,
Wooing shades as real things;
All his hopes and all his joys,
Sickness, age, or death destroys;
Fancies vain and foolish fires
Are the guides of his desires,
And his bliss and chiefest good
Builded is on flesh and blood.

4 But, my dear and I do climb
To affections more sublime,

Neither welfare nor distress
Makes our love the more or less,
Nor have outward things the pow'r
To mislead such love as our;
And it still abides the same,
Whether praise it hath or blame.

5 When the beauties which adorn
Flesh and blood away are worn;
From those ruins which will raise
Objects worth more love and praise:
Yea, when sickness, age, or death,
Shall deprive of health and breath,
Youthful strength could never yet
Gain the bliss we then shall get.

6 Therefore stars, and moon, and sun,
Unenvied your courses run;
We, without distrust or fear,
Keep our motions in our sphere;
For we know we shall arise
After death puts out our eyes,
And obtain a light divine
Which will moon and sun outshine.

HYMN XXI.

For one contentedly Married.

THE intent of this Ode is to show that our natural affections are never fully satisfied in the choice of our helpers, until God bring man and wife together by, as it were, making the one out of the other through a frequent conversing together, and by observing and approving each other's condition, which is never done till those passions are cast into a sleep, which make them dote on wealth, honour, beauty, and such unfit marriage-makers.

Sing this as I loved thee once, &c.

SINCE they in singing take delight
Who in their love unhappy be,
Why should not I in song delight
Who from their sorrow now am free?
That such as can believe may know
What comforts are on earth below,
And prove what blessings may be won
By loving so as I have done.

2 When first affection warm'd my blood,
Which was ere wit could ripen'd be,
And ere I fully understood
What fire it was that warmed me;
My youthful heat a love begat,
That love did love I know not what;
But this I know, I felt more pains
Than many a broken heart sustains.

3 When years inform'd me how to see
What had such wand'ring passions wrought,
The more my knowledge grew to be,
The greater torments still it brought;
Then sought I means to cure love's wound,
The more I sought less ease I found;
And milder pangs than I have had,
Makes many lovers sick and mad.

4 I have a deep indented heart,
Which no content would let me find,
Until her proper counterpart
Should thereunto be firmly join'd:
Ere far I sought or searched much,
I many found who seemed such,
But them when I did nearly view,
Not one in heart was fully true.

5 Alas! thought I, to what I seek
Why should so many draw so near,

And at the last prove nothing like
To what at first they did appear?
So much why do so many please,
Since I was made for none of these?
And why in show have I been one,
Beloved much, yet loved of none?

6 Could wealth have bought my marriage-bed,
Or honour brought me true delight,
I could these ways have better sped
Than many do believe I might;
Nay, beauty though none loves it more,
Nor proffer'd loves though I had store,
Could make me think now found is she
That proves a helper fit for me.

7 Nor ease, nor pleasure could I find
In beauty, honour, love, or pelf;
Nor means to gain a settled mind,
Till I had found my second self:
Thus till our grandame Eve was made,
No helper our first parent had;
Which proves a wife in value more
Than all the creatures made before.

8 Half tired in seeking what I sought,
I fell into a sleep at last;
And God for me my wishes wrought,
When hope of them were almost past:
With Adam I this favour had,
That out of me my wife was made;
And when I waked I espied
That God for me had found a bride.

9 How He this riddle brought to pass,
This curious world shall never hear;
A secret work of His it was,
Not fit for ev'ry vulgar ear:
Out of each other form'd were we,
Within a third our beings be;

And our well-being was begun,
By being in ourselves undone.
10 I have the height of my desire,
In secret no dislike I find;
Love warms me with a kindly fire,
No jealous pangs torment my mind:
I breathe no sigh, I make no moan,
As others do and I have done;
Nor do I mark, nor do I care,
How fair or lovely others are.
11 My heart at quiet lets me lie,
And moves no passions in my breast;
Nor tempting tongue, nor speaking eye,
Nor smiling lip, can break my rest:
The peer* I sought by me is found,
My earthly hopes by thee are crown'd;
And I in one all pleasures find,
That may be found in woman-kind.
12 Each hath of other like esteem,
And what that is we need not tell;
For we are one, though two we seem,
And in each other's heart we dwell:
There dwells He too embracing us,
By whom we were endeared thus;
He makes us rich though seeming poor,
And when we want will give us more.
13 Lord! let our love in Thee begun,
In Thee, likewise, continuance have;
And if Thy will may so be done,
Together lodge us in one grave:
Thence on the Lamb's great wedding-day,
Raise us together from the clay;
And where the Bridegroom doth remain,
Let us both live and love again.

* Companion.

HYMN XXII.

For a Husband.

THE knowledge, conscience, prudence, and affection becoming a husband is here partly expressed, in hope that by the perusal and use of this Hymn, some shall be the better continued in their conjugal amity, and some become better husbands than they were.

Sing this as the 1st Psalm.

CONFESSION of the same I owe,
And thanks, O Lord! to Thee,
That Thou art pleased to bestow
A helper fitting me;
For they that wed and then repent,
Though others they condemn,
Were cause of their own discontent,
And had what fitted them.

2 A wife sometimes is thought a curse,
And therefore disesteem'd;
When he that owns her had been worse,
If she had better seem'd:
As good examples breed in some
More virtues than they had,
Some, likewise, better do become,
By finding others bad.

3 Lord! let me always manage well
The blessing I have got,
And so with my companion dwell,
That her I injure not:
Preserve us to each other kind,
With so much true respect,
That we may no occasions find
Of doubtings or neglect.

4 Let me not yield up my command
To her that should obey,
Nor on my pow'r more strictly stand
Than love with reason may;
But let me still so act my part,
And be so well advised,
That I may neither grieve her heart,
Nor make myself despised.

5 Though other women may be thought
With more endowments bless'd,
Let me believe that mine hath brought
What shall befit me best:
And at her frailties if I shall
In word or thought repine,
Let me consider therewithal
What she may think of mine.

6 When other women shall appear
More pleasureful to be,
Make me suspect that Satan there
Hath laid a bait for me;
And give me grace the same to shun,
And earnestly to pray,
That ere a folly may be done,
Thy love prevent it may.

7 Our Saviour Christ hath signified
What love a husband owes,
By that which on His holy bride
He graciously bestows:
Therefore so near as unto that
Imperfect love may reach,
Lord! give me grace to imitate
What His examples teach.

HYMN XXIII.

For a Wife.

WIVES are hereby taught to seek in and from God the perfection of their conjugal amity; this Hymn endeavours also to insinuate the affection and obedience beseeming pious and virtuous wives, by teaching their tongues to confess and express their duties.

Sing this as the former.

EXCEPT when kindest we appear,
And faithfullest are thought,
Our loves in God confirmed are,
They quickly come to nought;
For our own virtue at the best
Is but a gilded sin,
And when most friendship is profess'd,
Much falsehood lurks therein.

2 No joy or grief can in this life
More sweet or bitter be,
Than when the husband and the wife
Shall well or ill agree:
Where they shall rightly sympathize,
The dearest friendship grows,
And if betwixt them strifes arise,
They prove the greatest foes.

3 Lord! rectify our hearts, therefore,
And sanctify them so,
That to each other more and more
Endeared we may grow;
Until our frail, imperfect love
By steps upraised be,
From things below to things above,
And perfected in Thee.

4 Betwixt us let no jars be found,
Or breach of faith be fear'd;

Within our walks let not the sound
Of bitter words be heard;
But let the peaceful turtle-dove
In quiet nestle there,
Learn out the songs of blameless love,
And sing them all the year.

5 Preserve me from those peevish tricks
Which merit scorn or hate,
From all those humours of my sex
Which wise men's love abate;
From gaming hands, from wand'ring feet,
From fond and vain attires,
From eyes that roll about the street,
And bring home loose desires.

6 Let this in mind be always had,
My husband to prefer,
The woman for the man was made,
And not the man for her:
Yea, since Thy holy Word hath said
The wife should him obey,
As Christ is of His Church obey'd,
Lord! grant that so I may.

7 And that my heart may not despise
His pleasure to fulfil,
Let his commands be just and wise,
Discreet and loving still;
For when the husband loves the wife
As Christ example gives,
Subjection yields the sweetest life
That any creature lives.

8 It causeth him that is above,
The kinder still to grow;
It draws him by the cords of love
To set himself below;
And she that his inferior was,
By order and degree,
Through love, humility, and grace,
His equal stoops to be.

HYMN XXIV.

For a Man in general.

Few men so consider the privileges of their sex as to be thankful for the same, by which neglect they sometimes abuse their prerogatives: the amendment of which oversights was aimed at by offering this Hymn to be sometimes used.

GREAT, O Lord! Thy favour was,
That a being I have gain'd;
Greater was in this Thy grace,
That therewith I life obtain'd:
But in that the soul I had,
Thou with reason hast endow'd,
And to reason faith didst add,
Greater mercy hath been show'd.

2 These large favours I confess,
And consider their esteem,
Yet I value ne'ertheless
Those that lower prized seem:
Therefore, Lord! in what I can,
Thanks I now to Thee return,
That I was brought forth a man,
Rather than a woman born.

3 Not that I their sex despise,
Or too much exalt mine own;
For in these I were unwise,
And more pride than thanks had shown:
But the truth to Thee I'll speak,
Though men strongest counted are,
I confess myself too weak,
Female suff'rings well to bear;

4 For when I observe the pains,
Which pursue a childing womb,

And the torments it sustains
When the hour of birth is come:
When I heed the nightly care
Which the nursing mouths procure,
Grievous things methinks they are
Which a woman doth endure.

5 To submit my knowing soul,
As they oft are fain to do,
To a churl, a fool's control,
And perhaps dishonest too;
There my body to subject,
Where I loathe to draw my breath,
And by nature disaffect,
Would be worse to me than death.

6 I will thankful therefore be,
That at better ease I seem,
And express my thanks to Thee
In a due respect of them;
For as first a woman's blame
Was occasion of our fall,
So first by a woman came
That which makes amends for all.

HYMN XXV.

For a Woman in general.

WOMEN are otherwhile uncivilly upbraided by imprudent men of the frailties of their sex; to comfort against such reproaches, some things, illustrating the worthiness of their sex, are here expressed and mixed with divine consolations.

Sing this as the 1st Psalm.

MY grandame Eve I curse not, Lord!
Nor vilify her name;
Though for her sin upon record,
Her sons our sex defame:

For what without my fault was lost,
I may again possess,
Repurchased at another's cost,
Without my righteousness.

2 Our sex was first in that offence
For which mankind was shent,*
And we have suffer'd ever since
The greatest punishment:
The vilest of our human race
Upbraid us for that sin,
So aggravating our disgrace
As if they clear had been.

3 For giving passage to our lust
Thy curse abideth still,
And our desire subject we must
Unto another's will;
In sorrow our conceptions are,
And oftentimes in vain;
With sickness were our children bore,
And bring them forth with pain.

4 Yet, Lord! we have a joy in Thee
Which none can take away,
And hopes which cannot frustrate be
Till we ourselves betray;
The greater crosses we sustain
Whilst in the flesh we 'bide,
The greater honour we shall gain
When we are glorified.

5 Thy meanest handmaid in distress,
If she in faith complains,
Shall in her sorrows find redress,
And ease for all her pains:
Both Hannah's plaints and Hagar's cries
Thou graciously didst heed,
And ev'ry woman who relies
On Thee in time of need.

* Ruined.

6 Though foolish men our sex despise,
And hold us in contempt,
From Thy most holy mysteries
We never were exempt:
By some of us Thy messages
Have to Thy Church been sent,
And men have borne with good success
A woman's government.

7 Yea, by the woman's side He came,
Whose grace hath means procured
To free us from the death and shame
Which all had else endured:
Whate'er to others we may seem,
With Him nor bond nor free,
Nor male, nor female want esteem,
If they shall faithful be.

HYMN XXVI.

For Virgins.

THIS Hymn teacheth virgins to behave themselves with discreet and chaste moderation according to the gift they have received; neither striving for the garland of perpetual virginity beyond their power, nor shunning it, being made capable thereof; but rather submitting both mind and body to what God calls them unto.

ZEAL to God Almighty's praise,
And His worship to attend,
Hallow'd some in former days,
To be virgins to their end:
Virgins firm in age and youth,
To the love of spotless truth;
Nor defiled nor drawn aside
By the baits of lust or pride.

2 These are they whom grace ordains
To be present day and night,
Where the blessed Lamb remains,
And to wear long robes of white;
Robes more white than mountain snow,
Or the lilies where they grow;
Robes more glorious than those are
Which earth's greatest princes wear.

3 Lord! my body yet is free
From a wanton fleshly touch;
Happy will my portion be,
If I still may say as much:
For when toyous* we begin,
Lust will quickly enter in;
And though first the breach be small,
That at last will ruin all.

4 If a virgin to remain,
For Thy service may be best;
Make me able to contain,
That no longings me molest:
Let nor pride nor causeless fears,
Dread of want or outward cares,
To that life a motive be,
But mere love of serving Thee.

5 Though some scoffingly upbraid
Those that aged virgins are,
Let not that which fools have said
From a praiseful course deter;
Neither let a virgin's name
Make me dote upon the same,
Till those raging fires begin
Which provoke to deadly sin.

6 To keep chaste the marriage bed,
Is a virtue more of worth
Than to keep a maiden-head,
Though some set it fairer forth:

* To trifle.

Angels virgins are, they say,
So are flowers as well as they;
And as much, for aught I know,
Merit praise for being so.

7 If a helper help me may,
Better to perform Thy will,
Such a one for me purvey,
And be then our helper still:
I desire not to obtain
What mere fancy seeks to gain,
But in that would spend my days
Which may most advance Thy praise.

8 Some unfit for wedlock seem,
Others virgins cannot live;
Ev'ry gift should have esteem
Which it pleaseth Thee to give:
Whatsoe'er, therefore, it be
Which Thy love confers on me,
Make me so my gift to prize,
That no other I despise.

9 To what state soe'er Thou hast
Me for time to come design'd,
Keep Thy servant ever chaste
Both in body and in mind:
For if chastity be there,
Both estates made equal are;
And e'en that which best is thought,
Wanting this proves worse than naught.

HYMN XXVII.

For a Widower, or a Widow deprived of a loving Yoke-fellow.

THAT such as be deprived of their most dear companions may not be swallowed up in excessive grief, and so forget their Christian hopes and duties, this

Hymn teacheth a moderate expressing of their natural passions, and remembers them of things not to be forgotten in their sorrow.

Sing this as I loved thee once.

HOW near me came the hand of Death,
When at my side he struck my dear!
And took away the precious breath
Which quicken'd my beloved peer!*
How helpless am I thereby made!
By day how grieved, by night how sad!
And now my life's delight is gone,
Alas! how am I left alone!

2 The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day;
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen;
But what I once enjoy'd in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

3 All earthly comforts vanish thus,
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them or they from us
May in a moment ravish'd be;
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise,
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

4 I therefore do not so bemoan,
Though these beseeming tears I drop,
The loss of my beloved one,
As they that are deprived of hope;
But in expressing of my grief,
My heart receiveth some relief,
And joyeth in the good I had,
Although my sweets are bitter made.

* Companion.

5 Lord! keep me faithful to the trust
Which my dear spouse reposed in me,
To him now dead preserve me just
In all that should performed be;
For though our being man and wife
Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end
The being of a faithful friend.
6 Those helps which I through him enjoy'd,
Let Thy continual aid supply;
That though some hopes in him are void,
I always may on Thee rely:
And whether I shall wed again,
Or in a single state remain,
Unto Thine honour let it be,
And for a blessing unto me.

HYMN XXVIII.

For a Widower, or a Widow delivered from a troublesome Yoke-fellow.

BECAUSE deliverance from a troublesome yoke-fellow, is a benefit neither to be despised nor indiscreetly rejoiced in; this Hymn teacheth with what moderation, with what tenderness of heart, and with what desire we should be affected in such cases.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

REJOICE not without fear, my heart,
That thou, by death's impartial stroke,
Discharged from thy partner art,
And freed from an unequal yoke:
Yea, though by means of this divorce
Thou may'st escape much discontent,
Yet both with pity and remorse
Consider well of this event.

2 For as when first the Jewish laws
Divorcements tolerable made,
The hardness of their heart was cause
That such a course permission had;
So an obdurateness of thine
Some cause might peradventure be,
That God, who sees when men repine,
Hath from Thy mate released thee.

3 Triumph not, therefore, in thy lot,
As if thy merits were the more;
But use the freedom thou hast got
With meekness, and thy sins deplore:
For if God's eye had been severe
In marking how I gave offence,
He had prolong'd my torment here,
Or else in wrath removed me hence.

4 When man and wife shall disagree,
Though one of them less guilty prove,
Yet neither of them quite are free
From breaking of the law of love:
And to be blameless doth sometimes
Those proud or foolish thoughts infuse,
Which make more guilty than the crimes
For which we others do accuse.

5 Unto the soul departed, Lord!
Although it often hath transgress'd,
I hope Thy mercy doth afford
Well-being in a place of rest;
And for each wrong sustain'd by me,
Whilst in the flesh it did remain,
As also for my wrongs to Thee,
I beg Thy pardon to obtain.

6 And that I may conclude my race
With less offence and more content,
Vouchsafe me Thy assisting grace,
Ensuing errors to prevent;

And if Thy providence allows
Another helper unto me,
Lord! keep us faithful in our vows
Both to each other and to Thee.

HYMN XXIX.

For a Clergyman.

THOUGH most clergymen know well enough what meditations are pertinent to their callings, yet some of them being otherwhile forgetful of what they know, we have inserted this Hymn to remember them who shall not despise to be remembered thereby.

WHATSOE'ER my motives were
When this calling I assumed,
Many times I greatly fear,
Lest I overmuch presumed:
For whose ableness of wit,
O most glorious King of kings!
Or whose holiness is fit
To dispense Thy sacred things?

2 When those honours I perceive
Whereto some of us ascend,
And what portions Thou dost give
On Thine altar to attend;
When I mind my private charge,
And what audit I must yield,
For my calling, Lord! at large
With sad thoughts my heart is fill'd.

3 Dreadful is that servant's doom,
And accursed is his case,
Whom his Lord, when He shall come,
Finds unfaithful in his place:
For at ev'ry shepherd's hand
Who neglects his flock to keep,

Thou wilt strict accounts demand
For the blood of ev'ry sheep.

4 Therefore, Lord! for Thine own sake
In Thy fear preserve me so,
That I still may conscience make
Of the work Thou call'st me to:
Yea, preserve me from their sin,
Who by fleecing of Thy flock
Have both clothed and fatted been,
And Thy threaten'd judgments mock.

5 Let the doctrines which I preach,
Be from errors always free;
Let the truth which I shall teach,
By good life confirmed be;
Let me evermore have care,
True devotion, true increase;
And of those nice things beware
Which may break the band of peace.

6 Pardon all which merits blame
In my entrance to this place;
My great failings in the same,
Lord! forgive me of Thy grace;
And that none of these be lost
Which to me committed were,
Let His aid whose life they cost
Help me where my failings are.

HYMN XXX.

For a Layman.

GOD usually blesseth a pious and obedient laity with discreet and godly pastors, and froward sheep are justly committed to negligent shepherds; the laity, therefore, are by this Hymn instructed to praise God for their faithful pastors, to pray for them, and to yield them all due honour, obedience and necessary supplies.

Sing this as the 25th Psalm.

NOT in a mean degree
Am I obliged, Lord!
For Thy enlight'ning grace to me,
Vouchsafed by Thy Word;
Nor less obliged am I
To sing Thy daily praise,
That I have guides to rectify
My knowledge and my ways.

2 For through each age, O God!
Thy priests Thou hast ordain'd,
To spread that saving truth abroad
Whereby our bliss is gain'd:
Yea, they Thy shepherds be,
Thy flocks to feed and keep,
And home to bring again to Thee
Thy weak and wand'ring sheep.

3 Lord! fit them for that place
Which they are call'd unto,
By giving them both gifts and grace,
Their duties well to do;
And form in us, we pray,
Such fruits of true belief,
That their accounts they render may
With joy and not with grief.

4 As messengers from Thee
Let me their errands hear,
And of their place respective be,
Though mean their persons are:
And let me not refuse,
Or murmur to bestow,
Those honours or those other dues
Which I to them shall owe.

5 Lest Uzzah-like I fare,
Let me no meddler be

In things that consecrated are,
But as beseemeth Thee;
And when Thy Word I read,
That I may shun offence,
Thy grace vouchsafe me to take heed
Of error's private sense.
6 That I may likewise heed
Truth's path, let me have care
To find their tents who feed Thy sheep,
And to continue there;
Yea, that to them and Thee
The way be not mistook,
Let me still walk where I may see
The footsteps of Thy flock.

HYMN XXXI.

For a Lawyer.

A LAWYER conscionably affected is a public blessing; that therefore the use or perusal of this Hymn may help remember that which most of them may know, we have added this Meditation.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

KEEP me throughout my life, O Lord!
In such a son-like dread of Thee,
That to the canon of Thy Word
My practice always may agree:
And since the study of the laws
For my profession was design'd,
To patronize the righteous cause,
Preserve in me a willing mind.
2 Let nor the gaining of a fee,
Nor foes' despite, nor friends' desert,
Nor fear, nor want inveigle me
From faithful counsel to depart;

Nor let my practice be like theirs
Who turn the means of righting wrong,
Into vexatious gins and snares,
Contentious pleadings to prolong.

3 From their base mind preserve me clear,
To whom judicial courts do seem
As if they only raised were
To help enrich and honour them;
And from their guilt preserve me too,
Who their preferments to increase,
Forbear not public wrongs to do,
Nor to infringe the common peace.

4 Yea, teach me so to know and mind
How much displeased, Lord! Thou art,
With him that's wilfully inclined
The course of justice to pervert;
That I may never do or say
That which averse to truth may be,
Or set my client in a way
Which may not well approved be.

HYMN XXXII.

For a Client.

CLIENTS are ofttimes through wilfulness or indiscretion, needless occasions of their own and other men's molestations: here, therefore, they are put in mind with what sincerity, wariness, and prudence they should wage law, and of whom this temper is to be sought.

Sing this as the 23rd Psalm.

SO oft as neighbours disagree,
At least one party still,
Blameworthy shall be found to be
In judgment or in will;

Nay many times on either side
Lawsuits are so begun,
That neither can be justified
In that which they have done.

2 Self-love and self-conceit pervert
The most approved laws,
They make sometimes an honest heart
Befriend an evil cause;
And few men so inclined are
Their errors to behold,
As when in others' names they hear
Their own offences told.

3 Therefore, since now engaged I am
A client to become,
And must abide, with gain or blame,
The law's impartial doom;
Lord! grant me grace to be content
The truth should alway thrive,
And to accept of that event
Which Thou art pleased to give.

4 Let neither peevishness nor hate,
Nor pride my will deprave,
Nor thirsting to enlarge my state
Endanger what I have;
But grant me wisdom to foresee,
Before I be undone,
How mischievous a suit may be,
Which rashly is begun.

5 Preserve me from the mind of those
Who seek by fraud or force,
The acts of justice to expose,
Or interrupt her course;
And lest this mind may me undo,
Assisted let me be
With lawyers and with judges too,
From bribes and falsehood free.

HYMN XXXIII.

For a Physician.

IT may be some physicians will not despise to preserve in themselves a remembrance of their duties, by such a means as this Hymn; howsoever, it is here inserted, that it may purposely or accidentally perform that office.

MY God! what helpeth less
To preserve us from the grave,
Than that art which I profess,
If it please not Thee to save?
And when sickness I oppose,
By what cunning could I see
In what secret path it goes,
If I had not light from Thee?

2 By Thine aid I must discern
Where my patients' grief doth lie;
I from Thee must also learn
What thereto I should apply:
And when such weak things as these,
Leaves and roots of plants and weeds,
Shall remove a strong disease,
From Thy virtue it proceeds.

3 Therefore, let Thy blessing still
With my practice go along,
And so guide, so bless my skill,
That no patient may have wrong:
And their boldness let me shun,
Who when art is at a pause,
Desp'rate courses dare to run,
For their profit or applause.

4 Let the grievance of the poor
Be, for charity of me,

As much tender'd evermore
As the rich man's for a fee:
And in me their mind prevent
Who prolong an easy cure,
And their profits to augment,
Make men grieved more grief endure.
5 But such conscience let me make,
In the calling I profess,
What I give and what I take,
That my practice Thou may'st bless;
And that when I sick shall be,
I no cause may have to fear
That revenge will seize on me
For neglect of love or care.

HYMN XXXIV.

For a Patient.

ONE cause that sick persons have so little benefit by the physician's aid, is their neglect of their own duties to God and themselves; and for prevention of these negligences, this Hymn was composed.

Sing this as, We praise Thee, O God!

ORD! from the noisome sink of sin,
Which through our nature goes,
All suff'rings do at first begin,
Thence all our sickness flows;
And till the streams of grace Thou deign,
To wash that filth away,
We labour for that health in vain,
Which else obtain we may.
2 Most wise Physician of my soul!
To purge now, therefore, please

That vicious fount of humours foul,
Which breedeth my disease:
And when removed those causes be
Which my distempers bring,
Cure also those effects in me
Whence my disease doth spring.

3 Thy blessing on that means bestow
Which now I do intend,
And let my heart in all I do
On Thee alone depend:
Yea, that the means which I receive
May bring my hopes to pass,
Give me the due preparative
Of penitential grace.

4 For he that on his leeches' art
Doth overmuch rely,
Or with an unrepentant heart
The means of health doth try,
Shall either miss the wished ease
Which to obtain he thought,
Or gain by health a worse disease
Than that whose cure he sought.

HYMN XXXV.

For a Merchant or Chapman.

BY the use of this Hymn merchants may be kept heedful of the snares and temptations which they become liable unto by their negociations, and what peace and profit will ensue if they be just and merciful in their dealings.

Sing this as the 4th, 5th, or 6th Psalms.

NLESS, O Lord! Thy grace Thou lend,
To be my hourly guide,
In ev'ry word I do offend,
In ev'ry step I slide:

For earth us lawful course affords,
That makes men more to blame,
In fraudful deeds and guileful words,
Than that whereof I am.

2 When strong desires of being rich,
With means thereto are join'd,
Good conscience is endanger'd much,
And often cast behind:
Yea, to great wealth men seldom rise
Through what they sell and buy,
Except to vend their merchandize
They sometimes cheat and lie.

3 The sins, O Lord! forgive Thou me,
Which to my trading cleave;
Upright let all my dealings be,
That I may none deceive:
All my affairs instruct me so
By prudence to contrive,
That others may by what I do
See honest ways to thrive.

4 Permit not greediness of gain
My conscience to ensnare,
Or load me with employments vain,
Or fill my heart with care:
Nor make my goods a prey to those
Who by dishonest ways,
Or by pretending all to lose,
Themselves to riches raise.

5 To those who poor are that way made,
Which they could not prevent,
Let me no cruel burdens add,
In craving what I lent;
But let me do for men distress'd,
As my estate may bear,
What at their hands I might request
If in their plight I were.

6 So though to poverty I fall,
And needy seem to be,
A quiet mind possess I shall,
With full content in Thee:
And if great wealth I do acquire,
It will not waste away,
Like brushy fuel in the fire,
But with mine offspring stay.

HYMN XXXVI.

For a Soldier.

THE soldier being taught by this Hymn to nourish in his heart the contempt of bodily perils, is withal instructed, or put in mind, to be careful to avoid the sins usually defiling that profession; to consider the duties of his calling, and take God for his leader and defence.

NOW in myself I notice take,
What life we soldiers lead,
My hair stands up, my heart doth ache,
My soul is full of dread;
And to declare
This horrid fear,
Throughout my bones I feel
A shiv'ring cold
On me lay hold,
And run from head to heel.

2 It is not loss of limbs or breath
Which hath me so dismay'd,
Nor mortal wounds, nor groans of death
Have made me thus array'd:
When cannons roar,
I start no more
Than mountains from their place,
Nor feel I fears,

Though swords and spears
Are darted at my face.

3 A soldier it would ill become
Such common things to fear,
The shouts of war, the thund'ring drum,
His courage up doth cheer:
Though dust and smoke
His passage choke,
He boldly marcheth on,
And thinketh scorn
His back to turn,
Till all be lost or won.

4 The flashing fires, the whizzing shot,
Distemper not his wits;
The barbed steed he dreadeth not,
Nor him who thereon sits;
But through the field,
With sword and shield,
He cutteth forth his way,
And through a flood
Of reeking blood,
Wades on without dismay.

5 That whereupon the dread begins
Which thus appalleth me,
Is that huge troop of crying sins
Which rife in soldiers be;
The wicked mind,
Wherewith I find
Into the field they go,
More terror hath,
Than all the wrath
And engines of the foe.

6 The rapes, the spoils, and acts unjust,
Which are in soldiers rife,
Their damned oaths, their brutish lust,
Their cursed course of life,

More dreadful are,
When death draws near,
Than death itself can be;
And he that knows
The fear of those,
The mouth of hell doth see.

7 Defend me, Lord! from those misdeeds
Which my profession shame,
And from the vengeance that succeeds
When we are so to blame:
Preserve me far
From acts of war,
Where Thou dost peace command;
And in my breast
Let mercy rest,
Though justice use my hand.

8 Those let me willingly obey
Who my commanders be;
Both with my place, and with my pay,
Contented make Thou me;
And when I go
To meet my foe,
Let no beloved sin
In me be found,
To make a wound
Without me or within.

9 Let me no help to those afford
That have a wicked cause,
Nor take up arms, but where her sword
Impartial justice draws:
Yet as a blot,
Impute Thou not
The waste of human blood,
Shed by my hands
At their commands
Who must not be withstood.

10 Be Thou my leader to the field,
My head in battle arm;
Be Thou a breastplate and a shield,
To keep my soul from harm;
For live or die,
I will rely
On Thee, O Lord! alone;
And in this trust,
Though fall I must,
I cannot be undone.

HYMN XXXVII.

For a Seaman.

THE seaman is here personated instructing himself, by expressing the pleasures, profits, and perils of his calling; and petitioning God to keep him thankful for his deliverances, and mindful to perform the vows he made in times of extreme danger.

Sing this as the former.

WE whom affairs employed keep
Where mighty waters be,
There view the terrors of the deep,
Great wonders there we see:
And in that place,
God's helping grace
We taste so many ways,
That none are bound
More oft to sound
Their dear Protector's praise.

2 The barren flood which landsmen dread,
To us doth pleasures yield;
And we thereby are clothed and fed
As from a fruitful field:

That we likewise
Might rightly prize
The blessings we receive,
We ev'ry day
To watch and pray
Some just occasions have.

3 To cheer us in our painful trade,
The sea sometimes doth smile;
Strange prospects there a means are made,
Long journeys to beguile:
A lofty course,
As on a horse,
Upon the waves we ride;
And then the wind
Attends behind,
Or lackeys* by our side.

4 Sometimes again, that heed we may
God's mercies and our sin,
Black storms the skies do overlay,
The seas to swell begin;
The billows roar,
And on the shore
They spit their snowy foam,
And perils great
The passage get
Betwixt us and our home.

5 The raging wind our tacklings breaks,
And rends both shrouds and sails,
Our bruised vessel springeth leaks,
And then our courage fails:
One while we plough
The sands below,
Anon aloft we rise,
As if we went
With an intent
To sail above the skies.

* Keeps company.

6 Oppress'd with dangers and with fear,
Then loud we call on God,
Who doth vouchsafe our voice to hear,
And calms the raging flood;
From death and wrack
He plucks us back
By His almighty hand;
And, having lost
Our hope almost,
We safe are brought to land.

7 For Thy protections, Lord! therefore,
Still thankful keep Thou me;
As well when I am safe on shore,
As where great perils be:
Let me not break
The vows I make
While times of danger last,
And new begin
My course of sin,
As soon as fears are past.

8 For he who taketh no regard
What in distress he vow'd,
Shall cry at length and not be heard,
Nor find compassion show'd:
When wave nor storm
Can us reform,
Nor mercy daily shown;
God's wrath prepares
Far greater fears,
To bring presumption down.

HYMN XXXVIII.

For a Musician.

MANY musicians are more out of order than their instruments; such as are so, may by singing this Ode

become reprovers of their own untunable affections: they who are better tempered, are hereby remembered what music is most acceptable to God, and most profitable to themselves.

WHAT helps it those,
Who skill in song have found,
Well to compose
Of disagreeing notes,
By artful choice,
A sweetly pleasing sound,
To fit their voice,
And their melodious throats?
What helps it them
That they this cunning know,
If most condemn
The way in which they go?

2 What will he gain
By touching well his lute,
Who shall disdain
A grave advice to hear?
What from the sounds
Of organ, fife, or lute,
To him redounds,
Who doth no sin forbear?
A mean respect,
By tuning strings he hath,
Who doth neglect
A rectified path.

3 Therefore, O Lord!
So tuned let me be
Unto Thy Word,
And Thy ten stringed law,
That in each part
I may thereto agree,
And feel my heart
Inspired with loving awe;

He sings and plays
The songs which best thou lovest,
Who does and says
The things which Thou approvest.

4 Teach me the skill
Of him whose harp assuaged
Those passions ill
Which oft afflicted Saul;
Teach me the strain
Which calmeth minds enraged,
And which from vain
Affections doth recal:
So to the choir
Where angels music make,
I may aspire
When I this life forsake.

HYMN XXXIX.

For a Husbandman.

Upon the husbandman's labour the temporal welfare of all common weals depends; this Hymn, therefore, teacheth him to sanctify his endeavours by prayer and thanksgiving; to seek his profit by God's blessing, and so to care for the body that the soul be not neglected.

Sing this as the 25th Psalm.

PREVENT, Lord! by Thy grace,
The curse that enter'd in,
And on the earth continued was,
For Adam's wilful sin:
Let not Thy love permit
My cost, my time, or pain,
In digging and in dressing it,
To be employ'd in vain.

2 Though thorns and briars be
The natives of our fields;
Yet when the earth is bless'd by Thee,
A pleasant crop it yields:
The hills rich pasture bear,
Deep grass the meads adorn,
The trees with fruits arrayed are,
The dales are full of corn.

3 Lord! that it may be so,
My honest labours bless;
And grant that what I set and sow
May yield a due increase;
From vermin, fowls, and weeds,
From those who spoil or steal,
Both plants, and fruits, and crops, and seeds,
Preserve Thou for my weal.

4 From blasting airs defend,
From colds, heats, droughts, and rains,
Which may deprive me of the end
And comfort of my pains;
And let in season still,
Thy dews and fruitful drops
Upon the thirsty clods distil,
Which else will fail my hopes.

5 Whatever Thou shalt give,
My labours to requite,
That let me thankfully receive,
And in Thy love delight;
Not seeking for my gain
A famine to augment,
By needless hoarding up of grain,
When hungry times are sent.

6 And though the plough and spade,
Dung, dust, and miry clay,
Are instruments and objects made,
My body to employ;

Yet suffer not my soul
Affection to bestow
On things that are so mean and foul,
In fading, and so low.
7 But while my hands do move
In works that earthly be,
Advance my heart to things above,
And fix my love on Thee;
That when my flesh must lie
In earth from whence it came;
My soul may to those mansions fly
Where spirits praise Thy name.

HYMN XL.

For a Labourer.

LABOURING men have many discouragements; and if they faint under their burdens, others will feel the weight of it: this Hymn, therefore, cheers them up in their painful calling; and stirs them up also to seek God's blessing upon their labours.

YOU that enjoy both goods and lands,
And are not forced by sweat,
And by the labour of your hands,
To earn the food you eat;
Give thanks for this your easy lot,
And do not us disdain,
Whose bread and raiment must be got
By taking daily pain.
2 For though our portions mean appear,
Contentments they procure,
Whereby we still enabled are
Our labours to endure:
And no man ever those yet knew
In aged years forsook,

Who were in youth to labour true,
And honest courses took.

3 When sickness or those wants do come
Wherein we comfort need,
God always moves the hearts of some,
Our secret wants to heed:
And without shame we then receive
What charity bestows,
Because what at such times men give,
The common treasure owes.

4 They who delight from door to door
Of hunger to complain,
Mere want of honesty made poor,
Or want of taking pain;
They, therefore, lack what needful is,
Their flesh to clothe and feed;
Whereas we nothing greatly miss
But what we do not need.

5 Rich men in this we do surpass,
To us our labours are
A portion which in ev'ry place
Things needful may prepare:
Yea, were we robb'd of all to-day,
Or chased from where we dwell,
If we can bear our limbs away,
They will maintain us well.

6 Make me without repining, Lord!
My lot to undergo,
Till Thou shalt larger means afford,
And easy days bestow:
In health and strength preserve Thou me,
My livelihood to get;
And when I sick or old shall be,
Provide me cloth and meat.

7 Keep me, although Thou keep me poor,
In word and action true;

And give me grace if I have more,
That sloth I may eschew:
So whether poverty or pain,
Or wealth, or ease Thou send,
Through Thee a passage I shall gain
To blessings without end.

HYMN XLI.

For a Shepherd.

That shepherds might not muse altogether on drudgery or impertinent vanities, while they are all alone attending their flocks, we have prepared for them a pastoral song to acquaint and exercise them with nobler meditations.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

RENOWNED men their herds to keep,
Delighted much in elder days;
And to attend their flocks of sheep
Great princes thought it no dispraise:
And while they so employed were,
Sometimes, O God! it pleased Thee
In wondrous manner to appear,
And gracious unto them to be.

2 The joyful'st news that ere was told,
Was unto shepherds first declared,
And they did also first behold
The blessing whereof they first heard:
Lord! I am Thine as much as they,
Although unworthy such respect,
Oh let Thy mercy's glorious ray,
Upon my low estate reflect.

3 Whilst all alone I here attend
This harmless flock, let into me
Thy Holy Ghost, O Christ! descend,
That I may therewith filled be;

And though my heart a stall hath been,
Where vice at rack and manger lay,
Vouchsafe Thou to be born therein,
That better guests possess it may.

4 Lest idle musings thoughts beget
That stir up longings which are ill,
And make me my endeavours set,
Forbidden actions to fulfil:
Upon Thy love and on Thy law,
Let me my lovely hours employ;
That I may serve with joyful awe,
And love Thee with an awful joy.

5 When I my straggling sheep behold,
Let me conceive what I had been,
Hadst Thou not brought me to Thy fold,
And fed and succour'd me therein:
And when I well consider those
Who spoilers of those creatures be,
Me let it mindful make what foes
Do seek to make a spoil of me.

6 When likewise I behold them shorn,
And meekly yielding up their fleece;
Or when to slaughter they are born,
How patiently their lives they leese;*
That holy Lamb let me, I pray,
Thereby in thankful minding have,
Who dumb before the shearer lay,
And slaughter'd was my life to save.

7 Yea, whilst I watch and guide my sheep,
Be Thou my shepherd and my guide,
Both me and them from harm to keep,
And all things needful to provide;
That when both goats and sheep shall stand
Before Thy face their dooms to bear,
I may be placed at Thy right hand,
And joy when I my sentence hear.

* Lose.

HYMN XLII.

For a Handicrafts Man.

ALL handicrafts being gifts of the Holy Ghost, it were fit men did better know it, and more often praise Him for it: to that end, this Hymn was devised; and, perhaps, if it were devoutly and frequently used, craftsmen would be more thrifty, and less deceitful in manufactures, than they now are.

THY gifts, most Holy Spirit! be
So great, so manifold,
That what we have received from Thee,
No language can unfold;
The meanest sciences in use,
As well as famous arts,
Thy prudence did at first produce,
And still to men imparts.

2 Embroidery Thy invention was,
Though many think it vain,
The skill to grave in steel and brass
We did from Thee obtain;
For not Bezaleel's hands alone
Didst Thou with cunning fill,
But yet instructest ev'ry one
That is endow'd with skill.

3 That little which my hand can do
Was learned first from Thee;
Thou first enabled me thereto,
And always work'st with me:
My knowledge more and more increase,
Till perfect it appear;
And let the science I profess,
My needful charges bear.

4 Preserve in me an honest mind,
That well my work be wrought;

For them whose wares false made we find,
An evil spirit taught:
It may a while increase their store,
But mischiefs it will breed,
And leave men both defamed and poor,
In times of greatest need.

5 For all Thy gifts I give Thee praise,
And I acknowledge will,
That Thou dost aid me many ways,
In my mechanic skill;
Yet since those arts vouchsafed be
Alike to good and bad,
Of Thy more special grace let me
Partaker, Lord! be made.

6 O blessed Spirit! always deign,
That through Thine aid I may
The sanctifying gifts obtain,
Which Thine elect enjoy;
Yea, though my works be not so pure,
Thy censures to abide,
Yet let my faith so firm endure,
That grace be not denied.

HYMN XLIII.

For a Schoolmaster, or Tutor.

Schoolmasters and tutors, being sometimes more arrogant than learned, and more covetous than industrious, many are much hindered thereby: by this Hymn, therefore, they may be remembered to judge themselves, and to seek of God a due qualification by prayer.

BEWARE, my heart,
Lest thou too highly deem,
Of that small art
Which may appear in me;

And proud become,
As pedants used to be,
Because to some a knowing man I seem;
For though good lessons I have taught,
Yet in myself if I be naught,
And mar my doctrines by my ways,
Reproofs I merit more than praise.

2 If I presume
To know beyond my reach,
Or shall assume
Large pay for slender pain;
If I neglect
Whom I am bound to teach,
Or less affect
My duty than my gain;
I for those wrongs can make small 'mends,
Because whoever thus offends,
Injurious is to age and youth,
And guilty of the worst untruth.

3 My God, therefore,
A conscience let me make,
To boast no more
Than well perform I may;
But so well heed
For what reward I take,
That I in deed
May practise what I say:
And lest my labours fruit may want,
So water Thou what I shall plant;
That from the pains which I bestow,
Both comfort and increase may grow.

HYMN XLIV.

For Scholars and Pupils.

SCHOLARS and pupils are here personated illustrating the privileges of learning, and the baseness of ignorance, praising God for the means of increasing their knowledge; and praying Him to season and endow them with profitable sciences.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

THOUGH knowledge must be got with pain,
And seemeth bitter in the root,
It brings at last a matchless gain,
And yieldeth forth most pleasant fruit:
It is the richest kind of trim,
That noble persons can put on;
It reason keeps from growing dim,
It sets a lustre thereupon,
And raiseth princes now and then
Out of the lowest ranks of men.

2 But such as do this gem neglect,
Or seek it not whilst they are young;
Grow old in years without respect,
And perish in the vulgar throng;
Like brutish beasts they little know,
Save how their bellies they may fill;
When others rise they sit below,
They see no choice 'twixt good and ill,
And that which best commends their state,
Is they repent when 'tis too late.

3 I therefore now do sing Thy praise,
And give Thee thanks, thrice blessed Lord!
That Thou in these my youthful days,
The means of knowledge dost afford:

Compelled many others are,
That knowing men they might become,
To pay great sums and travel far,
For that which I may gain at home,
Or where supplied all things are,
As well as if at home I were.

4 Vouchsafe me, therefore, so much grace,
As to endeavour what I may;
Whilst I have leisure, means, and space,
And wits to bear this prize away:
Be pleased, likewise, to season so
The knowledge which I shall attain,
That puffed up I may not grow,
Nor fooled be with science vain;
But let my chief endeavours be,
To know myself, Thy will, and Thee.

HYMN XLV.

For Young Persons.

By using this Hymn young persons are made reprovers of their own follies; and taught to affect, and pray for such things as are laudable, profitable, holy, and to the glory of God, &c.

YOUTH is a wild, a wanton thing,
Which few can govern well;
For when our blood is in the spring,
Our wits are in the shell:
We up and ride,
Ere we can guide
The chariot of our will;
And thereupon
We hurry on,
E'en down perdition's hill.

2 When we our friends lamenting hear,
The giddy course we take,

We think, that through a needless care,
A causeless coil* they make:
But when we view
That we pursue
What shame or loss hath brought,
We sneaking go,
As fools will do,
And say we had not thought.

3 In virtuous actions we are weak,
In vices we are strong;
We soon are tired if wisdom speak,
And think vain tales not long;
Lest tutors may
Our wills gainsay,
'Tis now our greatest fear;
And to provide
For lust and pride,
Is most of all our care.

4 Lord! teach me, therefore, to believe
What wisdom doth foretell,
Ere I do smart or make them grieve,
Who truly wish me well:
Since ev'ry day,
Behold I may
How evil courses thrive,
Let me forbear
To slight or jeer
Those who good counsel give.

5 Vouchsafe me grace and strength to rein
My wild and headstrong will,
And all those longings to restrain
Which tempt us unto ill;
The flow'ry prime
Of youthful time
Let me not vainly spend
In following sin,

* Turmoil.

Which bringeth in
Perdition without end.
6 But sanctify unto Thy praise,
My soul and body, Lord!
And purify my youthful ways
Through Thy all-cleansing Word;
That young and old,
When they behold
Thy work of grace in me;
May glorify
Thy Majesty
From whom all blessings be.

HYMN XLVI.

For Old Persons.

IT is a curse to have youthful affections in an aged body, and a great blessing it is to be weaned from the world as youth decays: this Hymn, therefore, personates an aged person rejoicing in the nearness of his dissolution, despising the pleasures of youth; and desiring to be invested with immortality.

Sing this as I loved thee once.

NOW glad and happy may I be,
And carol forth a song of praise,
For that so near at hand I see
The wished harvest of my days:
Mine aged years to me do show
What I in youth could never view,
And fading sense instructs me more
Than perfect senses heretofore.
2 Right blest am I that I have past
The perils of those youthful times,
Which we in fruitless follies waste,
Or, which is worse, in heinous crimes;

From jealous loves, from lustful foes,
From raging fits, from loose desires,
Which heretofore tormented me,
I now am hopeful to be free.

3 O Lord! vouchsafe it may be so,
In me let youthful folly cease;
As I in years more aged grow,
Let virtue more and more increase;
Let all my passions me become,
And their base fondness keep me from,
Who youthful pleasures dote upon,
When pleasing youth and strength is gone.

4 These jolly times which most men praise,
And sorrow when they pass away,
Increase my torments many ways,
And perils in my path did lay;
Yea, but for Thy assisting grace,
I had been ruin'd in that race;
And therefore, now I praise Thy name,
That I have overlived the same.

5 As did Lot's wife let not my heart
Unto that Sodom of mine age,
Look back as loath it should depart,
Nor thereunto my soul engage;
But make these times as loathed of me,
As aged years of wantons be;
That grace in me may ev'ry day,
Increase as flesh and blood decay.

6 Forbid Thou then that when I've spent
My lust and love to youthful sin,
I should make semblance to repent,
And other follies then begin:
At youth's escapes let me not rail,
Because that way my strength doth fail,
Yet practise, whilst I them gainsay,
Worse evils in a graver way.

7 Let me not change my vain excess
Into an oversparing mind,
Nor in old age grow merciless,
Because my youth was ever kind:
Nor let me love, as many do,
To make vain brags, with lying too,
Of youthful tricks now I am old,
Which are not seemly to be told.

8 But such let my endeavours be
As may my place and years beseem,
That youth may good example see,
And age continue my esteem;
For when a comely part we play,
It keeps in age contempt away;
And though but weak our bodies are,
Our looks will keep strong men in fear.

9 As this my carnal robe grows old,
Soil'd, rent, and worn by length of years,
Let me on that by faith lay hold
Which man in life immortal wears:
So sanctify my days behind,
So let my manners be refined,
That when my soul and flesh must part,
There lurk no terrors in my heart.

10 So shall my rest be safe and sweet,
When I am lodged in my grave;
And when my soul and body meet,
A joyful meeting they shall have;
Their essence then shall be divine,
This muddy flesh will star-like shine,
And God shall that fresh youth restore
Which will abide for evermore.

HYMN XLVII.

For a Blind Person.

To mitigate their discomforts who are deprived of bodily sight, this Hymn intimates the furtherance which that defect may be to their everlasting felicity; and a spiritual illumination is implored to supply that corporal defect.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

AIN would I view that pleasing sight,
And lovely splendour of the skies,
Which cheers the day, adorns the night,
And gladdeth all beholders' eyes;
But since God pleased is to hide
That spark of common grace from me,
Content I am to be denied
The gift which may not granted be.

2 For it proceeds not still from wrath,
When God of those things doth deprive,
Which He on most conferred hath,
And without which diseased men live:
Sometimes our good, sometimes His praise,
And many times e'en both of these,
Are cause that He upon us lays,
Discomfort, blemish, or disease.

3 Perhaps if I the light had seen,
The way to ruin I had gone,
Or guilty of offence had been,
Which me for ever had undone:
Perhaps in darkness here I 'bide,
Because if I had light enjoy'd,
Mine eye had led mine heart aside,
And made my best endeavours void.

4 Whate'er the cause thereof hath been,
Thou, Lord, art pleased it should be so,

And with Thy justice I have seen
Thy mercy hand in hand to go:
In Thy good pleasure I therefore,
Without repining am content,
And will be thankful evermore
For whatsoever Thou hast lent.
5 My want of an external sight,
With inward light supply Thou so,
That I may walk that path aright
In which Thy children ought to go;
Yea, be my watchman and my guide,
My mind and body to direct,
That nothing lead my heart aside,
Or injure me through this defect.

HYMN XLVIII.

For a Cripple.

THE cripple is here taught to comfort himself in his infirmities, by taking notice that bodily crosses may be furtherances to our spiritual performances, and pledges of God's favour, &c.

Sing this as the Lord's Prayer.

THOUGH in my limbs I crippled am,
Which for some works disableth me,
My tongue as yet is not so lame,
But that my voice may tuned be;
In song I may God's love advance,
Though Him I praise not in the dance.
2 And cause I have to sing His praise,
Who humbled me by this defect;
For where He loves the rod He lays,
And all His children doth correct;
Those, therefore, whom He chast'neth not,
No children are by Him begot.

3 Some cross all human flesh must bear,
The spur or clog we all do need;
For slow or else too rash we are,
And of our duties take no heed;
Yea, sweetest blessings we contemn,
Till some affliction sharpens them.

4 God shrunk a sinew in his thigh,
And sent him halting to his grave,
Whose pray'r he did not then deny,
But therewithal a blessing gave:
Oh! if such faith were found in me,
My lameness might a blessing be.

5 Therefore, O Lord! increase Thou so
The little faith which I retain,
That more believing I may grow,
That in Thy grace I may remain;
And that my frailty keep me may
From erring far out of Thy way.

6 Be Thou my staff, be Thou my prop,
As from the cradle Thou hast been,
And still maintain in me the hope
Which I till now have lived in;
So shall I miss my limbs the less,
And Thy free mercy still confess.

HYMN XLIX.

For a Nurse.

NURSES by ill diet, distempered affections, or want of heedfulness, may be hurtful to their nurse children: therefore, when they sing to quiet their nurslings, the repetition of this song may perhaps remember them how to order themselves, and what care to take of their charge.

WHEN Samson's mother was foretold,
What son she in her womb should bear,
A diet she was taught to hold,
And warn'd whereof she would beware;
Whereby the foll'wing good effects
To him who did from her proceed,
Discretion from the same collects,
That nurses warily should feed.

2 For though it is Thy blessing, Lord!
Which gives the temper we desire;
Thou thereunto dost means afford,
And heedfulness in us require:
That knowledge, therefore, grant Thou me,
That love, that conscience, and that care,
Which in those women ought to be,
Who chose for foster mothers are.

3 Crown Thou my pains with good success,
That comfort therein may be found;
My babe from fire, from water bless,
Preserve him quiet, safe and sound;
Let not my milk thereto convey
Those humours which may either bend
The mind unto a vicious way,
Or else the body's health offend.

4 But let my body and my mind
Be temper'd still and order'd so,
That helps thereby this child may find,
In virtue and in strength to grow;
And lest when I my best have done,
From me more ill than good he draws;
Vouchsafe him grace my sins to shun,
And to be govern'd by Thy laws.

HYMN L.

For an Almsman, or Woman.

ALMSMEN for whom charity hath provided have leisure, and special cause to praise God for His loving providence; and this Hymn is prepared to remember them, with what thankfulness they should be always affected.

Sing this as the 25th Psalm.

IT is, Lord! of Thy grace,
That when we needy were,
Food, raiment, and a dwelling-place,
Thou didst for us prepare;
For when we were afraid,
Through want oppress'd to be,
We had relief and timely aid
To us vouchsafed by Thee.

2 When means nor pow'r we had,
Things needful to provide,
Then strangers were our helpers made,
And have our want supplied;
Yea, some that heretofore
Did earn their bread with sweat,
Now labour less and yet have more
Than they were wont to eat.

3 Warm clothed ev'ry day,
Well housed we likewise be,
For which we nothing are to pay
But hearty thanks to Thee:
Lord! thankfulness is all
Which Thou of us dost crave;
And that rent service is but small,
In lieu of what we have.

4 Much better men are fain,
And some less able too,

For coarsest bread to take more pain,
And oft without it go:
Sometime when far from home
They seek their daily hire,
Wet, cold, and hungry, back they come,
And find nor bread nor fire.

5 Meanwhile at ease we 'bide
In lodgings warm and dry;
And others do those things provide
Which may our want supply;
So that if heed we give
To what we do enjoy,
The quiet'st kind of life we live,
And freest from annoy.

6 We praise Thee, Lord! therefore,
And Thee most humbly pray,
To keep us thankful evermore,
And faithful in Thy way;
That in this leisure now
For heav'n we may prepare,
And not in soul more wretched grow
Than we in body were.

7 Them, Lord! vouchsafe to bless,
By whom those helps we have;
And let them still in Thee possess
The fruit of what they gave;
And since they did befriend
The poor in time of need,
Let still Thy mercy down descend
On them and on their seed.

HYMN LI.

For a Rich Man.

THIS Hymn was composed that it might occasion rich men to be more often mindful what hinderance their wealth may be to their best happiness, the same being immoderately affected, ill gotten, or misemployed, &c.

AID, not causeless, it hath been,
That a man of large estate
Doth an entrance hardly win
Through the bless'd celestial gate;
For as riches do increase,
Wants abound, contents are less;
Great affairs augmenting care,
For the soul no leisure spare.

2 Leisureless if he did seem
Who had taken but one farm,
If the purchase of one team
May occasion so much harm,
As to keep away a guest
From that great Almighty's feast;
When at leisure will he be,
That hath twenty farms to see?

Rich I am supposed, O Lord!
By that wealth which I possess,
And for what Thou dost afford,
Thy free bounty I confess:
Yet such wants I find therein,
That I get not all I win;
And what once our Saviour said,
Makes my heart sometimes afraid.

4 For when wealth exceeds the bound
Which doth answer our degree,
Snares and baits therein are found,
Whereby choked we may be:

Yea, I find it ev'ry day
Wooing so my heart away,
That unless Thou keep me true,
I may bid Thy love adieu.
5 Therefore, Lord! Thy grace augment,
As my riches are increased,
Those insertions to prevent,
Wherewithal they may infest:
Let them not possess my heart,
Nor afflict it when we part;
Nor be purchased at their cost,
Who themselves for wealth have lost.
6 Though a rich man hardly may
Find an entrance into bliss;
Yet through Thee, O Lord! the way,
And the passage easy is;
If we can but willing be
To forsake our wealth for Thee,
Or bestow it on the poor,
'Twill enlarge heav'n's narrow door.
7 Let, oh! let me still have care,
So to husband what I have,
That I lose not what I spare,
Nor grow poor by what I save;
Only what I need is mine,
All the rest, O Lord! is Thine;
Which if I misuse or waste,
Must be answer'd for at last.
8 To that audit ere I come,
Let me reckon by myself,
How I gain'd or parted from
Ev'ry parcel of my pelf:
Goods misgot let me restore,
Wealth mispent let me deplore;
And before I judgment have,
Judge myself, and pardon crave.

HYMN LII.

For a Poor Man.

Poverty needeth counsel and consolation; therefore that, when it is wanting from others, poor men may administer comfort to themselves, and be assisted by expressing their wants to the supplier of all necessities; this Hymn is offered unto them to be sung to that purpose.

Sing this as the 15th Psalm.

OME think there is no earthly state
To be abhorred more,
Or more deserving fear or hate,
Than to be mean and poor:
Yet such a portion I have got,
That I am needy made;
Yea, this is fallen to my lot,
And yet I am not sad.

2 For earth and all that therein is,
The Lord's possessions be;
Both He is mine and I am His,
Who hath enough for me:
The rich their own providers are,
Yet sometimes they have need;
But God hath of the poor a care,
And them doth always feed.

3 Though poverty seem grievous may,
And much afflicteth some,
It is the best and safest way
Unto the world to come;
For poverty in her extreme,
Nor tempts nor so perverts,
As great abundance tempteth them
Who thereon set their hearts.

4 Therefore, that ev'ry man might grow
With his estate content;
Thy Son, O God! this way did go,
When through this world He went;
He wealth and honour prized not,
Though we now prize it high,
And Satan, therefore, nothing got
By tempting Him thereby.

5 Lord! though I do sometimes complain
That outward means are scant,
And would assume that luggage fain,
Which I but think I want;
Yet when I mind how poor a life
My Saviour lived on earth,
Wealth I condemn, and all my grief
Is changed into mirth.

6 Let still my heart be pleased so,
Whate'er betide me shall;
Yea, make me, though I poorer grow,
Contented therewithal:
And let me not be one of them
Who, in profession poor,
Seem wealth and pleasure to contemn,
That they may cheat the more.

7 The works my calling doth propose,
Let me not idly shun;
For he whom idleness undoes,
Is more than twice undone:
If my estate enlarge I may,
Enlarge my love to Thee;
And though I more and more decay,
Yet let me thankful be.

8 For be we poor or be we rich,
If well employ'd we are,
It neither helps nor hinders much,
Things needful to prepare;

Since God disposeth riches now,
As manna heretofore,
The feeblest gath'rer got enow,
The strongest got no more.

9 Nor poverty nor wealth is that
Whereby we may acquire
That blessed and most happy state,
Whereto we should aspire;
But if Thy Spirit make me wise,
And strive to do my best,
There may be in the worst of these
A means of being bless'd.

10 The rich in love obtain from Thee
Thy special gifts of grace;
The poor in spirit those men be
Who shall behold Thy face:
Lord! grant I may be one of these,
Thus poor, or else thus rich;
E'en whether of the two Thou please,
I care not greatly which.

HYMN LIII.

For an Inn-keeper or Tavern.

BY the hearing, singing, or perusal of this Hymn, it is hoped that discreet inn-keepers will be encouraged to continue civility and good order in their inns; and that some who have heretofore neglected the same, shall be hereby provoked to be more orderly hereafter.

Sing this as the former.

MOST men repute a common inn
For ev'ry person free,
To set up there a stage where sin
May boldly acted be:

And when profane and rude excess
Their prizes there may play,
The civil guest is welcomeless,
And wished then away.

2 Inns were to better ends ordain'd,
And better were employ'd;
For virtue there was entertain'd,
And needful rest enjoy'd:
Yea, though our calling many scorn,
And brand it with disgrace,
Our Saviour in an hostry born,
Hath sanctified the place.

3 His grandame Rahab kept an inn,
And blessed Paul thought fit,
His host should have remember'd him,
E'en in the sacred writ:
There sanctity her lodging had
With piety divine;
Their inns were holy chapels made,
And so I wish may mine.

4 A drunken and a prating host,
To fools yields much delight,
And by his wiles their needless cost
Is doubled ev'ry night;
But him that is discreet and grave,
A better lot attends;
He credit, health, and wealth shall have,
Good guests and hearty friends.

5 For when a sober guest shall come,
Abode with such to make;
He knows he may as if at home,
His ease in safety take:
But on the former if he light,
Mistrusting dangers there,
He hides his purse, and all the night
Doth wake, or sleep in fear.

6 Discretion, Lord! vouchsafe Thou me,
My calling for to use,
That I by none may injured be,
Nor any me abuse:
Yea, let mine inn a school be made,
To teach without offence,
Those guests that evil manners had,
To go more civil thence.

7 And though I cannot all prevent
Which guests may there misdo,
Yet neither let me show consent,
Nor liking thereunto:
Let me for no advantage make
A brothel of mine inn,
Nor by connivancy partake
In any wilful sin.

8 So at mine inn Thy blessed Son
His lodging, Lord! shall take;
And there, much more than I have done,
Him welcome I will make:
For not a stable but my breast,
Shall be His lodging room;
And mine own heart to give Him rest,
A pallet shall become.

HYMN LIV.

For Tailors, Millers, and Weavers.

MOST men of these trades are either greatly slandered, or very guilty of deceit and falsehood: therefore, that such as be faulty may reprove themselves, and that such as are innocent may be cherished in their honesty, this Hymn was composed.

Sing this as the former.

IT is too much that in my heart
Corruptions I retain,
Which make me from those ways depart
Wherein I should remain:
Yet in my callings, stumblings are
By other men espied,
Whereof unless I can beware,
I soon may swerve aside.

2 Occasions of a shameful sin
Are offer'd ev'ry day,
And few of us have backward been
To put the same away:
Long custom doth in most beget
Opinion and belief,
That 'tis no fault, or else not great,
To be a daily thief.

3 The devil finds excuses out,
Which being used long,
Persuade us to become in doubt
If thieving be a wrong;
And at the length so impudent
It causeth us to grow,
That we do fearlessly assent
To act what ill we know.

4 From this degree of guiltiness
Preserved let me be,
From sins by custom seeming less,
O Lord! deliver me:
If I be good, no trade so bad
But yields an honest gain;
And him that's naught, no course or trade
Will honestly maintain.

5 If love to goodness move me not
Uprightly still to deal,

Make me observe their lousy* lot
Who use to filch and steal:
For they are beggars in the end,
Or if they wealth obtain,
On lust and pride their children spend,
What they by thieving gain.
6 For love of righteousness, therefore,
Let me be still upright,
And though I still continue poor,
In truth let me delight:
So shall to me my trade become
A calling without blame;
And though it be abused by some,
Shall never bring me shame.

HYMN LV.

For Sheriffs, Bailiffs, Serjeants, &c.

SOME of these officers may perhaps become better in their condition, and prevent some scandals, which they are liable unto, if they otherwhile remember themselves of their duties by the repetition of this, or the like meditation.

Sing this as the former.

WHATEVER equity commands
To punish things misdone,
Hath execution by our hands,
By whomsoe'er begun:
We are that arm whereby the law
Doth hold on sinners lay;
And few thereof would stand in awe,
If we were took away.
2 To death, to torments, or to thrall,
We do offenders bear;

* Mean.

And why such things on them befall,
We oft confessed hear;
Yet otherwhile our conscience may,
While we perform our part,
To us in secret truly say,
Their doom is our desert.

3 If we, therefore, who often view
What sin on sinners draws,
And are the men who do pursue
The sentence of the laws;
If we our dangers will not see,
By what on others lights,
The greater will God's vengeance be,
When He in anger smites.

4 Lord! so inspire my heart with grace,
Reform, renew me so;
That with good conscience in my place,
My duties I may do;
From being partially inclined,
For gain, for love, or fear,
From harshness where I may be kind,
Preserve me ever clear.

5 So when to call me to my doom,
Thy serjeant Thou shalt send,
I need not be afraid to come,
But gladly thither wend;
For though no righteousness of mine
Thy censure may abide,
It being veiled o'er by thine,
I safely may be tried.

HYMN LVI.

For a Jailor.

JAILORS have at one time or other, men of all estates and conditions in their custody, as well good as bad; therefore, it is not impertinent to increase the means whereby they may be made or preserved honest and merciful men; which may be somewhat furthered by this meditation.

Sing this as the Ten Commandments.

HOUGH we have got an evil name,
And cruel men reputed are,
We may not be so much to blame,
As to the vulgar we appear:
With such as have not well been taught
We chiefly deal, and such as they
On us an ill report have brought,
Which will not soon be blown away.

2 If we be kind to such as these,
They for our kindness us undo;
If then we give them little ease,
They rail at us for doing so:
And most who their just suff'ring see,
Misjudging that which they perceive,
Suppose us merciless to be,
When better things they should believe.

3 The commonwealth doth always need
That service which it calls us to,
And many mischiefs would succeed,
Should all men unrestrained go:
Good men have this way been employ'd,
And by the tender hearts of such,
Good men have, likewise, ease enjoy'd,
And comforts which they needed much.

4 Yea, though fools count it no disgrace,
Offenders thus to keep in hold,

An office of that trust it was,
And honourable thought of old:
And if we be not men of trust,
To whom such places now belong,
They who conferr'd them are unjust,
And much the commonwealth may wrong.
5 When Joseph was in prison bound,
Though great he were who laid him there,
He kindness in the jailor found,
Because he guiltless did appear:
Yea, many blessed saints of God,
When they by tyrants were oppress'd,
And no compassion found abroad,
Found mercy in a jailor's breast.
6 O Lord! let mercy never fail
Within my heart a place to find;
Though I be keeper of a jail,
Yet let me keep an honest mind:
Discretion give me to perceive
What men I strictly should restrain!
And when I liberty may give,
Yet in my place upright remain.
7 Keep me for evermore a friend
To those that are sincerely thine,
And Thy compassion, Lord! extend
In life and death, to me and mine;
And let my servants all, I pray,
Be faithful servants unto Thee;
That at the great assizes day,
I and my household saved may be.

HYMN LVII.

For a Prisoner.

MEN in affliction are somewhat eased when they can find words whereby to express their sufferings; to

help them who want expression of their endurance in imprisonment, and to remember prisoners of such meditations as are pertinent to their condition, is the intent of this Hymn.

WHOM of late
No thraldom did molest,
Of that estate
Am wholly dispossess'd:
My feet once free,
Are strictly now confined;
Which breeds in me
A discontented mind.

2 Those prospects fair
Which I was wont to have,
That wholesome air
Which fields and meadows gave;
Are changed now
For close unpleasant cells,
Where secret woe
And open sorrow dwells.

3 Instead of strains
Delightful to mine ear,
Gyves, bolts and chains
Are all my music here;
And ere I get
Those things for which I pay,
I must entreat
With patience in delay.

4 To feed or sleep,
To work or take mine ease,
I now must keep
Such hours as others please:
To make me sad,
Complaints are likewise heard;
And often made
Of wrongs without regard.

5 Lord! as I ought,
My freedom had I used,
Of this, no doubt,
I might have been excused:
But I confess
The merit of my sin,
Deserves no less
Than hath inflicted been.

6 Let me, O God!
My sin Thine anger move;
But let this rod
Correct my faults in love:
With patient mind
Let me Thy stripes endure,
And freedom find
When they have wrought their cure.

7 Whilst here I 'bide,
Though I unworthy be,
Do Thou provide
All needful things for me:
And though friends grow
Unkind in my distress,
Yet leave not Thou
Thy servant comfortless.

8 So though in thrall
My body must remain,
In mind I shall
Some freedom still retain;
And wiser made
By this restraint shall be,
Than if I had
Until my death been free.

HYMN LVIII.

For a Prisoner condemned.

I HAVE often observed that prisoners condemned for want of good counsel, have ill spent the short time assigned them to live; otherwhile in a desperate jollity, and otherwhile in excessive discomfort; therefore, this Hymn is offered as a help to settle and prepare their minds for death.

Sing this as, We praise Thee, O God!

NOW I perceive a God there is
That searcheth out my ways,
And that whene'er I do amiss,
His eye the same surveys:
Yea, now I know He knows that thing
Which I thought known of none;
And can to light those actions bring,
Which are in darkness done.

2 As Thou, O Lord! hast found me out,
So let me find out Thee;
That of Thy grace I may not doubt,
Though graceless yet I be;
And to the cross though I was brought,
Ere I my guilt could rue,
Since now Thy mercy is besought,
To me Thy mercy show.

3 Touch Thou my heart with true remorse
For what I have misdone,
That it may truly hate the course
Which I till now have run;
And let, O Lord! some recompence
From Thy free hand be deign'd,
To all who have by my offence,
Wrong, loss, or grief sustain'd.

4 Let not the horror of my fact
My guilty soul oppress;
Nor fear, nor hope, my mind distract,
Nor sorrow me oppress;
But let me with true penitence,
Before Thy throne repair,
Imploring grace for my offence,
With fasting and with pray'r.
5 And though the sinner's way I trod
Whilst I had freedom here,
Let unto me in death, O God!
The gate of life appear;
That when the law shall stop my breath,
As justice doth decree,
I through the dreadful shades of death
May find a path to Thee.

HYMN LIX.

For a Prisoner at the Place of Execution.

IT is usual for prisoners brought to suffer for death, to sing at the place of their execution, that they may testify their hope of a joyful resurrection, and of mercy in the world to come; in the expression of which hope, this Hymn assisteth and intimateth with what meditations they should be exercised at their suffering.

Sing this as the former.

WHEN Achan for his lawless prize
A censure should receive,
His pious judge did him advise,
To God the praise to give:
For when our sins we do confess,
We make His justice known,
And praise the ways of righteousness,
By blaming of our own.

2 Lord! I have well deserved the doom
By which condemn'd I am,
And to this place I now am come,
To suffer for the same;
In hope through my firm faith in Thee,
And for Thy mercy's cause,
That this shall my last suff'ring be
For breaking of Thy laws.

3 Behold not, Lord! behold Thou not
With countenance austere,
The crimes which do my soul bespot,
And fill my heart with fear:
But since I have repented them,
Since I in Thee believe,
And do likewise myself condemn,
Do Thou, O Lord! forgive.

4 Though with disgrace cast forth I am,
And thrust from living men;
Lord! let me not appear with shame,
When I appear again:
Yea, though this way to Thee I come,
And have my lot mispent,
Thy wasteful child receive Thou home,
Since he doth now repent.

5 Them comfort who are fill'd with grief,
This end of mine to see;
Let my sad fall and my lewd life,
To others warnings be:
Oh! let all those who see me climb
This mountain of disgrace,
Amend their lives whilst they have time,
And virtue's path embrace.

6 Once more I for myself, O Lord!
Of Thee do humbly crave,
That Thou the mercy wouldst afford,
Which now I seek to have;

But longer why do I delay
This bitter cup to drink?
Thou knowest, Lord! what I would say,
Thou know'st what I can think.

7 My heart speaks more than words express,
And thoughts the language be,
By which the sinner in distress,
Speaks loudest unto Thee:
The world, therefore, thus turning from,
Of her I take my leave;
And, Lord! to Thee, to Thee I come,
My spirit now receive.

HYMN LX.

For a Poet.

POETS are prophets, not only in the vulgar acceptation, among human authors, but so called also by St. Paul, Titus i. 12: by this Hymn, therefore, such poets as are not past grace, may be remembered to exercise their faculty to that end for which it was given unto them by God.

BY art a poet is not made,
For though by art some better'd be,
Immediately his gift he had
From Thee, O God! from none but Thee:
And fitted in the womb he was
To be, by what Thou didst inspire,
In extraordinary place,
A chaplain of this lower choir;
Most poets future things declare,
And prophets, true or false, they are.

2 They who with meekness entertain,
And with an humble soul admit,
Those raptures which Thy grace doth deign,
Become for Thy true service fit:

And though the 'scapes which we condemn,
In these may otherwhile be found,
Thy secrets Thou reveal'st by them,
And makest their tongues Thy praise to sound:
Such Moses was, such David proved,
Men famous, holy, and beloved.

3 And such, though lower in degree,
Are some who live among us yet;
And they with truth inspired be,
By musing on Thy holy Writ:
In ordinary some of those
Upon Thy service do attend,
Divulging forth in holy prose
The messages which Thou dost send;
And some of these Thy truths display,
Not in an ordinary way.

4 But where this gift puffs up with pride,
The devil enters in thereby;
And through the same doth means provide
To raise his own inventions high:
Blasphemous fancies are infused,
All holy new things are expell'd;
He that hath most profanely mused,
Is famed as having most excell'd;
And those are priests and prophets made
To Him from whom their strains they had.

5 Such were those poets who of old
To heathen gods their hymns did frame,
Or have blasphemous fables told,
To truth's abuse and virtue's blame:
Such are these poets in these days,
Who vent the fumes of lust and wine,
Then crown each other's heads with bays,
As if their poems were divine;
And such, though they some truths foresee,
False-hearted and false prophets be.

6 Therefore since I reputed am
Among these few on whom the times
Imposed have a poet's name,
Lord! give me grace to shun their crimes:
My precious gift let me employ,
Not as imprudent poets use,
That grace and virtue to destroy
Which I should strengthen by my muse;
But help to free them of the wrongs
Sustain'd by drunkards' rhymes and songs.

7 Yea, whilst Thou shalt prolong my days,
Lord! all the musings of my heart,
To be advancements of Thy praise,
And to the public weal convert:
That when to dust I must return,
It may not justly be my thought,
That to a blessing I was born,
Which by abuse a curse hath brought;
But let my conscience truly say,
My soul in peace departs away.

HYMN LXI.

For them who intend to settle in Virginia, New England, or the like Places.

Many depart every year from this Isle to settle in Virginia, New England, and other parts of America, whose happiness I heartily desire; and whose contented well-being in those places might perhaps be somewhat furthered by such meditations as these: and therefore to those who please to accept thereof, I have recommended my love in this Hymn.

Sing this as, We praise Thee, O God!

LORD! many times Thou pleased art,
Thy servants to command
From their own countries to depart
Into another land:

That Thou mayst there a dwelling-place
Upon their seed bestow,
Or else to bring Thy saving grace
To those to whom they go.

2 To whatsoever end it were
That hither I am sent,
To do Thy will and serve Thee here
It is my true intent;
And humbly I of Thee require,
That as Thy will to do
Thou hast inclined my desire,
Then grant performance too.

3 From old acquaintance, from my kin,
And from my native home,
My life anew here to begin,
I by Thy leave am come:
And now the place of my abode
Appeareth unto me
Another world, yet here, O God!
My God Thou still shalt be.

4 This land is Thine as well as that
From which I lately came;
Thy holy Word this light begat,
The heav'ns are here the same;
Sun, moon, and stars, as well as there,
The seasons do renew,
The vapours drop their fatness here,
And Thy refreshing dew.

5 Oh! let the Sun of Righteousness,
Thy truth and grace divine,
Within the uncouth wilderness
With brightness also shine;
That we and they whom here we find,
May live together so,
That one in faith and one in mind,
We by Thy grace may grow.

6 Since to that place we seem as dead
From whence we be removed,
The follies which with us were bred,
The sins which there we loved,
Here let us bury on the shore,
That they may not be seen,
And learn'd by those that heretofore
So wicked have not been.

7 But innocent, O Lord! and wise,
Let our demeanours be;
That they whose rudeness we despise,
No ill example see:
But taught as well by deed as word,
So let their good be sought,
That they may room to us afford,
As due for what we brought.

8 And let the place from whence we came,
To us be still so dear,
That we nor injure nor defame
Church, prince, or people there;
But let us pass our censures now
Upon ourselves alone,
And by our conversation show
What best is to be done.

9 Make us contented with that lot
To which we now are brought;
Let that which may not here be got,
A needless thing be thought;
For this he may suppose with ease,
Who by the natives heeds
With how few things their minds they please,
How little nature needs.

10 Let all our labours be for life,
Our life unto Thy praise,
Not needlessly augmenting grief
Or pain by vain affairs:

That though our trash be not so much
As other countries have,
We may in graces be as rich,
And inwardly as brave.

11 So when the course of time is run,
And God shall gather all
That lived betwixt the rising sun,
And places of his fall;
Our friends that farthest from us are,
Shall meet with joy again;
And they and we who now are here,
Together still remain.

HYMN LXII.

The Author's Hymn for Himself.

HE praiseth God for converting his many troubles and afflictions to his advantage; desiring those meditations may not be profaned by his failings, but that he may live so in this life, that he may be admitted to the choir of angels in the life to come.

GREAT Almighty King of heav'n!
And one God, in persons three;
Honour, praise, and thanks be given,
Now and evermore to Thee;
Who hast more for Thine prepared
Than by words can be declared.

2 By Thy mercies I was taken
From the pits of miry clay,
Wherein wretched and forsaken,
Helpless, hopeless, too, I lay;
And those comforts Thou didst give me,
Whereof no man can deprive me.

3 By Thy grace the passions, troubles,
And what most my heart oppress'd,

Have appeared as airy bubbles,
Dreams or suff'rings but in jest;
And with profit that hath ended,
Which my foes for harm intended.

4 Those afflictions and those terrors
Which did plagues at first appear,
Did but show me what mine errors
And mine imperfections were;
But they wretched could not make me,
Nor from Thy affection shake me.

5 Therefore as Thy blessed Psalmist,
When his warfares had an end,
And his days were at the calmest,
Psalms and hymns of praises penn'd;
So my rest by Thee enjoy'd,
To Thy praise I have employ'd.

6 Lord! accept my poor endeavour,
And assist Thy servant so,
In well doing to persever,
That more perfect I may grow;
Ev'ry day more prudent, meeker,
And of Thee a faithful seeker.

7 Let no passed sin or folly,
Nor a future fault in me,
Make unfruitful or unholy
What I offer now to Thee;
But with favour and compassion,
Cure and cover each transgression.

8 And with Israel's royal singer,
Teach me so faith's hymns to sing;
So Thy ten-string'd law to finger,
And such music thence to bring,
That by grace I may aspire
To Thy blessed angel choir.

ALTHOUGH my muse flies yet far short
of those
Who perfect hallelujahs can compose,
Here to affirm I am not now afraid,
What once, in part, a heathen prophet said,
With slighter warrant, when to end was brought
What he for meaner purposes had wrought.

The work is finish'd which nor human pow'r,
Nor flames, nor time, nor envy, shall devour;
But with devotion to God's praise be sung,
As long as Britain speaks her English tongue,
Or shall that Christian saving faith profess,
Which will preserve these Isles in happiness:
And, if conjectures fail not, some that speak
In other languages shall notice take
Of what my humble musings have composed;
And by these helps more often be disposed
To celebrate his praises in their songs,
To whom all honour and all praise belongs.

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CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

PR2392 .H18
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